THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

MAY, 1907

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

College Songs

President Hadley of Yale has lately been making some remarks on the subject of college songs, discussing it in a spirit of entire detachment. "Princeton," said he, "has the finest of all college songs in 'Old Nassau.'" This opinion we believe to be thoroughly sound. In the first place, "Old Nassau" belongs distinctively to Princeton; and in the second place, it has a fine, embattled swing about it which few other college songs possess. No matter what one's own academic antecedents may have been, he cannot witness unmoved the sight of a thousand Princeton men, massed together on a football field at the moment when their side is losing, and all as one man uncovering while they thunder out undauntedly the strains of "Old Nassau." There is something in it which suggests the old Covenanter spirit, something that will not yield, but will face disaster with an almost triumphant courage. And this is quite in accord with Princeton's history and the deep-dyed Calvinism of its early days.

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But President Hadley was scarcely just when he went on to say: "Yale has no good college songs. Perhaps 'Amici' and 'Down the Field' are the best of them." This is not very discriminating. "Amici" is, to be sure, a fine old song, of which the words appeal strongly to the sentiment of solidarity which American undergraduates once possessed; but it is not peculiarly Yalensian. The music is that of the old ballad, "Annie Lisle," and, fitted to other words, it has been taken over bodily by Cornell men as their one special college song. As for "Down the Field," the preliminary part of it has no swing whatever. The march itself is brisk and stirring; but it is meant for instrumental,

THE OPEN LIFE

Arthur Heming, Author of *Spirit Lake*

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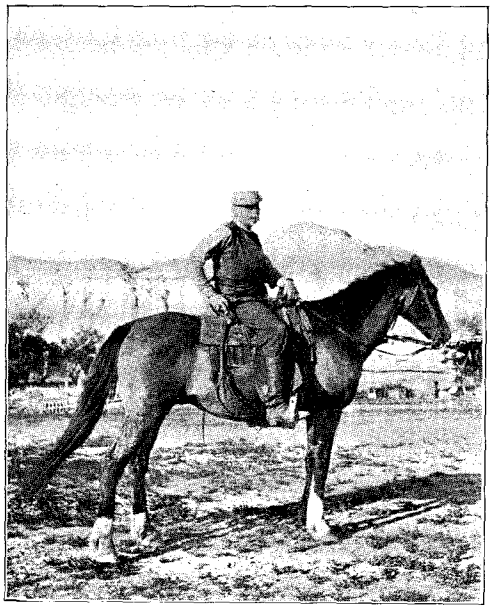

THE OPEN LIFE

Dan Beard, author of *The Field and Forest Handy Book*

and not vocal, rendering. It is fine when played by a good band, but thin and flat when sung without accompaniment. It has none of those rich chords and full, deep harmonies which ought to characterise the rallying song of a great university. We wonder why President Hadley overlooked "For God, for Country, and for Yale." To be sure, its composer stole some bars from "Die Wacht am Rhein," yet there is enough in it that is individual to make it Yale's, and Yale's alone. The lilt and devil-may-care *abandon* of "Boola" are Yale to the very core.

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President Hadley's Alma Mater might claim a great deal more for herself than the possession of one or two spirited songs. She has, in fact, given to all her sister institutions a sheaf of melodies which have now become common property, but which were first sung by Yale men on the fence at evening time. "Upidee," "The Bulldog," "The Son of a Gambolier," "Good Night, Ladies," and all the best of the old-timers came out of Yale, though now they belong to any one and every one. Yale minstrelsy, like Yale slang, has always been original and catchy. It is Harvard which ought to deplore its sterility in the field of song. "Fair Harvard" has the unfortunate distinction of being the most lackadaisical of all the college *lieder*. As is well known, its music is the old Irish melody to which Thomas Moore wrote the verses beginning, "Believe me if all those endearing young charms," and it was immensely popular in the days of the sentimental ballad; but its quaverings suggest the unsteady voice of a love-sick girl; and that Harvard men should feel any inspiration when they whine it out, is to us quite inconceivable. Columbia was fortunate enough to get some very spirited words in its chosen song, "Stand, Columbia," but it was not so fortunate when it fitted them to Haydn's "Gott Erhalte Franz den Kaiser,"—the Austrian national air—because this had already been once conveyed by the hymnologists, who dubbed it "Austria." As such it has been sung for several generations in the churches with words written by John Newton and beginning, "Glorious things of Thee are spoken." Hence, when "Stand, Columbia" is sung, though the music is superb, everybody knows that it is not Columbia's. The music of few college songs, indeed, originated in the colleges that sing them; yet most of them have sources so remote as to have been forgotten—which is decidedly an advantage. Thus, Columbia has one song which really belongs to it, in "Sans Souci." The air is German; but it was practically new to every one when its present words were written for it; and, therefore, no other university can claim it now.

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When so large a proportion of the songs which generations of undergraduates and alumni regard with very genuine affection and reverence are at best adaptations, the utter futility of more ephemeral production is not a cause for wonder. There is hardly a popular air that is not immediately twisted about for local college use with words which are, if possible, even worse than those of the original. The undergraduates of at least half a dozen of our American colleges for the past three or four years have been rendering conflicting but equally puerile versions of "Dolly Grey."

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THE OPEN LIFE
Old Saint Andrews

THE OPEN LIFE
Caddies on St. Andrews' Links. The life of a caddie at the famous Scotch links is the subject of a novel by Gilbert Watson

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THE OPEN LIFE
John T. McCutcheon and his party in Chinese Turkestan

The song beginning "More work for the undertaker, another little job for the casket-maker," which the Yale cheering sections reserve each year for the Princeton and Harvard contests, is very little changed since it was originally sung in the London music halls ten years ago, when it narrated the misadventures of one Solomon Gills. Not only the airs, but a great part of the words, of such familiar songs as "The Bowery," "Maggie Murphy's Home," "The Man who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," "The Streets of Cairo," "Ta Ra Ra Boom Da Ay," "Down Where the Wurtzburger Flows," "Didn't He Ramble," have been carefully drilled into the singing sections of the universities, while there was one year when there were practically as many versions of "Mr. Dooley" in use as there were educational institutions possessed of athletic aspirations.

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Arthur Heming

Authors who can illustrate their own writings are not yet common, in spite of the efforts of Mr. Hopkinson Smith and Mr. Frederic Remington to popularise this sort of double artistic life. Perhaps the courage required to challenge at one stroke the castigations of two different sets of critics is what keeps the number small. It is well known that Mr. Hopkinson Smith's Venetian water colours are greatly admired by the entire tribe of popular novelists, while his novels are the delight of his fellow-painters. The admiration accorded to undoubted bravery is therefore due to Mr. Arthur Heming, the latest aspirant for these dual honours. Mr. Heming's talent as an artist has already been proved; his achievements as an author are still before him. He should at least have the credit for beginning modestly and in a field that is his own by right of discovery. His first book, *Spirit Lake,* which is to be published in a few weeks, is a story of the Indians of the Canadian Northwest. Mr. Heming has spent much of his time for fifteen years or more among these Indians, so he knows them and their country by

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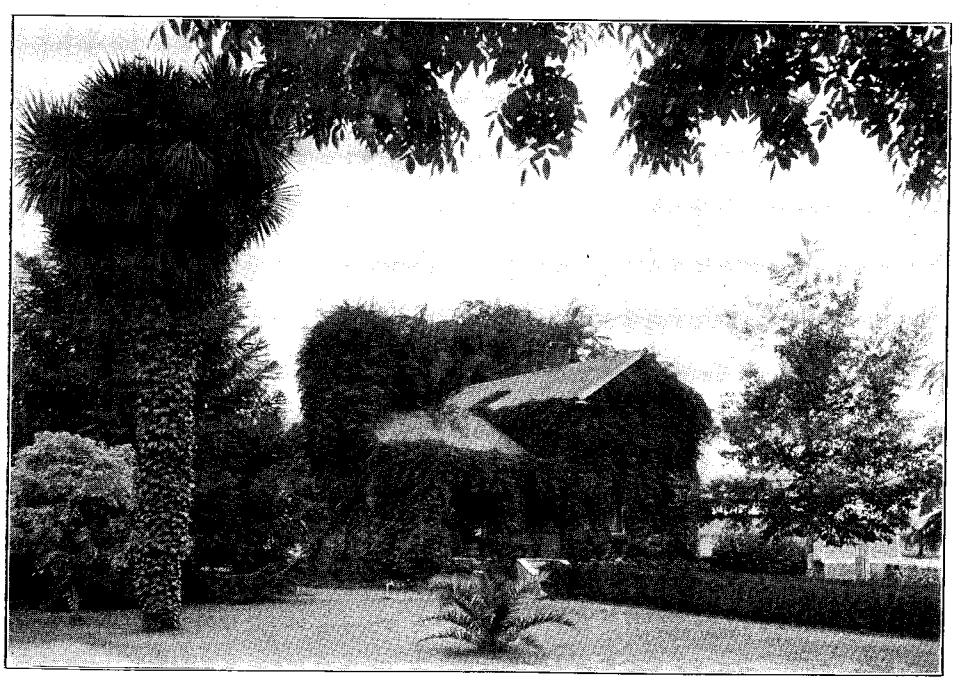
THE OPEN LIFE

Birthplace of Luther Burbank, the horticulturist, in Lancaster, Massachusetts



THE OPEN LIFE

Home of Luther Burbank, Santa Rosa, California

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THE BARONESS ORCZY

personal experience. He has travelled thousands of miles by canoe, snowshoes, "prairie schooner," dog-train, raft, jumper, pack-train, horse, sailboat, and buckboard. He has paddled and portaged with the "fur brigade" from Abitibi, has run and camped with dog brigades in Athabasca. He has ridden the range with cow punchers, and floated down rivers with river drivers; hunted with Indians and half-breeds, and camped with prospectors and miners. Out of all these experiences he has written a book that, we are promised, gives a very different picture of the Northwest Indian from any that has been made before. The photograph on another page shows Mr. Heming in the hunting costume which the Indians compelled him to don before they would allow him to go on their hunting expeditions with them.

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Underneath the humour a very serious sermon may be read in Mr. McCutcheon's latest book, *Congressman Pumphrey, the People's Friend*. The congressman, before his departure for Washington, makes decided promises to his constituents in his home town of Minerva

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Junction. The insurance thieves, the corrupt politicians, the tyrannical railroads are all to hear from Congressman Pumphrey.

John T. McCutcheon's Latest Book

But in the national capital the congressman finds an atmosphere and a moral code far different from that of Minerva Junction. He speedily makes the acquaintance of Senator Octopus and Colonel Bunker, the great railroad attorney, and discovers in them many amiable qualities. His point of view very quickly changes; he is shown the practical and political way to silence hostile newspaper criticism at home, and learns that a salary of five thousand dollars a year is not affluence in modern Washington. The end of the book shows him at a very critical point of his career.

The Baroness Orczy, whose new novel, *The Gates of Kamt,* is to be published some time this month, has given a very interesting sketch of her career and aspirations in the following letter, which was received in this country a few weeks ago:

The Baroness Orczy

Although all my literary successes have been achieved in England with English books, I am a Hungarian by birth, and never came to this country or spoke a word of English until I was fifteen.

I was born at Tarna-Eors, in Hungary, and am about the last of a very ancient Hungarian aristocratic family, who all served their country from time immemorial in the diplomatic and foreign service. My father, Baron Orczy, was a distinguished diplomatist as well as an accomplished musician, and at one time was director of the National Opera House of Budapesth. Thus it was that I distinctly recollect my first experiences of the theatre—namely, at four years of age witnessing part of a performance of Gounod's *Faust.*

I originally meant to be an artist—a great artist, nothing short of Angelica Kauffman's fame would satisfy me. I studied art very seriously for years, and, strange to say, was most enthusiastic about it—strange because I never had more than a very superficial talent for it, and never seemed to have had the faintest desire to write, or exhibited the slightest talent for it.

But I was always a great reader and an ardent playgoer, and I suppose was quite unconsciously storing away in my mind ideas and knowledge of technique, observations of character, and dramatic notions, which must have fermented for years and stood me in good stead when I finally took up literature as the work of my life.

I had exhibited several times at that much-maligned institution, the Royal Academy, encouraged as I was in those days by my dear old friend, Edwin Long, R.A., the creator of that wonderfully popular picture, "The Babylonian Marriage Market." Much abused by the critics, Edwin Long was in the eighties, *facile princeps,* the most popular artist of his day, and I spent many happy days in his studio watching him paint, and sitting to him for some of his most popular pictures. He disliked professional models intensely, and in his "Christ Preaching from the Waters," his "Zeuxis at Crotona," and many other pictures there are several very faithful portraits of me, while there is no doubt that his brilliant pictures of ancient Egypt first sowed those seeds in my mind which have now brought forth *The Gates of Kamt.*

While studying art I met my husband, Mr. Montagu Barstow, already then a well-known black-and-white and water-colour artist; for a few years after my marriage I joined him in doing numberless illustrations for books and magazines. He also initiated me into the beauties and mysteries of silver-point drawing, of which he has done many well-known and noted examples. His work, of course, is well known in connection with the brilliant early days of *Pick-me-up,* when a galaxy of the most noted black-and-white artists helped to make that little pennyworth one of the most important artistic publications of the day. My black-and-white work, I fancy, would mostly be found in some of Newnes's periodicals, also in some of Raphael Tuck's books for children; but I have since been compelled to give up art work altogether.

It would be difficult for me to name my favourite authors—I love them all—and would in my heart do one of my great favourites an injustice by giving the precedence to another. I think on the whole, though, that the author who most appeals to me is Bret Harte; against that—and I say this in all humility—the author who has most influenced my work is certainly Victor Hugo. My critics have been kind enough to praise my style apart from the mere plot of my books. What merit my style has I owe in a great measure to the constant, lov-

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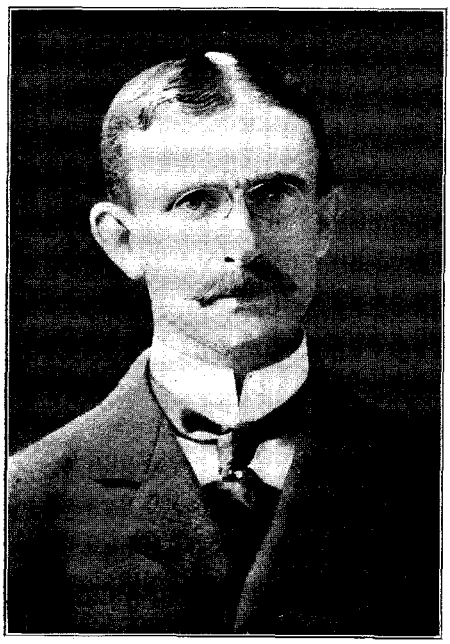
KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

Author of *New Chronicles of Rebecca*, reviewed elsewhere in this issue

ELIZA CALVERT HALL

A new Kentucky Author



EDWIN ASA DIX

Author of *Prophet's Landing*

CARL EWALD

Author of *The Spider and Other Tales*

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ing perusal of that great prophet of the romantic, the ideal in art. People now—kind, indulgent people—serious, hard-thinking men as well as more frivolous people—have told me that in the play of *The Scarlet Pimpernel,* as well as in the book, and in all my later works, the love scenes have always seemed to them so real and convincing. Now, I never tackle a love scene (incidentally, the most difficult, and often the most thankless scene in a book or play) without first steeping myself in some of my favourite poets—Swinburne pre-eminently, Tennyson, or Heine, or that exquisite Persian poet, Mirza-Scaffy, I find have a most inspiring effect, while before writing a romantic scene Victor Hugo is perfect manna in the wilderness.

MISS FLORENCE WILKINSON

Miss Wilkinson's new novel, *The Silent Door*, is reviewed elsewhere in this number

It was less than six years ago that I first discovered—quite by accident—that I had any talent for writing. The story of how this happened is so commonplace that it becomes quaint from its very simplicity. My husband and myself were house-hunting at that time, and in the interval were staying as paying guests with a

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family whose chief recreation consisted in writing short stories, which they would read out loud to one another or to such of their guests as would care to hear. One evening, having heard one of these not very brilliant stories read, I suddenly said to my husband: "Now look at these people, who have never been outside their own little narrow circle; they write stories and presumably sometimes get them published—so why shouldn't I, who have been all over Europe and have known so many people that are worth knowing, why shouldn't I write stories, too?" "Why shouldn't you?" was my husband's simple comment. And that was the beginning of my literary career. Less than six years ago I had never taken up a pen for any other purpose than to write my letters. Fired by the example of some simple-minded strangers, I began to write short stories. The first few I ever wrote were at once accepted by *Pearson's Magazine.* This was encouraging.

Then one day, travelling on the top of an omnibus, just beyond Westbourne Park station, over one of the squalid bridges that cross the canal at that miserable corner of London, I looked down one of the most desolate streets I know, the one that skirts the canal at that point, dark, wretched, lonely, and it struck me what a number of mysterious and forgotten crimes must have been perpetrated down the ill-lit, squalid portions of mighty London. That brief thought—it was a mere flash—led me to conceive and evolve those detective stories told by "The Old Man in the Corner," which were so popular in the *Royal Magazine.*

My first novel was the *Emperor's Candlesticks,* but published during the anxious time of the Boer War, it failed to make headway against the mass of military and political literature of that season. Since the great success of *The Scarlet Pimpernel,* it has been reprinted, and has met with unqualified success.

The Scarlet Pimpernel was first written as a play by my husband and myself in collaboration. Unlike the habitual outcry of the unknown dramatist, we are bound to confess that we had no difficulty in getting our play read and accepted by the very first management to whom we submitted it. The success of the play, with Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry in the chief parts, is of too recent date to need more than passing mention, but it may interest the aforesaid despondent and still unknown dramatists that our first play was written, accepted and produced (tentatively in the provinces) all within nine months. We had no connection with the stage in any previous capacity; my husband was an artist, and I was then only a writer of short magazine stories, and with the exception of an extremely able and kind critic, knew not a soul connected with the stage.

My new book, *The Gates of Kamt,* was written from sheer love of the exquisitely beautiful and picturesque time of ancient Egypt.

Clara E. Laughlin

Perhaps Miss Clara E. Laughlin, whose novel, *Felicity, the Making of a Comédienne,* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, has had in connection with her editorial work on *The Interior* no more amusing experiences than come to most persons in a similar capacity elsewhere, but she has made the most of them. With particular delight she refers to the man who demanded her opinion of his literary work, and upon her giving it, denounced her as a "cannibal." One manuscript which came to her office beautifully bound in pink ribbons is almost classic. It is not necessary to speak of this manuscript at length. Sufficient to say that it told of the wooing of the maid by the young minister and that on a certain Sunday evening, after he had taken tea at her home, he was escorting her again to church. He felt that the hour had come, and in a voice that was probably soft and passionate, said: "Miss Cynthia, would that I might take tea with you always." To which the maid, being coy, made grave reply: "Do you mean that you wish to obtain board of my aunt?" The young clergyman solemnly said "No," and proceeded to make his real meaning clear.

Virtue and Consistency

We were just a trifle tired of the whole matter of Mr. Jack London's *Before Adam* and the charges of plagiarism. We had comforted ourselves with the thought that in the April number we were saying our last say on the subject. However, it is quite impossible to refrain from calling attention to a certain fulmination

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which appeared recently in one of the newspapers of a certain city of the Middle West. As we wish to drop no hint that might enable some astute Sherlockian to guess at the identity of the city we have in mind, we shall say no more than that it is the capital and metropolis of a State now acclaimed all over the enlightened world for the number and the industry of its men and women of letters, that its population at the time of the census of 1900 was about one hundred and seventy thousand, that it was the home of a former President of the United States who succeeded and again preceded another President who is now a resident of Princeton, New Jersey, and that it is justly noted for the beauty of its streets and the hospitality of its citizens.

One of the newspapers of this city, in its issue of March 23d, went into the matter of Mr. London's alleged plagiarism with a severity that appeared highly creditable. Its tone was one of strict and

MISS CLARA E. LAUGHLIN

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rigid virtue. We ought to have found it quite convincing and uplifting. Instead, our feelings were those of mingled surprise and amusement. To indicate the reason, we need only reprint side by side the article in question and one which, under the title "Evolutionary Fiction,"

PERCY MACKAYE

appeared in the New York *Independent* nine days earlier.

From the *Independent*, March 14.

Mr. Jack London, who has been quite busy recently explaining what, in his opinion, plagiarism is *not*, gives us in *Before Adam* a laboured product of his inventiveness rather than a felicitous work of the imagination. The story fails to make a distinct impression upon the reader, who finds in it, in the last analysis, but another animal story of the type that has been so popular during the last decade or so, a hybrid thing of human psychology and lower animal life. It is all according to the theories of evolution, no doubt, and according to paleontological evidence as well, even unto the facial angle and the saber-tooth tiger, but the mixture of man and gorilla, the confused dream glimpses of a twentieth-century mind of its prehistoric existence as an *Anthropos alogos*, fail to appeal, much less to convince, or even to interest very vividly. Still, it is decidedly ingenious, this story of tree dwellers, cave dwellers and fire makers, who are masters also of the bow and arrow—of three stages of human evolution going on side by side in a remote geological age. Mr. Charles Livingston Bull's illustrations add to the reader's visual confusion. On the whole, however, he has clung to the gorilla type.

The book suggests inevitably comparison with some earlier ventures in the same field, and the result is not in its favour. Mr. Stanley Waterloo has al-

From the Newspaper, March 23.

Jack London, who has been extraordinarily industrious of late in explaining to the reading public what plagiarism is not, presents us in *Before Adam* with a laboured —and somewhat tedious—product of his inventiveness. The reader will find in this much-discussed book only another animal story, notwithstanding the fact that the animal concerned is a sort of hybrid thing, half man, half gorilla, a mixture of human psychology and brute life. He will find, no doubt, that the author's conception of the prehistoric man-animal is in accord with the theories of evolution and with the various requirements laid down by paleontological evidence. But it is not likely that he will find this confused vision of man's prehistoric progenitor either convincing or especially interesting. In a sense, it is sordid; still, it is ingenious, but it lacks the felicity of imagination. It is a sort of monument to Mr. London's ability as an inventor, and it argues in his behalf skilfulness in this direction rather than the possession of any remarkable art. This tale of tree-dwellers, cave-dwellers and fire-makers—presenting the three stages of human evolution as in his progress at the same time in some remote geological period —suggests other stories of the same sort. Stanley Waterloo's *Story of Ab* is an example. But there is still another, and one which is really

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ready spoken for himself and his *Story of Ab;* there is, however, in existence a tale of prehistoric human life better than either, Mr. Gouverneur Morris's *The Pagan's Progress,* which adds to all Mr. London's fidelity to scientific opinion and discovery something that his story lacks, namely, a splendid imagination that rises occasionally to notable heights. This book failed at the time of its publication, a couple of years ago, to receive the recognition it so fully deserves; it is therefore, recommended here to those curious of this sort of fiction as decidedly well worth their while. Finally, there comes to memory, from the long ago, a delicious *jeu d'esprit,* without pretence to scientific accuracy or serious purpose, "Zit and Xoe," an anonymous little story published in 1889, in which the first tailless man child is driven from the parent nest as an unworthy offspring, the Adam of evolution going forth into the wilderness to find his Eve. And this whimsical story of our remotest ancestors we like best of all.

better than either Mr. London's or Mr. Waterloo's, and this is Gouverneur Morris's story, *The Pagan's Progress.* Whatever virtue Mr. London's tale possesses, Mr. Morris's possesses, but the latter, in addition, discloses a splendid imagination. Then there is a third, a short story by an anonymous author, and which bears the title "Zit and Xoe." Not a few of us will prefer this to any of the others.

Whether Mr. London has borrowed material from these books is a matter of little importance. He has not, in any event, put it to better use. However, for the simplicity and directness of the style he employs he is to be commended.

Percy MacKaye's New Tragedy

In his forthcoming tragedy, *Sappho and Phaon,* Mr. Percy MacKaye has adopted a plan for leading his audience back to ancient times that impresses us as being exceedingly interesting and ingenious. The Prologue, which is laid in the present or the near future, depicts a subterranean excavation at Herculaneum. Here the charred papyrus-roll of a manuscript entitled *Sappho and Phaon,* a tragedy by one Varius, a Roman

MRS. WILLIAM FAVERSHAM

Whose novel, *The Squaw Man,* based on the play, has proved exceedingly successful.

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dramatic poet in the age of Cæsar Augustus, is dug out of the black earth of Vesuvius by Italian labourers under the direction of modern archæologists. An Induction, laid at about 25 B. C., depicts the same place restored and renovated by the imagination of one of these archæologists. The place is the players' quarters "behind the scenes" in the ancient private theatre of Varius. Here takes place a brief rehearsal of the tragedy itself, conducted by Varius and his two friends, the poets, Horace and Vergil. Then follows the Prelude, laid in front of the closed curtain of the Herculaneum stage, in which is shown in pantomime the assembling of the ancient audience, their greeting of the supposititious author of the tragedy, and the opening of the curtain. Thereupon follows the tragedy itself, the interludes between the acts being occupied with masked pantomimes. In an Epilogue, the Sapphic hymeneal hymn, which attends the ultimate catastrophe of the tragedy, is blended and transformed to the popular song of the Italian labourers as the scene of the Prologue is restored.

MRS. ST. LEGER HARRISON (LUCAS MALET)

Mr. MacKaye's *Jeanne D'Arc,* which was produced by Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe during the recent dramatic season, presented the rare spectacle of a successful drama in verse by an American author, and was also read to some extent in book form. It is said that Madame Kalish, under the direction of Harrison Gray Fiske, is to appear next autumn in *Sappho and Phaon.*

The accompanying portrait of Mrs. St. Leger Harrison (Lucas Malet) is taken from a miniature painted last autumn by Mr. S. A. Lindsay, of Southbourne, Hants, England. By Mrs. Harrison's friends it is considered more like her than any photograph extant. It was exhibited at the Royal Society of Miniature Painters' exhibition last winter. Mrs. Harrison, by the way, recently expressed her appreciation of American reviewers. In a letter she says: "I have received about sixty reviews from all parts of the United States now, North, South, East and West, and I own I am very much impressed with the really high standard of criticism which they exemplify. . . . My American reviewers have given me almost unmixed pleasure."

The President's Brain-Storm

During the past few weeks President Roosevelt has raised more issues of veracity, and has excited in some quarters mirth and in others mortification, by his readiness to give the lie direct to those whose account of certain incidents differed from the President's own recollection. Looking at the question in a serious way, one would like to know how to reconcile so absolute a contradiction as seems often to exist between what the President says he said and what other and no less honourable persons say he said. Three years ago this topic was discussed in a very delicate and tactful manner by one of Mr. Roosevelt's intimate friends, Mr. Francis E. Leupp. We are surprised that this passage has not already been resurrected from Mr. Leupp's book, *The Man Roosevelt,* and given to the public as throwing light on the President's psychology. We reproduce it here as being of particular interest at the present time.

In conversation, if he is at all interested, his mind keeps leaping ahead, and forecasting the conclusions aimed at by his companion

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before the latter has fairly finished the major premise. This habit, by the way, often gets him into trouble when he is talking with men who are not familiar with his ways. His statement of another's conclusion, even with an indication of interest in it, does not mean that he accepts it himself. When he accompanies it with an ejaculation like, "Just so," or "I see," the comparative stranger is apt to confuse mere quick apprehension with cordial approval.

This will account for the occasional appearance in the press of some announcement that the President purposes doing so-and-so, followed promptly by a refutation, although the original news was evidently published in good faith and on reputable authority. No one is more astonished than Mr. Roosevelt when one of these false reports gets into circulation. He has no conception of his share in its authorship.

Another of his tricks of speech akin to this, but a trick merely, is that of echoing with assent a remark made by a companion, but inserting into his own version a qualifying word or phrase which, as his speech is very rapid, only an equally rapid sense is likely to catch. For example, "The plan I have suggested is the only one open to us in this exigency," remarks a visiting Congressman. "I quite agree with you," answers the President; "the plan you have suggested is almost the only one open to us in this exigency." Then the Congressman hastens away to spread the news that he has induced the President to adopt his plan. He is astounded when the President denies it. The President is equally astounded that the Congressman should have made such a statement.

"Smith is the best man in the whole batch for District-Attorney," remarks a Senator after going through a pile of application papers at the White House. "You are quite right," assents the President; "in most respects Smith is the best man in the batch." But later that day, the President concludes that "most respects" do not include the one respect which he is specially trying to meet in that selection; so he decides upon Jones, who does fill the bill in that particular, though he may not in others. The Senator, who has meanwhile informed Smith's friends that their man is sure of appointment, goes about like a roaring lion when he hears of Jones's good fortune, alleging that the President has changed his mind without warning. As a matter of fact, the Senator was simply misled by his own ear, and the wish that was father to the thought.

Roscoe Conkling's Doggerel

The New York *Times* has lately got itself into a somewhat ridiculous position in assuming to possess a vast fund of information about the sidelights of American political history. A correspondent wrote to that newspaper regarding the speech which Roscoe Conkling made in nominating General Grant for the presidency at the Chicago Convention of 1880. The correspondent cited four lines of doggerel verse as having been uttered by Conkling at the opening of his oration. His authority for this assertion was declared to be Professor Peck's *Twenty Years of the Republic*. As a matter of fact, no mention at all was made in that book of Conkling's speech. This, to be sure, had nothing to do with the main contention. The *Times*, however, simply looked back over its own files, and not finding the doggerel reported there, promptly assumed that Conkling had never uttered it. The editor also went on to say with a lofty assumption of superior knowledge that the rhyme in question "would be rejected by the taste of a half-witted stable boy, hit at about the age of eleven by the impulse of metrical composition. . . . Mr. Conkling had nothing to do with it. Roscoe Conkling was vain, but not silly."

Now first, as to the matter of external evidence, the rhyme was given by most of the great newspapers of that date. If the report in the *Times* did not contain it, this merely shows that the correspondent of the *Times* was incompetent. The Hon. George F. Hoar, who presided over that particular convention, explicitly declares in his *Autobiography* that Conkling perpetrated the stanza. Mr. Alfred R. Conkling, in the biography of his uncle, makes the same assertion. Both Senator Hoar and Mr. Conkling quote the verse as follows:

When asked what State he hailed from,
Our sole reply shall be,
He comes from Appomattox
And its famous apple-tree.

This appears to settle the question so far as external evidence goes. As to the internal evidence, the *Times* appeared to

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argue that because Roscoe Conkling was not a fool, he was therefore a man of fine taste. Just the contrary, however, was true. Conkling's taste was execrable. His swaggering and bullying demeanour, which brought upon him the stinging castigation of Blaine, was fully matched by the vulgarity of his mind. One need only cite the speech which he made at the Rochester Convention of 1877, where he insultingly styled George William Curtis "a man-milliner." Even his nephew and biographer finds it necessary to apologise for this. And his literary taste was equally commonplace and cheap. On one occasion, when asked what he regarded as the finest poem in the English language, he actually declared that he preferred to all other poems, "The boy stood on the burning deck;" and he then proceeded to mouth it out with flamboyant gesturings—not in a spirit of humour, but in dead earnest. There is not the slightest doubt that he thought the Appomattox rhyme a particularly brilliant and stirring bit of verse. His nephew states that Conkling got it on the evening before the Convention, from Mr. "Tom" Murphy, at that time a leader of the "Custom House gang" in New York City, who in turn quoted it from a rough-and-ready lyric by Miles O'Reilley. Roscoe Conkling was, in a word, the most overrated politician of his time. He lorded it in the State of New York for a while because he had won the favour of President Grant, who turned over to him the Federal patronage of that State, to be doled out at Conkling's pleasure. Just so soon as Grant went out of office, Conkling collapsed; and before very long he was back in private life after making a lamentable fiasco in resigning from the Senate in order to secure a "vindication," which, fortunately, he failed to get.

❧

The Return of Burton Barnes

A few years ago one of our novelists, whose position in the world of letters has long been enviable from more than one point of view, was travelling through the far Western States. While passing a few days in a small city of Wyoming, he made the acquaintance of a gentleman who with Western breeziness was introduced to him as "Mr. So-and-So, the foremost criminal lawyer of the State of Wyoming." Mr. So-and-So had read the novelist's books, and was finely enthusiastic in his hospitality. "You are my guest," he said; "you must stay with me a week—a month—a year. Your work? Do it here. I'll tell you plots from real life that beat Dumas. I'll show you types of which Charles Dickens never dreamed. It's the chance of your life. Why, man, I can give you the material that will enable you to write as great a novel as *Mr. Potter of Texas!*"

❧

Now far better than any formal expression of appreciation this story will illustrate the position held by the late Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter, not as a man of letters, but as a writer who recognised no other responsibility than that of being entertaining. Twenty years ago, when he began writing the five or six novels which made his name a byword, the conditions of American life were considerably different from those of to-day. It was a period of transition. In Europe all Americans were still supposed to be eccentric and rich. The far West in its theatric sense—the far West of Indian outbreaks, of claim jumping and fortunes made over night—was still a reality. Visiting Englishmen in New York were supposed invariably to patronise the Brevoort, just as they did in the novels written in the seventies. The term "dude" had just come into derisive use, Anglomaniacs were being jeered at violently, and people had recently heard for the first time the expression "the four hundred." Such apparent trivialities as these must be held in mind by any one who now takes up for the first time *Mr. Barnes of New York*, or *Mr. Potter of Texas*, or *Miss Dividends*, or *Miss Nobody of Nowhere*. We are going to make absolutely no comment of a critical nature about *Mr. Barnes, American*, the belated sequel of *Mr. Barnes of New York*, which tells how Barnes and Enid Anstruther and Gerald Anstruther and his bride, after getting away from Corsica in apparent happiness in the earlier book, are again drawn under the shadow of an

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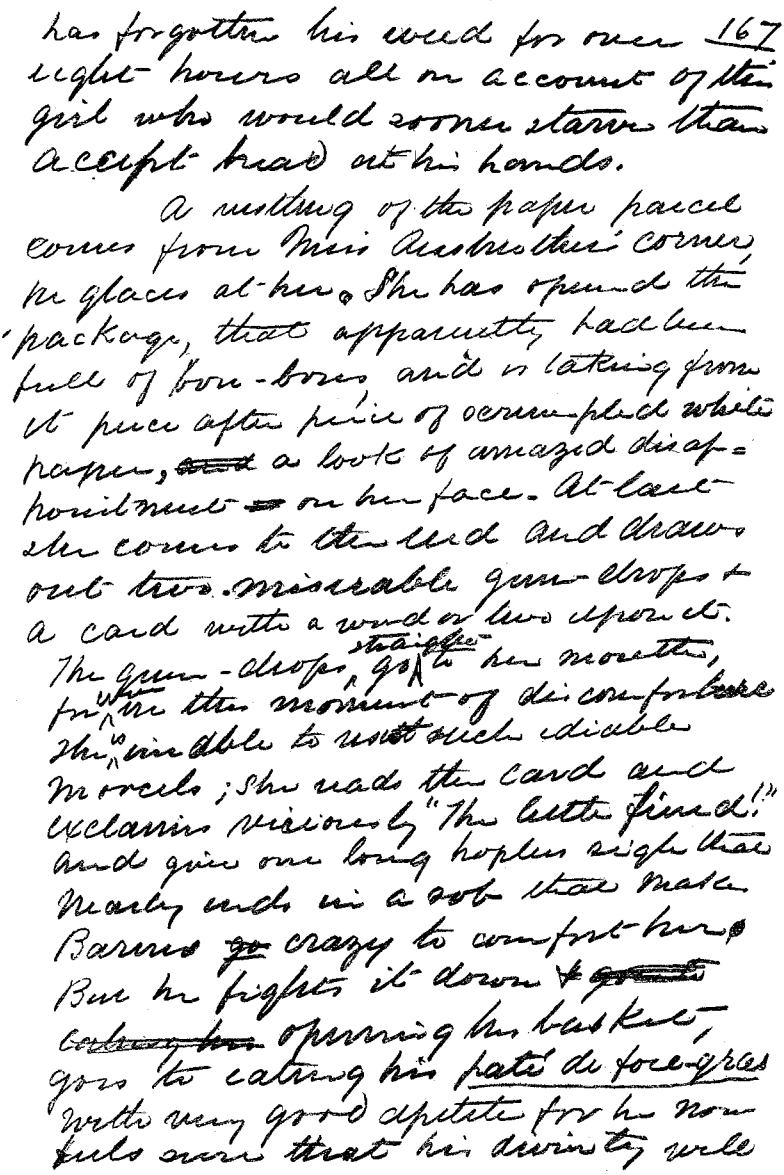
island vendetta. We confess, however, to a very keen curiosity as to its reception. The merits of the new book have nothing to do with this curiosity. The question to be answered by *Mr. Barnes, American* is, how enduring is the personal hold upon readers, after twenty years, of the most talked-of and sensational hero of a decade. The gentleman whose acquaintance we first made back in 1886 or 1887 would have had no apprehensions on this score. He would have lighted a cigar, and answered with a smile and a shrug, *"Forget me? Impossible, my boy! I'm* BARNES OF NEW YORK!"

*

The accompanying reproduction from the original manuscript of *Mr. Barnes of New York* is of a page that is part of



has forgotten his need for over 167
eight hours all on account of the
girl who would sooner starve than
accept bread at his hands.

A rustling of the paper parcel
comes from Miss Austruther's corner.
He glances at her. She has opened the
package, that apparently had been
full of bon-bons, and is taking from
it piece after piece of crumpled white
paper, and a look of amazed disap-
pointment on her face. At last
she comes to the end and draws
out two miserable gum-drops &
a card with a word or two upon it.
The gum-drops, straight to her mouth,
for the first moment of discomfiture
She is unable to resist such edible
morsels; She reads the card and
exclaims viciously "The cattle friend!"
and gives one long hopeless sigh that
nearly ends in a sob that make
Barnes go crazy to comfort her.
But he fights it down & ~~goes~~
~~to her~~ opening his basket,
goes to eating his pate de foie-gras
with very good appetite for he now
feels sure that his dainty wile

PAGE FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF "MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK"

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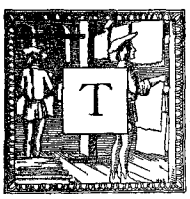
the most widely discussed and probably the most original incident in the story. It will be remembered that Barnes, in order to make the acquaintance of Miss Enid Anstruther, the young English girl with whom he has suddenly fallen in love, journeys to Lyons in the same railway compartment with the object of his devotion. But Miss Anstruther is not in the least inclined to be friendly or to respond to the obvious overtures of the rapid American. So Barnes, by a series of stratagems, literally starves the young woman into tractability. "Do you usually travel without luggage?" inquires Miss Anstruther, after the barriers are finally broken down. "Well," drawls Barnes, "on very long journeys I sometimes carry a cane." Most of the episodes of *Mr. Barnes of New York* had been thought out before the first chapter was penned, but this one grew out of the writing of that part of the book. It was adapted for the stage version with great difficulty.

❧

The Authors' Club and Maarten Maartens

The presence in this country of the distinguished Dutch novelist, Maarten Maartens, recalls the story of his election, in the spring of 1895, as an honorary member of the Authors' Club of New York. When the name Joost Marius M. Van der Poorten-Schwartz came to the attention of the membership committee there was a gasp of astonishment. Finally, the late "Bill" Nye came to the rescue with the suggestion that the first half of the name should be acted on at once, but that the last half should be held over until the autumn, when the weather would be cool.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH



THE death of Thomas Bailey Aldrich has attracted less attention and less comment than might have been expected. The reason, however, is not far to seek. Though to his friends and intimate acquaintances he remained a very interesting and delightful personality, to the public he belonged to a generation that is past. All his best-known writings antedate the year 1881. His earlier life was one of great literary activity, as a journalist, as a contributor to the magazines, and as a writer of books that were widely read. But later, Mr. Aldrich attained to the position of a Little Brother of the Rich; and while this enabled him to lead a life of lettered ease, and to gratify a cultivated taste, it involved a loss to literature. For thirty years he wrote but little; and therefore it is not unnatural that, in a sense, Aldrich the poet should be viewed as having long since passed away, and that the notice of his death should seem like an announcement long deferred.

Mr. Aldrich was of New England stock, having been born in New Hampshire in 1836. Though some of his boyhood years were spent in his own New England, a part of them were passed in Louisiana. This change of scene at an impressionable period of his life must have had a marked influence upon his imagination. We may not unreasonably ascribe to it the warm glow and semi-tropical imagery which are found mingled with the more dominating New England characteristics. Like Mr. Stedman, he had experience of the world of practical affairs; and, as a young man, he divided his time and his thought between the routine of a counting-house in New York and the creative work of a man of letters. Later, after some experience in journalism, he succeeded Mr. Howells as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, maintaining the fine traditions of that magazine until his retirement in 1890.

There is a fondness in this country

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for a somewhat inept literary paronomasia, which brought into vogue a characterisation of Mr. Aldrich that has been often parroted. Just as Cooper is sometimes styled "the American Scott," and Mr. Mabie "the American Ste. Beuve," and Mr. R. H. Davis "the American Dickens," so Mr. Aldrich had the misfortune to be dubbed "the American Herrick." It is true that some of his delicately-wrought minor poems invite comparison with certain ones by Herrick in their dainty artifice, their preciosity, and their playful dalliance with some quaint and unexpected turn of thought. Such, for instance, is the little poem of two stanzas entitled "A Petition."

To spring belongs the violet, and the blown
Spice of the roses let the summer own.
Grant me this favour, Muse—all else withhold—
That I may not write verse when I am old.

And yet I pray you, Muse, delay the time!
Be not too ready to deny me rhyme;
And when the hour strikes, as it must, dear Muse,
I beg you very gently break the news.

But such things as this are but the foam and froth upon a deeper stream of poetical inspiration. Three elements seem to blend in the verse of Mr. Aldrich: first, the New England seriousness, which underlies nearly all of it; next, a touch of the exotic which is almost Oriental, mingling the colour and the languorous perfume of the East with the tonic fragrance of the pine forest and the sting of the salt spray; and last of all, the geniality, the playfulness, and the urbanity of one who has lived much in the world and who meets his fellow-men and women with the natural composure and *aplomb* of a true cosmopolite. If one were forced to find a literary parallel for Mr. Aldrich, we should turn, not to Herrick, but to Horace—and to the Horace of the Odes. Here are the same deftness and perfection of workmanship, wrought out in the small compass of brief poems. Here is the same mingling of nature-love with a keen enjoyment of what the crowded city gives to those who dwell in it, yet are not of it. As Horace used to recall the bubbling fountain of Bandusia and the rough hills of his boyhood home while still delighting in the stir and bustle of the Forum and the bohemianism of the haunts not far from the Suburra, so Aldrich often called to mind the rock-ribbed shores and the pounding surf of the North, while lingering with no less appreciation over the ordered and sophisticated life of the metropolis. Both writers had the *curiosa felicitas verborum* to a high degree. Both loved to trifle with dainty themes—the sweet young girl standing pensively under a mass of overhanging roses, the merry play of boys and girls around the winter fire, the harmless mirth of the banquet, and the coquetry of the graceful flirt. Yet both could rise to noble themes—Horace to depict the old-time sternness of a Regulus looking death in the eye unflinchingly, and Aldrich to the commemoration of deeds of valour wrought by his own countrymen amid the shock of civil war. Take this, for instance, from his ode at the unveiling of the memorial to Colonel Shaw on Boston Common—one of the few memorable productions of his later years:

This storied bronze, whereon is wrought
The lithe immortal figure of our thought,
  To show forever to men's eyes,
  Our children's children's children's eyes,
    How once he stood
    In that heroic mood,
  He and his dusky braves

  So fain of glorious graves!—
  One instant stood, and then
Drave through that cloud of purple steel and flame,
Which wrapt him, held him, gave him not again,
But in its trampled ashes left to Fame
  An everlasting name!

If Aldrich was by far the lesser artist, he more often struck a deep and penetrating note, sometimes with a sombre power that is startling, as in his poem called "Identity."

Somewhere—in desolate wind-swept space—
  In Twilight-land—in No-man's land—
Two hurrying Shapes met face to face,
  And bade each other stand.

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"And who are you?" cried one, agape,
Shuddering in the gloaming light.
"I know not," said the second Shape,
"I only died last night!"

This is antique in its conception but modern in its treatment. Essentially modern, too—or at least not Latin—are his poems of the sea, which he loved as no Latin poet ever loved it. Horace, indeed, shudders at its vastness, and entertains a superstitious feeling, which he shares with Seneca, to the effect that these great stretches of water were meant by the gods to be impassable barriers between one land and another, and that it is man's impiety which has dared to cross them. And so, Vergil loves the sea only when it is blue and calm and when it laps upon the smooth, white sand within the sheltering shores of a narrow bay that break the waves into little dimpling ripples. Though he describes the fury of a storm, he beholds in it naught save its horror and destructiveness. Its stern sublimity makes no appeal to him. The New England poet, on the other hand, loves ocean in all its moods, the whistling of the gale, and the "strange, inarticulate sorrows of the sea." He begins his "Sea Longings" with these fine lines, which express the ocean-instinct of the Anglo-Saxon:

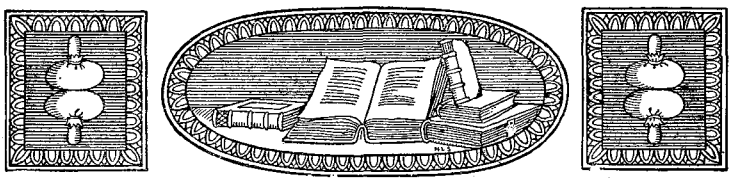
The first world-sound that fell upon my ear
Was that of the great winds along the coast
Crushing the deep-sea beryl on the rocks—
The distant breakers' sullen cannonade.

No Roman poet could have written that, though he would have gloried in the colour and the music with which the poem ends:

Perchance of earthly voices the last voice
That shall an instant my freed spirit stay
On this world's verge, will be some message blown
Over the dim salt lands that fringe the coast
At dusk, or when the trancèd midnight droops
With weight of stars, or haply just as dawn,
Illumining the sullen purple wave,
Turns the grey pools and willow-stems to gold.

One dwells almost exclusively on the poetical work of Mr. Aldrich, because his prose, though ingenious and agreeable, does not stand out above the prose of his contemporaries. One single story that he wrote, "Marjorie Daw," has perhaps been more widely read than any other product of his pen. Yet, after all, though more finished and more delicately done, it is not superior to much that is published every year in our magazines. The unexpectedness of its ending has tickled the fancy of two generations; yet it is only usual work. But, as a poet, Mr. Aldrich is unique in the annals of American literature. Lacking the power of sustained and lofty flight, he nevertheless made masterpieces in miniature with an artistry so exquisite and an imagination so rich in grace and beauty as to have won for himself a remembrance that will long endure.

Harry Thurston Peck.



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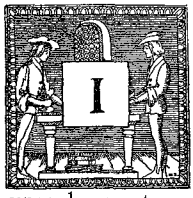
THE AMERICAN YELLOW PRESS

AN ENGLISH VIEW



IF all countries may boast the Press which they deserve, America's desert is small indeed. No civilised country in the world has been content with newspapers so grossly contemptible as those which are read from New York to the Pacific Coast. The journals which are known as Yellow would be a disgrace to the Black Republic, and it is difficult to understand the state of mind which can tolerate them. Divorced completely from the world of truth and intelligence, they present nothing which an educated man would desire to read. They are said to be excluded from clubs and from respectable houses. But even if this prohibition were a fact, their proprietors need feel no regret. We are informed by the Yellowest of Editors that his burning words are read every day by five million men and women.

What, then, is the aspect and character of these Yellow Journals? As they are happily strange on our side the ocean, they need some description. They are ill-printed, over-illustrated sheets, whose end and aim are to inflame a jaded appetite. They seem to address the half-blind eye and the wholly sluggish mind of the imbecile. The wholly unimportant information which they desire to impart is not conveyed in type of the ordinary shape and size. The "scare" headlines are set forth in letters three inches in height. It is as though the editors of these sheets are determined to attract your attention. They are not content to tell you that this or that unimportant event has taken place. They pant, they shriek, they yell. Their method represents the beating of a thousand big drums, the blare of unnumbered trumpets, the shouted blasphemies of a million raucous throats. And if, with all this noise dinning in your ear, you are persuaded to purchase a Yellow sheet, which is commonly pink in colour, you are grievously disappointed. The thing is not even sensational. Its "scare" headlines do but arouse a curiosity, which the "brightest and brainiest" reporter in the United States is not able to satisfy.

Of what happens in the great world you will find not a trace in the Yellow Journals. They betray no interest in politics, in literature, or in the fine arts. There is nothing of grave importance which can be converted into a "good story." That a great man should perform a great task is immaterial. Noble deeds make no scandal, and are therefore not worth reporting. But if you can discover that the great man has a hidden vice, or an eccentric taste in boots or hats, there is "copy" ready to your hand. All things and all men must be reduced to a dead level of imbecility. The Yellow Press is not obscene—it has not the courage for that. It is merely personal and impertinent. No one's life is secure from its spies. No privacy is sacred. Mr. Stead's famous ideal of an ear at every keyhole is magnificently realised in America. A hundred reporters are ready, at a moment's notice, to invade houses, to uncover secrets, to molest honest citizens with indiscreet questions. And if their victims are unwilling to respond, they pay for it with public insult and malicious invention. Those who will not bow to the common tyrant of the Press cannot complain if words are ascribed to them which they never uttered, if they are held guilty of deeds from which they would shrink in horror. Law and custom are alike powerless to fight this tyranny, which is the most ingenious and irksome form of blackmail yet invented.

The perfect newspaper, if such were possible, would present to its readers a succinct history of each day as it passed. It would weigh with a scrupulous hand the relative importance of events. It would give to each department of human activity no more than its just space. It would reduce scandal within the narrow limits which ought to confine it. Under

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its wise auspices murder, burglary, and suicide would be deposed from the heights upon which idle curiosity has placed them. Those strange beings known as public men would be famous not for what their wives wear at somebody else's "At Home," but for their own virtues and attainments. The foolish actors and actresses, who now believe themselves the masters of the world, would slink away into *entrefilets* on a back page. The perfect newspaper, in brief, would resemble a Palace of Truth, in which deceit was impossible and vanity ridiculous. It would crush the hankerers after false reputations, it would hurl the imbecile from the mighty seats which they try to fill, and it would be invaluable to future generations.

What picture of its world does the Yellow Press present? A picture of colossal folly and unpardonable indiscretion. If there be a museum which preserves these screaming sheets, this is the sort of stuff which in two thousand years will puzzle the scholars: "Mrs Jones won't admit Wedding," "Millionaires Bet on a Snake Fight," "Chicago Church Girl Accuses Millionaire," "Athletes make John D. forget his Money." These are a few pearls hastily strung together, and they show what jewels of intelligence are most highly prized by the Greatest Democracy on earth. Now and again the editor takes his readers into his confidence and asks them to interfere in the affairs of persons whom they will never know. Here, for instance, is a characteristic problem set by an editor whose knowledge of his public exceeds his respect for the decencies of life: "What Mrs. Washington ought to do. Her husband Wall Street Broker. Got tired of Her and Deserted. But Mrs. Washington, who still loves him dearly, is determined to win him back. And here is the Advice of the Readers of this Journal." Is it not monstrous—this interference with the privacy of common citizens? And yet this specimen has an air of dignity compared with the grosser exploits of the hired eavesdropper. Not long since there appeared in a Sunday paper a full list, with portraits and biographies, of all the ladies in New York who are habitual drunkards. From which it is clear that the law of libel has sunk into oblivion, and that the cowhide is no longer a fashionable weapon.

The disastrous effect upon the people of such a Press as I have described is obvious. It excites the nerves of the foolish, it presents a hideously false standard of life, it suggests that nobody is sacred for the omnipotent eavesdropper, and it preaches day after day at the top of its husky voice the gospel of snobbishness. But it is not merely the public manners which it degrades; it does its best to hamper the proper administration of the law. Trial by journalism has long supplemented, and goes far to supplant, trial by jury. If a murder be committed in America its detection is not left to the officers of the police. A thousand reporters, cunning as monkeys, active as sleuth-hounds, are on the track. Whether it is the criminal that they pursue or an innocent man matters not to them. Heedless of injustice they go in search of "copy." They interrogate the friends of the victim, and they uncover the secrets of all the friends and relatives he may have possessed. They care not how they prejudice the public mind, or what wrong they do to innocent men. If they make a fair trial impossible, it matters not to them. They have given their tired readers a new sensation, they have stimulated gossip in a thousand tenement houses, and justice may fall in ruins so long as they sell another edition. And nobody protests against their unbridled license, not even when they have made it an affair of the utmost difficulty and many weeks to empanel an unprejudiced jury.

The greatest opportunity of the Yellow Press came a brief year ago, when one H. K. Thaw murdered an accomplished architect. The day after the murder the trial began in the newspapers, and it has been "run as a serial" ever since. The lives of the murderer and his victim were uncovered with the utmost effrontery. The character of the dead man was painted in the blackest colours by cowards, who knew that they were secure from punishment. The murderer's friends and kinsmen were all compelled to pay their tribute to the demon of publicity. The people was presented with plans of the cell in

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which Thaw was imprisoned, while photographs of his wife and his mother were printed day after day that a silly mob might note the effect of anguish on the human countenance. And, not content with thus adorning the tale, the journals were eloquent in pointing the moral. Sentimental spinsters were invited to warn the lady typewriters of America that death and ruin inevitably overtook the wrongdoer. Stern-eyed clergymen thought well to anticipate justice in sermons addressed to erring youth. And finally a *plebiscite* decided, by 2 to 1, that Thaw should immediately be set free. When you remember the arrogant tyranny of the Yellow Journals, you are surprised that at the mere sound of the people's voice the prison doors did not instantly fly open.

You are told, as though it were no more than a simple truth, that the Yellow Press,—the journals owned by Mr. Hearst—not merely made the Spanish-American War, but procured the assassination of Mr. McKinley. The statement seems incredible, because it is difficult to believe that such stuff as this should have any influence for good or evil. The idle gossip and flagrant scandal, which are its daily food, do not appear to be efficient leaders of opinion. But it is the Editorial columns which do the work of conviction, and they assume an air of gravity, which may easily deceive the unwary. And their gravity is the natural accompaniment of scandal. There is but a slender difference between barbarity and sentimentalism. The same temper which delights in reading of murder and sudden death weeps with anguish at the mere hint of oppression. No cheek is so easily bedewed by the unnecessary tear as the cheek of the ruffian—and those who compose the "editorials" for Mr. Hearst's papers have cynically realised this truth. They rant and they cant and they argue, as though nothing but noble thoughts were permitted to lodge within their brain. Their favourite gospel is the gospel of Socialism. They tell the workers that the world is their inalienable inheritance, that skill and capital are the snares of the evil one, and that nothing is worth a reward save manual toil. They look with a kindly eye upon the Trusts, because, when all enterprises and industries are collected into a small compass, the people will have less trouble in laying hands upon them. In brief, they teach the supreme duty of plunder in all the *staccato* eloquence at their command. For the man whose thrift and energy have helped him to success they have nothing but contempt. They cannot think of the criminal without bursting into tears. And, while they lay upon the rich man the guilty burden of his wealth, they charge the community with the full responsibility for the convict's misfortune. Such doctrines, insidiously taught, and read day after day by the degenerate and unrestrained, can only have one effect, and that effect, no doubt, the "editorials" of the Yellow Press will some day succeed in producing.

The result is, of course, revolution, and it is being carefully and insidiously prepared after the common fashion. Not a word is left unsaid that can flatter the criminal or encourage the thriftless. Those who are too idle to work but not too idle to read the Sunday papers are told that the wealth of the country is theirs, and it will be the fault of their own inaction, not of the Yellow Press, if they do not some day lay violent hands upon it. And when they are tired of politics the Yellow Editors turn to popular philosophy or cheap theology to solace their readers. To men and women excited by the details of the last murder they discourse of the existence of God in short, crisp sentences, and you know not which is worse, the triviality of the discourse or its inappositeness. They preface one of their most impassioned exhortations with the words: "If you read this you will probably think you have wasted time." This might with propriety stand for the motto of all Mr. Hearst's journals, but here it is clearly used in the same hope which inspires the sandwichman to carry on his front the classic legend: "Please do not look on my back." What is dearest to their souls is a mean commonplace. A leader, which surely had a triumphant success, is headed: "What the Bar-tender Sees." And the exordium is worthy so profound a speculation. "Did you ever stop to

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think," murmurs the Yellow philosopher, "of all the strange beings that pass before him?" There's profundity for you! There's invention! Is it wonderful that five million men and women read these golden words, or others of a like currency, every day?

And politics, theology, and philosophy are all served up in a thick sauce of sentiment. The "baby" seems to play a great part in the Yellow morality. On one page you are told, "a baby can educate a man"; on another you read, "last week's baby will surely talk some day," and you are amazed, as at a brilliant discovery. But you cannot but ask, to whom are these exhortations addressed? To children or to idiots? The grown men and women, even of Cook County, can hardly regard such poor twaddle as this with a serious eye. And what of the writers? How can they reconcile their lofty tone, which truly is above suspicion, with the shameful sensationalism of their news-columns? They can hardly be sincere. If they believed that "last week's baby would talk some day," they would suppress their reporters. They must be blind or cynical. From these alternatives there is no escape, and for their sakes, as well as for America's, I hope they write with their tongue in their cheeks.

The style of the Yellow Journals is appropriate to their matter. The headlines live on and by the historic present, and the text is as bald as a paper of statistics. It is the big type that does the execution. The "story" itself, to use the slang of the newspaper, is seldom either humorous or picturesque. Bare facts and vulgar incidents are enough for the public, which cares as little for wit as for fine writing. One thing only can explain the imbecility of the Yellow Press: it is written for immigrants, who have but an imperfect knowledge of English, who prefer to see their news rather than to read, and who, if they must read, can best understand words of one syllable and sentences of no more than a dozen words.

For good or evil, America has the sole claim to the invention of the Yellow Press. It came, fully armed, from the head of its first proprietor. It owes nothing to Europe, nothing to the traditions of its own country. It grew out of nothing, and, let us hope, it will soon disappear into nothingness. The real Press of America was rather red than yellow. It had an energy and a character which still exist in some more reputable sheets, and which are the direct antithesis of Yellow sensationalism. The cowhide and revolver were as necessary to its conduct as the pen and inkpot. If the editors of an older and wiser time insulted their enemies, they were ready to defend themselves, like men. They did not eavesdrop and betray. They would have scorned to reveal the secrets of private citizens, even though they did not refrain their hand from their rivals. Yet, with all their brutality, they were brave and honourable, and you cannot justly measure the degradation of the Yellow Press unless you cast your mind a little further back and contemplate the achievement of another generation.

The tradition of journalism came to America from England. The *Sun* and the *Post*, as wise and trustworthy papers as may be found on the surface of the globe, are still conscious of their origin, though they possess added virtues of their own. The New York *Herald*, as conducted by James Gordon Bennett, modelled its scurrilous energy upon the Press of our own eighteenth century. The influence of Junius and the pamphleteers was discernible in its columns, and many of its articles might have been signed by Wilkes himself. But there was something in the *Herald* which you would seek in vain in Perry's *Morning Chronicle*, say, or the *North Briton*, and that was the free-and-easy style of the backwoods. Gordon Bennett grasped as well as any one the value of news. He boarded vessels far out at sea that he might forestall his rivals. He set before New York the history of Europe and of European thought with appreciation and exactitude. He knew the theatre of England and France more intimately than most of his contemporaries, and he did a great deal to encourage the art of acting in his own country. But above all things he was a fighter, both with pen and fist. He had something of

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the spirit which inspired the old mining-camp. "We never saw the man we feared," he once said, "nor the woman we had not some liking for." That healthy, if primitive, sentiment breathes in all his works. And his magnanimity was equal to his courage. "I have no objection to forgive enemies," he wrote, "particularly after I have trampled them under my feet." That was the principle which guided his life and his journal, and, while it gave a superb dash of energy to his style, it put a wholesome fear into his antagonists.

One antagonist there was who was neither afraid nor satisfied, and he attacked Bennett again and again. Bennett returned his blows, and then most advisably made "copy" of the assault. The last encounter is so plainly characteristic of Bennett's style that I quote a description of it in his own words. "As I was leisurely pursuing my business yesterday in Wall Street," wrote Bennett, "collecting the information which is daily disseminated in the *Herald*, James Watson Webb came up to me, on the northern side of the street—said something which I could not hear distinctly, then pushed me down the stone steps leading to one of the broker's offices, and commenced fighting with a species of brutal and demoniac desperation characteristic of a fury. My damage is a scratch, about three-quarters of an inch in length, on the third finger of the left hand, which I received from the iron railing I was forced against, and three buttons torn from my vest, which my tailor will reinstate for a sixpence. His loss is a rent from top to bottom of a very beautiful black coat, which cost the ruffian $40, and a blow in the face which may have knocked down his throat some of his infernal teeth for all I know. Balance in my favour $39.94. As to intimidating me, or changing my course, the thing cannot be done. Neither Webb nor any other man shall, or can, intimidate me. . . . I may be attacked, I may be assailed, I may be killed, I may be murdered, but I will never succumb."

There speaks the true Gordon Bennett, and his voice, though it may be the voice of a ruffian, is the voice of a man who is certainly courageous and is not without humour. It is not from such a method as that, that the Yellow Press emerged. It does not want much pluck to hang about and sneak secrets. It is the pure negation of humour to preach socialism in the name of the criminal and degenerate. And the Yellow Press owes its vices to none of its predecessors, but to its own inherent stupidity. To judge America by this product would be monstrously unfair, but it corresponds to some baser quality in the cosmopolitans of the United States, and it cannot be overlooked. As it stands, it is the heaviest indictment of the popular taste that can be made. There is no vice so mean as impertinent curiosity, and it is upon this curiosity that the Yellow Press meanly lives and meanly thrives.

What is the remedy? There is none, unless time brings with it a natural reaction. It is as desperate a task to touch the Press as to change the Constitution. The odds against reform are too great. A law to check the exuberance of newspapers would never survive the attacks of the newspapers themselves. Nor is it only in America that reform is necessary. The Press of Europe, also, has strayed so far from its origins as to be a danger to the State. In their inception the newspapers were given freedom, that they might expose and check the corruption and dishonesty of politicians. It was thought that publicity was the best cure for intrigue. For a while the liberty of the Press seemed justified. It is justified no longer. The license which it assumed has led to far worse evils than those which it was designed to prevent. In other words, the slave has become tyrant, and where is the statesman who shall rid us of this tyranny?

Charles Whibley.

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THE PRAYER OF THE WEATHER-WISE PARSON

De niggers' corn was burnin' brown,
Even dey cotton was wiltin' down;
Seem lak de clouds done forgot how to rain,
Us look for de wedder, and look in vain.
At las' de darkeys git togedder
And 'cide dey'll pray for some damp wedder.
Dey call on ole Brer Baker to lead,
He 'low he don't wanter do dat, indeed;
He 'low de Lord know His business best.
Bit de niggers wouldn't let de ole man rest,
'Case dey know he was mighty powerful in pra'r:—
So he give consent and knelt right dar:

"Lord! Lord! dar's a dry drought in dis lan',
Famin' feared for beast and man.
My Lord, won't you raise yo' hand
And sprinkle de rain on dis here lan'?
O Lord, yo' Bible's full of rain—
From kiver to kiver and back again.
De reign of David and de reign of Saul—
De good Book tells about dem all;
Fer heah in de One-Eyed John I see
De story of David, de youth how he
Had a reign in Israel—forty year—
And furder on it do appear
Reign in Hebron seven year,
And th'ee year reign in Jerusalem,
And de oil run down to his gyarment's hem—
But, my Lord, we don't want no rain like dat—
We don't want no swisher, swasher—
We don't want no gulley-washer—
We des want a little drizzly, drazzly summer shower,
Dat'll scurcely'll hurt de cotton-flower.

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"Lord! Lord! dar's fire and smoke in dis heah lan',
It's blindin' beast and blindin' man,
De leaves air parchin' overhead,
De rabbits air pantin' in dere bed—
And, Lord, yo' Good Book's full of rain—
In de One-Eyed Sam'el, and de Two-Eyed again
I read of de reign of de Ammorite,
De Hitite and de Amalikite—
Dey reign on Canaan's happy sho'—
Some hundard fifty years or mo'—
But, my Lord, we don't want no rain like dat—
We don't want no swisher, swasher—
We don't want no gulley-washer—
We des want a little drizzly, drazzly summer shower,
Dat'll scurcely'll hurt de cotton-flower.

"Lord! Lord! dar's fire and smoke in dis here sky,
De horison's brassy fur and nigh,
De corn's boot's scurcely holdin' water,
De cotton's wiltin,' wizzlin' sorter.
My Lord, ain't yo' Good Book full of rain?
In de Th'ee-Eyed John I read it plain:
A thousand years de Dragon'll reign
Befo' Peace come to earth again.
But, Lord, we don't want no rain like dat—
We don't want no swisher, swasher—
We don't want no gulley-washer—
We des want a little drizzly, drazzly summer shower,
Dat'll scurcely'll hurt de cotton-flower."

Ole Baker's voice went up and down,
De darkeys got to shoutin' round;
But no sooner he pray dat powerful pra'r
Dan he riz up and scent de sultry air.
Says he, "I done pray for rain like you all said,
I better been hoein' in my fiel' instead—
I done pray for rain, but y'all won't get it
Twel de wind change, and de new moon let it."

—*Martha Young.*

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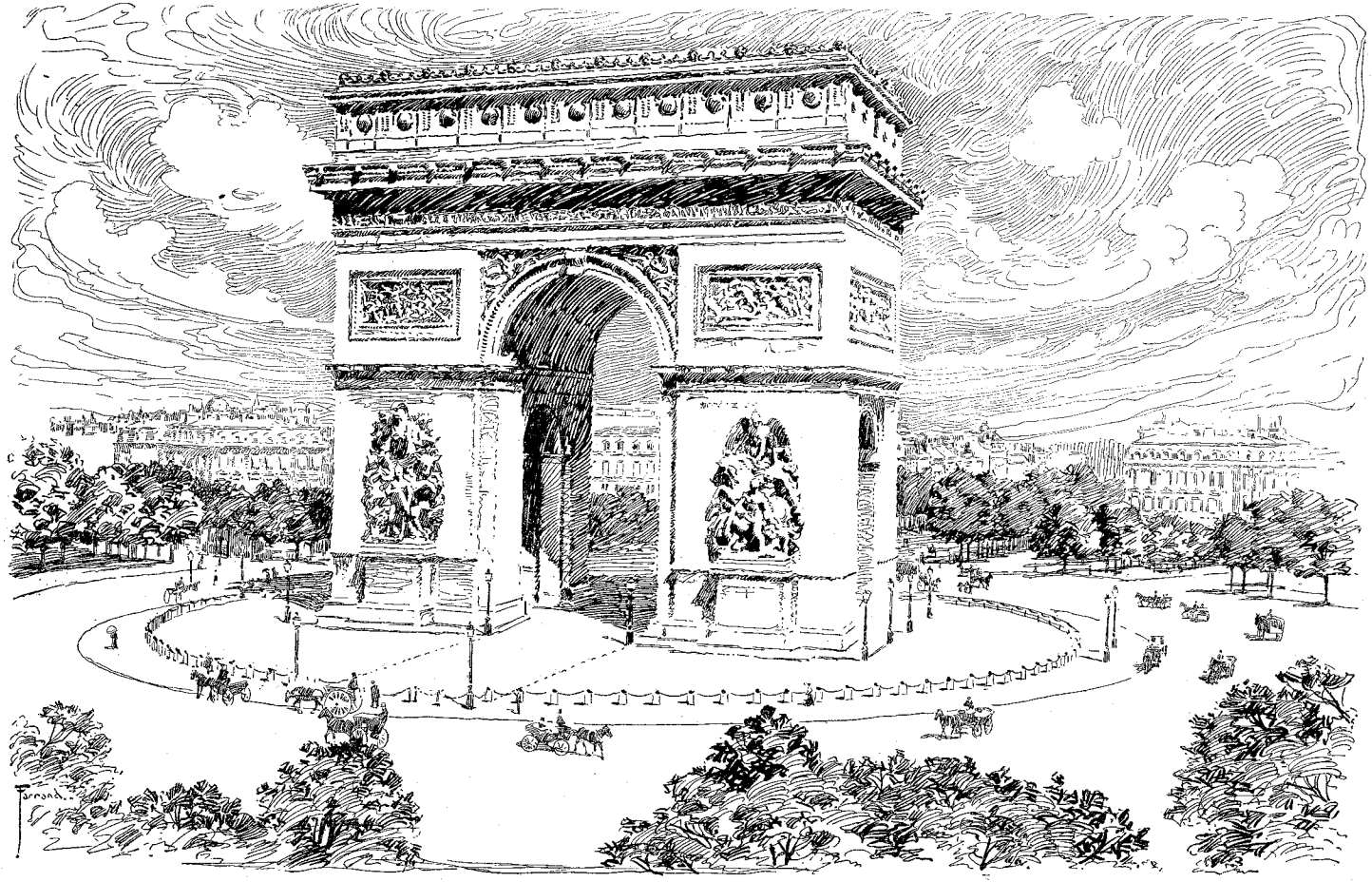

THE HEART OF THE AMERICAN COLONY

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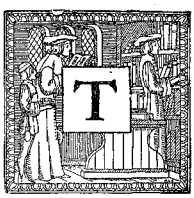
THE EXPATRIATES

THE AMERICAN COLONY IN PARIS

BY ANNA BOWMAN DODD

I



HE American colony in Paris is, I am told, numerically one of the largest in any European capital. The American, therefore, who chooses Paris as his or her residence finds a Little America already at home in hundreds of its white-walled apartments or private hotels. Though this world of voluntary or involuntary exiles is found to be scattered over a large area, each and every American in time discovers one focal point after another about which sets, circles, and cliques revolve.

Circling about these resident Americans there rises and falls annually an ever-recurrent tide. This tide rises to prodigious heights in the spring, to ebb to a mere ripple in the autumn. The hundreds of thousands of tourists who make their appearance with the blossoming of the horse-chestnuts in the Champs Elysées, and who return to America with the fall of the leaf, cannot strictly or accurately be classified as expatriates. It is rather those of our countrymen and women who have deliberately chosen to live in Paris, for a limited or an unlimited time, the small army of students, artists, singers, musicians, and the men of affairs whose pursuits, careers, and interests draw them to Paris as all the world has been drawn—and for how many a century!—who may be thus appropriately designated.

In the past decade the exodus among well-to-do Americans to the French capital has reached astonishing proportions. American conditions have precipitated this seeking of a home in a foreign land. The whole life in America has swung away from the old centres. The enormous growth of our larger cities, the colossal fortunes that have produced their inevitable results, in augmenting not only the price that must be paid for holding one's place in any social circle, but the cost of living—all along the line—these results of our stupendous prosperity have made the eyes of thousands and thousands turn longingly to Continental cities.

That the most beautiful city of our modern world should be the one chosen as a permanent residence by thousands of Americans longing to find a simplified plan of existence amid delightful surroundings, and on a less ruinous basis of expenditure than confronts one at home, is only fresh proof that Paris still leads the world in offering an equable climate, incomparable beauty, and economical conditions. In spite of the advance in rents and the cost of living even in Paris—the city of moderate incomes—for an American to settle and live in the French capital is to double his or her income. To get the most out of life! Is not this the modern creed? In Paris there are six thousand Americans who are living up to their new religious belief.

II

In attempting to separate and to analyse the elements composing the various groups, sets and social circles of the so-called American colony we find at the outset some facts of illuminating significance. The active, middle-aged man whose energies and capacities are at their *apogée* is conspicuous by his absence. There are, indeed, a few gentlemen of leisure to be met among our compatriots in exile, but these few, one soon discovers, have either been life-long residents, or have never been in active business, or are *dilletanti,* or have been incapacitated by failing health to continue the battle of life at home. The still vigorous American man does not make a good expatriate.

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With his abilities and his splendid fighting qualities, how can he?

In France, or in its capital, what opportunities present themselves for the exercise of American activities? In the civic and political world the foreigner is barred out. These doors, at least, are closed to the American invader. The American attitude toward life, touched at any point—that strenuous desire to make every moment of existence mark high as a record of achievement—how worse than useless such a straining for victorious accomplishment in a foreign country, unless one abjures one's own nationality and becomes naturalised. That desiccated fragment of a man who, having had the luck to be American born, attempts to turn magician and make himself into something he never can be, since each one of us is born the child of our race and nationality—such poor specimens of manhood are, fortunately, rare in France. The racial lines drawn between an Anglo-Saxon, or an American, and a Frenchman are too deep and broad.

The American, therefore, who lives in Paris is rather the man who has fought the battle of life, has won his fight, and seeks in this, the most perfect city since Athens and Rome—the Rome of the greater Romans—have disappeared, those suave pleasures and multiple delights only Paris can yield. These gentlemen of leisure are of so limited a number as to prove the irresistible attraction of America, and the stirring, stimulating intensities of our American life, even for the man whose successful career enables him to choose his home and manner of living. The rest-cure of inactivity for the keen-witted, eager-pulsed American may be sought, but solely as a cure. Until the One comes, with silent tread, whose arresting hand all must obey, until kindly Death touches, with delicate fingers, the tempestuous American energies, the men of our race must have the smell of the battle to warm their nostrils, even though for them the fight be won.

The comparatively few gentlemen of wealth and leisure whose chosen home is Paris prove their nationality by their unremitting activities. Whatever form or direction tastes or inclinations may take, the American abroad brings to either sport or to the playing of the social game—for so many Americans the newest of all games!—or to a lately developed delight in things artistic, or in the dispensation of wise and unobtrusive charities, the same remarkable qualities that have made him the power he is at home.

The true American, wherever he may be, cannot long be idle. The new world of enjoyment that opens its doors upon the magical beauty, upon the pageantry of vanished centuries, whose heroes and martyrs, whose kings and queens, seem to relive—pale, historic figures made suddenly luminous and vivid, as one treads their chamber floors, in mediæval castle or Bourbon palace—this realm of enchantment is the first the devout American enters—Baedeker in hand. Little by little the newly arrived, the insatiable sightseer, finds more purely personal, intimate pleasures. Inspection of cathedral façades and the search for walled towns becomes of less and less palpitating interest. Apartment-hunting or the diligent seeking of an attractive "hotel"—as private houses are called in Paris—this occupation becomes an all-absorbing one. Its very novelty is part of its charm. With the inspection of dozens of French apartments, hotels, châteaux, or of some of the charming villas that lie in the suburbs close to the capital, these latter surrounded by their tall walls, wherein, even in winter, trees and lawns keep miraculously green—for the American who thus surveys what Paris has to offer in the way of residences, with this his inspection, he makes, perhaps, his first real acquaintance with French ways and manner of living.

With the decoration and furnishing of the apartment or hotel the now resident American as often as not discovers an aptitude for and a delight in such matters he had hitherto supposed to be his wife's prerogative. Appetite grows by what it feeds on. Repeated visits to any one of the six thousand antiquity shops in Paris become an education in themselves. Artistic tastes once acquired, later, in nine cases out of ten, develop into the Parisian-American's pastime and resource. Master not only of his wealth, but of that far greater and rarer possession, his time,

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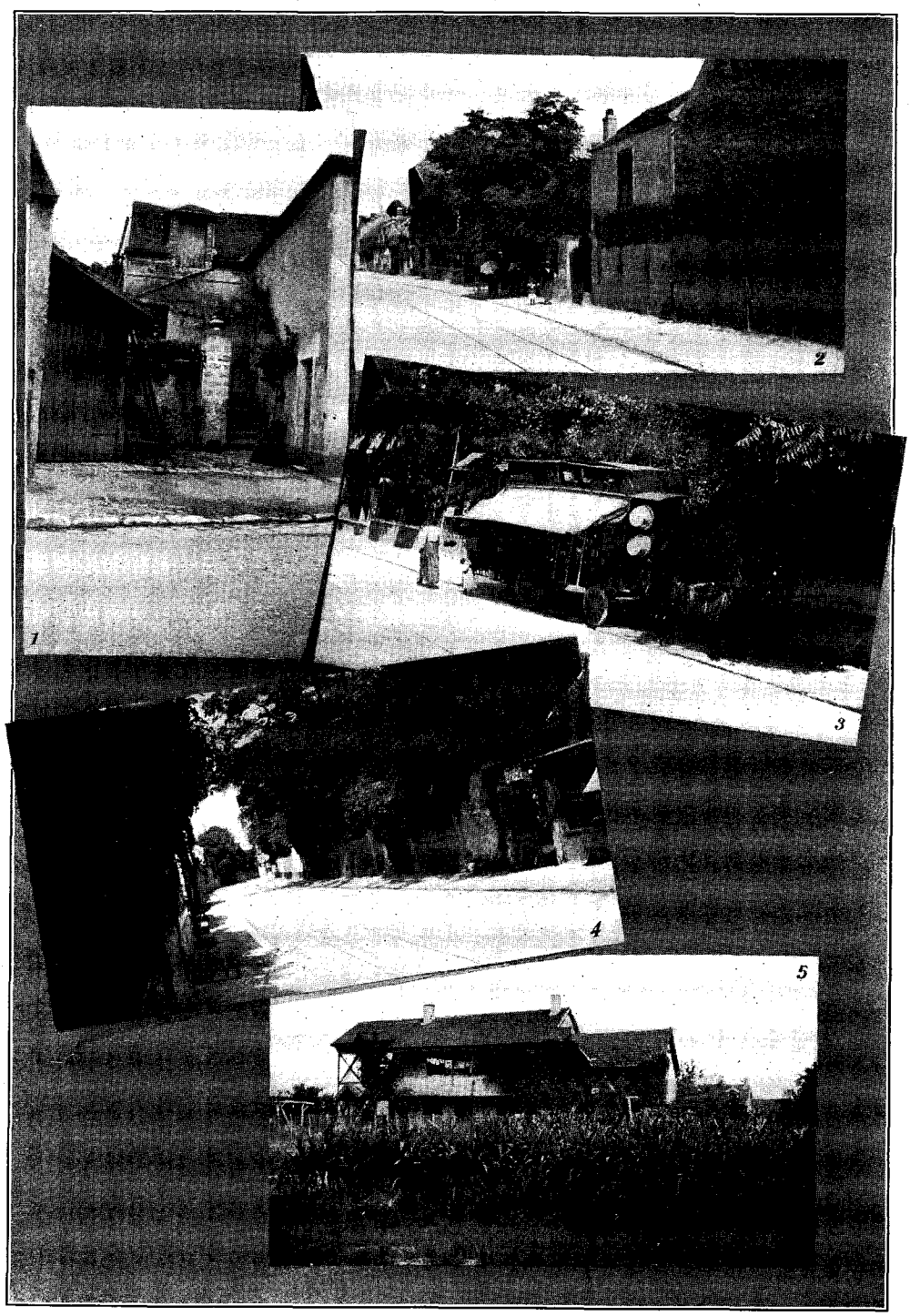

AN AMERICAN STUDENT SOJOURN IN FONTAINEBLEAU FOREST

1. A CORNER IN MARLOTTE
2. HOTEL DES CHARMETTES, BARBIZON
3. TRAVELLING STORE, BARBIZON
4. MAIN STREET, BARBIZON
5. NEAR BARBIZON

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with his somewhat newly acquired or dormant tastes in full activity, the American is quick to seize the golden moment of gratification. And what treasures Paris yields to those who seek for treasure! As to the true fisherman the delectable delights of angling are not limited by the mere casting of the fly, but embrace the joy of living under open skies, the free play of the wandering breezes, and the gentle song of the slipping river, so is the collector's chase after rare tapestries, ceramics, bibelots, or delicate carvings attended by unlooked-for adventure. Into what stately hotels in the Faubourg St.-Germain the veriest American parvenue may enter, to see the reluctant, lofty doors open, as by enchantment, if he but apply the golden key! The picture to be sold, or the famous Beauvais or Gobelins to be inspected, will be found in its classic setting, besides rooms stretched with pale satins, under ceilings where, amid festal skies, cherubs and roses dispute place with clouds that were only fit to canopy court beauties. The frame alone is left in so many of these noble yet now desolate palaces, whose double or single porte-cochère hide far more than the still erect caryatides or the carved pilasters that support portals as elaborately ornamented as a shrine. The courts of both the Bourbons and of the Napoleonic dynasty are gone—to enliven the pages of history. The descendants of how many a dead-and-gone court ancestor is feeling the chill of icy banquetting-halls, and turning to baccarat to complete the ruin so gaily begun at Versailles, about tables where Marie Antoinette's slim fingers set the pace for reckless gambling. The seeker after rare prints or the courageous haunter of the book-stalls along the quais has also all the changing glory of the magical Parisian *scène de decors* that line each side of the most triumphantly majestic river setting of our modern world.

Who that lives in Paris ever wearies of loitering along the banks of the most companionable of all rivers? The lover of old books, as he hurries across the venerable Pont-Neuf, will perhaps remember Montaigne's pathetic sigh, "I, who shall scarce live to see it finished!" And as one lifts the eye from the rubbish of the quais book-stalls to chance, perhaps, on the pearl in the dung-heap, on a rare first edition or a priceless volume, what incomparable, ever-changing beauty in the river scene! That magical play of light, with the city crowding close to the banks and the moving life upon the river making infinite variety in the reflections —what a world of living men and women pass and repass across bridges, and fill the light, elastic air with the gay French cries, shouts, or the more melodious, intimate murmur borne from open victorias or the landoulet. One need not be gifted with a poet's imagination to see other more spectral shapes peopling the scene; for the eye cannot rest on a single outline that does not reek with poetry and romance, or that does not breathe of either conquest, achievement or recall some horror.

From the Norman towers of Notre Dame to the pseudo-Oriental mass of the Trocadéro, what a sweep against the sky of historic buildings! And as the figures on tapestried surfaces are set against battlemented tower or donjon keep, so move, in long and motley procession, against the feudal structures and the sombre length of the Louvre the phantom shapes of hero and martyr, of sage and maker, perhaps, of the very books we long to find, of all the men and women who came, in a word, in the pleasant noon light, as we have come, to look upon the glory of Paris, loitering along the quais to prolong the delectable moment, hoping —they also—to pick up a treasure for nothing!

III

Several of the more notable collections formed by American gentlemen are as interesting as they are diverse in character. In one well-known salon, in beautiful cabinets, one is shown a rare collection of Meisson. In another drawing-room, where ladies are gathered about the tea-tables, completing the perfection of the Doucet or Raudnitz costume by talk that is as light as are their laces, the more serious host, finding you evince an interest in "things" rather than gossip, will entice you into the "Petit Salon." And there, one after another, he will lay in

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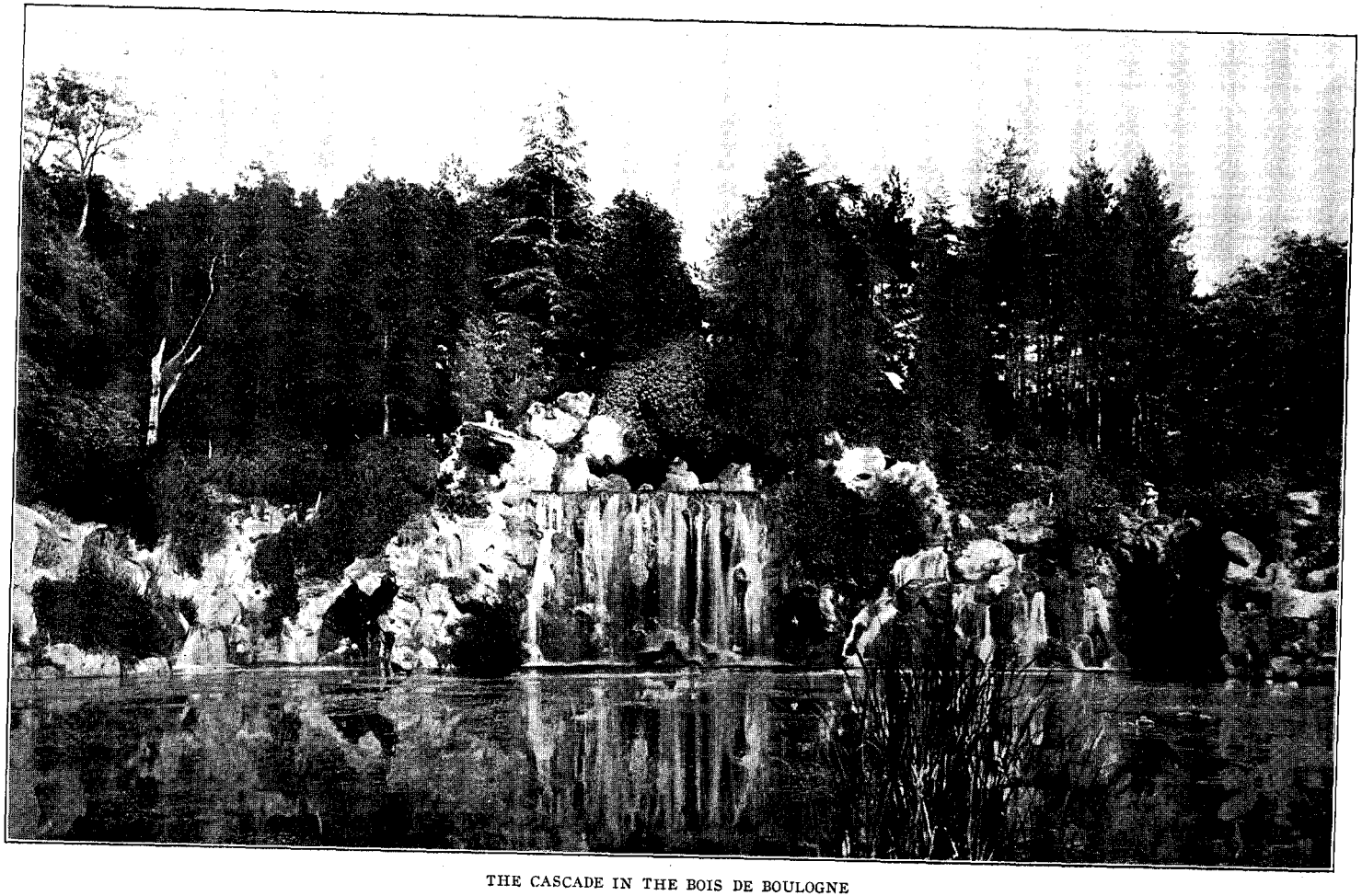

THE CASCADE IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE

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your hand, with a gesture and touch that betray the true lover of fragile treasure, carved ivories so exquisite in finish that the magnifying glass alone reveals the artist's mastery of his difficult art.

In an apartment overlooking the grasses and the domed verdure of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne there hang certain pictures that would make a reputation for an American museum. Fragonards, Nattiers, Greuzes, Largillières—what canvases to find on the walls of rooms that are neither national nor in palaces that now belong to the people! In this same apartment is a collection of Vieux Chine, and tapestries that will some day doubtless form the nucleus of a fine collection in some one of our metropolitan museums.

Among the many beautiful American homes in Paris there is one above all others cited by collectors as notable for the all but priceless tapestries, Sèvres, and Dresden housed within its walls. On entering the *ante-chambre,* a long gallery leads to the spacious salons. On the left-hand wall of this gallery hangs a famous Gobelin, signed Boucher. The freshness of color of the marvellous tapestry is as remarkable as is the harmony and grace of its design. On entering the two salons, one finds the walls hung with other tapestries, whose pinks and delicate blues, greys, and pale yellows seem to find their reflection in the pink and blue Sèvres, and in the enamelled snuff-boxes and miniatures that enchain the eye within a dozen vitrines and inlaid cabinets. In a country where even in winter something of summer seems to linger in the green of its grasses, shrubs and glossy laurels, it is not surprising to find Americans seeking to become owners of historic châteaux and old and picturesque manoirs.

Artists are not the only finders of the rare and the beautiful. One reason, perhaps, for the American of means chancing on interesting country houses is that half of France is to let or is for sale! The automobile has, it is true, brought château life again into favour; but in nine cases out of ten to live on their ancestral acres means for the French nobleman to live *à la Russe*—to hibernate for eight months in order to live like a gentleman in Paris for four short months!

At Vernon, at Givernay, at Versailles, Fontainebleau, Poissy, along the Loire, and the Normandy beaches, villas, châteaux, and manoirs succeed each other, each and all, when owned by Americans, proving the instinctive national love of order, tight roofs, the porcelain tub, and that luxury in furnishing and comfort that Frenchmen characterise as *"Très American!"*

In a château nearer Paris, on terraces overlooking the palace where Josephine held Napoleon to her sorrowing heart after Waterloo, and after an Austrian princess had proved how much honour is bred in courts, a scene of fairylike enchantment repeats itself year after year. The lake, with its flotilla of swans, miles of wooded walks, acres of rose gardens, and the château itself, with its tapestries, *salle-de fête,* its Empire and Louis XV. salons, evoke pictures of court life and courtly splendour lived centuries before the American had come to revive a lost epoch of magnificence.

Still another American, a man who has an international reputation for talent in several directions, has converted an eleventh-century tower overlooking a magnificent sweep of country into perhaps the most original Gothic library in existence. Ramparts have been turned into rose gardens. And for neighbours this daring innovator has the most perfect mediæval fortress, with all its walls and mile of towers complete, together with the tight little stone village perched on the Coucy heights still cinctured with its stone girdle.

IV

If Paris was built by kings—and only kings and tyrants can properly build or plan cities on a magnificent scale—no other city seems so specially designed to show to the best advantage the charms and beauty of woman. From the Place de la Carrousel to Longchamps a pretty woman is never out of her frame of verdure. Trees, shrubs, parterres, fountains, and statues are the picturesque and poetic setting for that feminine loveliness and grace of the city that worships

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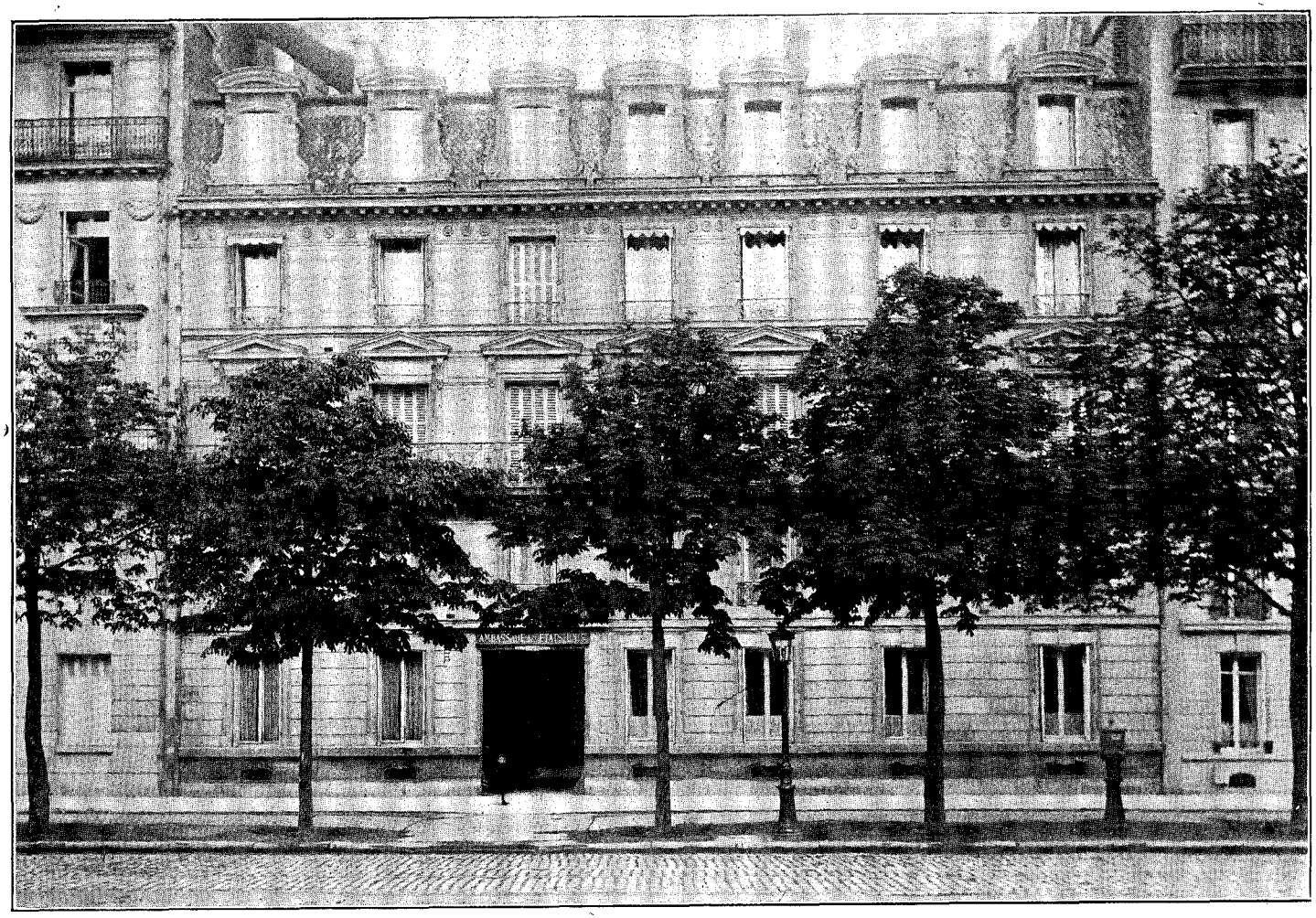

THE UNITED STATES EMBASSY

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women. It must be admitted the Parisienne has risen to the artistic realisation of what has been demanded of her. The portrait that has filled the frame has all but out-rivalled in grace and seductive charm the frame itself.

Of the many foreigners who have come to Paris to test the strength of the Frenchwoman's perdurable attraction, of them all, our countrywomen have become the most triumphant competitors. The American woman fits into this French frame as though it had been made for her, and for her alone! More quickly than any other foreigner she feels herself to be at home in Paris. After even a few years' residence, to hear the words "exile" or "expatriate" as applied to her seems in the nature of an affront. Not only physically, but mentally and morally, is she acclimated. Her soul has found a second, perhaps its true, home.

Joined to this psychological sense of fitness, Paris has become the Paradise of American women in search of just those conditions this wonderful city offers. There is no woman with so apt a sense of the practical in all matters concerning material, domestic and economical welfare. Mistress at home of all expenditures connected with household and social expenses, on her appearance on foreign soil she grasps with a quickness of appreciation and apprehension of relative values the whole domestic and social problem in a way to prove her incomparable ability. Not a single feature of the advantages Paris offers but is weighed and tested. The ease of life, the comparatively low rate of expenditure involved in acquiring a charming interior, the general excellence of the domestic service—provided always the newcomer has a knowledge of the French language and understands or divines the peculiarities of the French nature and character—as well as the beauty of this fairy city of a thousand sights, each and all of these Parisian "values" are as carefully scaled as only a woman with the American education in the science of living can bring to the situation.

For the mother, therefore, who wishes to complete her daughter's education—as though a woman's education were ever completed!—for the widows of large or small means, for the semi-detached or the irrevocably divided, or for those in search of the society spring-board that shall furnish the necessary lift to land them on the right social plane, in Paris or elsewhere, Paris has become the chosen domicile.

At the outset, in this life in Paris there is a sensible release from that subtle pressure felt throughout the whole extent of our country. On all our strangely complex yet closely knit people there rests the weight of this moral pressure. Every man and woman in America is breathlessly hurrying to perform his or her allotted or self-imposed task. An iron hand seems laid on each and every human being breathing our electrical American air to be up and doing, reminding us, by its relentless grip, that a penalty worse than death awaits us if for a single moment we permit our exhausted energies to slacken the pace of our activities. To keep step, to lead rather than to follow or to lag behind in that tireless procession of frenzied workers—such is the chief aim of every American man and woman.

In the suave atmosphere of a milder, a less electrically charged atmosphere, in a foreign land, divorced from those more accusing home influences, with their stimulating, excitable and exciting rewards for successful achievement, the American woman, far more than the expatriated man, undergoes a sensible transformation.

With the removal of that iron grip, that relentless hand that led one to duty, to competitive struggle, to pleasure, even, with the same inflexible grimness that one would be led to the scaffold—with this oppressive pressure removed, how the American woman reveals herself! Freed from the fear of home criticism, she becomes, if not another creature, at least one of those whose seven skins appear to have been sloughed off. Little by little she loses her nervous, somewhat aggressive, energetic tread. As soon as the asphalt of Paris is trod, a lighter, a more flexible grace becomes apparent. One would almost imagine the American in exile had come into some unexpected inheritance, so gay is her smile, so freed from nervous apprehension is her whole

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ARCHITECTURAL ATELIER LALAUX (1901). TAKEN IN THE COURTYARD OF THE ÉCOLE DES BEAUX ARTS

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"FAR FROM THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME"

A photograph taken after a minstrel show given for the benefit of the American Art Association

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demeanour, and so unmistakable is the dance motion in her cadenced walk. She may not analyse the cause or the reasons of this mental and moral change. She will tell you with an insistence that remains even after years of foreign life—the most persistent of all our American traits that insistence—that if she "looks young," or if she "seems to enjoy life," it is the Paris climate, or automobiling, or a winter in Cairo, or her summer cures, or any one of the changes in her wonted life except the chiefest of all the changes, that, once in Paris, as a fixture, and she no longer feels it a matter of life and death to keep up with the procession! She has cut herself loose—she can lead her own life, consult her own tastes, pursue her own secret inclinations, nine times out of ten hidden as though criminal when in an environment surcharged with our still persistent though rapidly vanishing Puritanical traditions.

Even beyond the perdurable fascinations of Paris I place first among the attractions of living in this capital this sense of freedom, of escape. The American is as sensitive as is the Parisian to surrounding—to the milieu. And no one is more responsive to conditions than is the American woman.

It is amusing, from the standpoint of the observer, to note the various little bundles of mental and moral luggage that are dropped along the European highways! Our women are commonly burdened with the larger supply. Their clothes they meekly, even exultantly, confess to be centuries behind the latest Paris fashions, though in America they may have been copied from the most approved—and ruinously expensive—foreign models. On touching French soil they would feel themselves cheated out of their feminine prerogative were they not to drop these imitation gauds at the first temple of fashion. But those more intimate garments, those fashioned out of American ideals, cut according to the supposed strict measurement of our American principles and our inherited Puritanical standard of the virtues, what, if any, change comes to this spiritual equipment among Americans living abroad?

The contrast between the same class of our countrywomen who continue to live at home and those who live abroad becomes, I should say, more and more marked year by year. Owing to the "pressure" above referred to, to the force of example, and to the innumerable opportunities afforded every American woman of ability to display her talent for organisation, her executive capacity, and her real enthusiasm for all the noble work to be done in a hundred directions, we see in every city in America magnificent work accomplishd by our women.

Even in the most frivolous sets and circles society women are everywhere prominent in charities, in founding literary clubs, and in leading great movements that elevate the whole tone of American life. The foreigners who visit us, either to "play" or to study us or to criticise, are received with a generosity of hospitality and a kindly and flattering interest in their aims and pursuits that has made for us an enviable name among nations. These foreign visitors find even among the most "sporty" sets at least the pretence among the women of a love of the arts, of music, and the best books. The never-to-be-forgotten fact that there is a larger part of our huge continent still to be built, to be decorated, and adorned—and by the looting of all Europe, if possible—this prodigious necessity has made an interest in the arts a fashionable craze.

But Paris is built. It is superbly furnished and decorated with living pictures. Its streets, hotels, galleries, and salons are crowded with the moving, active figures of the most dramatic and artistic race since the Greeks and the Italians of the Renaissance moved as gods among men.

What place has the American woman in this old, exclusive, tightly knit world? By the very fact of her nationality, because of the difference of language, religion, racial traits, and the point of view toward the whole structure of life, material and moral, the American must perforce remain the outsider—the expatriate. In the religious, political, literary, or artistic movements centred in Paris the resident five or six thousand Americans have, and can have, no more influence than though they had remained at home.

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The shops in the rue de la Paix, the antiquity shops, the huge department stores, and the theatres would alone greatly mourn our departure.

Let it be said at once that of those resident Americans who have forced their way into good French society, who are received in the still exclusive circles of the Faubourg St. Germain—that Faubourg that has always protected its doors as it never has its morals!—such Americans have each won their place by some exceptionable gift or charm. The oldest of all charms—that with which one crosses the palm to win a "bonne fortune" from the lips of the gipsy reader of the uncertain future—this is found to be the smoothest of all keys to fit into these severely inhospitable French society doors. Those who are of the Catholic faith, and those who are willing to abjure, more or less, their nationality, also find it possible to make for themselves an agreeable French circle. But the American who is desirous of going into good French society must, like the immortal Artemus Ward, be willing "to sacrifice all his wife's relations!"—for while the "sporty" or the gay young leading set among French aristocrats will willingly enough accept and sometimes even court a single American whose tastes are theirs, or whose hospitality is sufficiently lavish, their uncles and their cousins and their aunts they rigorously bar out. Can one blame them? With Paris the high-road for the whole world, how refuse to recognise the right among Frenchmen to keep at least their homes and their society sacred, since their city, by virtue of its very beauty, has become common property?

The social life of the average American woman in Paris is distinctly American. In the most frequented drawing-rooms the national peculiarities of speech and intonation are as marked as they would be in New York, or Boston, or Washington. The *beau monde* has never shown marked originality in inventing new pastimes.

Those deliciously frivolous women, the De Goncourts, who have painted for us with as brilliant a touch as Nattiers did the court beauties of the same period, would be amazed, could they come to life, to find how little their sisters a hundred and fifty years later have to show in new ways of killing old time! As in their day, every moment of both day and night not consecrated to sleep is given over to either the care of the body or to the religion of dress or the rushing from one excitement to another. The masseuse, coiffeur, and the manicure devour the morning hours. There is the fitting at the tailor's, that must be squeezed in between the "constitutional" taken under the acacias of the Bois and the midday ladies' lunch. If bridge does not follow the feast that is as often as not a banquet, calling for the digestive capacity of a Hercules, then comes the solemn rite of "trying on." The American woman with any pretensions to social distinction gives to the choice and fit of her gowns the consecration of every mental faculty she possesses. To be perfectly dressed in these days, when appearance counts above either character or achievement, becomes the first imperative duty of every American whose privilege it is to live in the same city as Doucet and Worth. The right name of the fashionable man-milliner on a gown or wrap is become of far more value in these days, when a woman, to be considered, must carry on her person the objective proofs of her fortune, than the possession of a revolutionary ancestor. What is good blood in these democratic days of the aristocracy of money compared to Doucet's gowns and yards of pearls?

Can one blame the dear women for being of their time and century? And how expect them to be superior here in Paris, of all cities—how look to them for moral courage to resist the deadliest and most seductive conspiracy ever formed, and by an entire city? Here are gathered together the cleverest brains, the first talent in the known world, men who bring to the study and creation of women's clothes a science, a knowledge, and an ingenuity that lays under contribution all the ages and all the courts that have flourished since and before Solomon's time. The American woman is very much of a woman. Her sensitiveness is great to environment. And Paris is the forcing-house of femininity.

Gradually, insensibly, this foreign atti-

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tude toward life, its philosophy of living, as well as its sartorial temptations, its cult of leisure, and its belief in *la joie de vivre* as convincing proof of one's fuller development, each of these succeeding discoveries in this new rule of life bring their inevitable changes. The American woman, who at home would be driving a dozen active social industries at full speed, and herself as hard as her various interests and pursuits, gradually yields to the relaxation and novel charm of viewing life rather as a holiday than as a penance or a duty.

Why resist influences that are everywhere—in the air, in the streets, in the shops—that speak to one with the contagious French gaiety from the eyes of the flower girl, that beam from the orbs of the oldest actress on the stage, and that meet one at the first corner, where two gossips' chatter is half drowned in rich laughter? The very sparkle of the diamond air in Paris brings a quick exaltation. Who can drive down the length of the Champs Elysées on a starry night between the brightness of the two worlds, nature's and the electrician's, and not long for the immediate rapture of some quick pleasure, some sensory joy, that shall match with the magic setting of the scene? To live in Paris is not to find one's keenness of edge dulled, but rather sharpened, for pleasure.

V

The objective aspect of this Parisian-American world is eminently brilliant. Both indoors and without, in the streets, at the Bois, at the races, at the opera and the theatres, the groups of our fair-faced, brilliant-eyed, and beautifully costumed women become, whenever seen, the conspicuous focal point for converging glances. Wherever the clock of time or the seasons point to the hour of enjoyment, there the American world of fashion is to be found. In public this gay world is to be seen skating at the private clubs, or walking in the Bois in the morning, or crowding at the afternoon five o'clock—the sacred hour—about the little tables at the Ritz, or Colombin's, or Rumpelmeyer's.

To distinguish among these various groups the many fine lines separating the infinite variety of the American society goat from the exclusive American society sheep requires a wide knowledge of our composite American world. Yet at every one of those cosy and elaborately laid little tables at any one of the above-named favourite resorts for sipping the cup that cheers and yet that conduces to nothing more harmful than the social damning of one's neighbours through the medium of time-honoured gossip, what invisible drama, how many a fate hovers about and around the teacups!

The sense of drama is, indeed, never very far away from any one of these resplendent groups.

For the Parisian-American society world has imported all the American virtues and defects of our pluto-democratic social system. There is the same marked and clearly emphasised intention among the leaders of the more exclusive coteries to "receive" only those who are or have been socially prominent in some one of our chief cities. In this American world in exile, every woman who knocks for admission in these circles that would fain concentrate within their own narrow boundaries the sole society *par excellence* that truly represents the best society at home, every aspirant for admission goes through the same inquisitorial investigation. Her past, present, and her possible future are as carefully sifted and examined as though the destiny of nations hung on the issue. Yet while a certain limited number of these dames, either by virtue of their birth or by reason of their hard-won social position, defend the social outposts, and while their verdicts are often severe, let no valiant, courageous soul of the born society climber—one endowed with the right staying powers—be induced, by repeated discouragement, to abandon the struggle. For over the forbidding fortress of this society of expatriates, with its disheartening capital, no such dread sign is to be read as Dante placed at the entrance of his Inferno.

Within the more or less "pure" but always sumptuously furnished apartments and private hotels the American in Paris has given to his women—or they have themselves chosen—the luxurious

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background against which every detail of costume and beauty of outline or complexion is perfectly set.

Dinner-giving among the richer Americans has been carried to a degree of elaborate magnificence only equalled in our own country. The rose-laid or orchid-decorated table; the lengths of the stretched Sicilian, or the Cyprus, or Venetian lace; the Sèvres, Dresden, and Saxe porcelain; the gold or silver dessert service; the tall candelabræ, the dancing bisque figures, and the fifteenth or sixteenth-century flacons recall the picture of that Venetian feast in the Louvre, that one of Veronese, where the ladies seem to have no need of speech, so eloquent are their luminous eyes, and where the viols are forever playing the music of long ago to beautifully costumed nobles who could sit or stand with equal grace.

Above the modern copies of these Renaissance boards there rise the graceful shapes of our lovely American beauties, with their spirited faces and mobile lips, rivalling in their vividness of expressive life their dead-and-gone Venetian sisters in all save in that unfathomable Italian depth of glance that betrays a deeper, perhaps a more tragic, experience. In our day the wooing of chance has superseded the rage for seeking excitement in love adventures. These latter either end happily in marriage or are more or less amicably settled in the divorce courts. In an age that has decreed that conversation should be considered a lost art, the game of games is one that enjoins silence. Feats of memory, that otherwise boresome gift, may be, must be, dedicated solely to skilful playing of the game.

Compared to the feverish excitements of gambling, how tame is become the most soul-moving novel! And who cares to read, when from noon till the smallest hours even the dullest may be quickened by the reading of those thirteen magic signs that spell "no trumps" or all the leading hearts? How cold is the most exquisite sculpture compared to carving victory out of a suicidal hand? Bridge also has the inestimable advantage of making the society of women as exciting —and often more dangerous!—than one enlivened by the supposed-to-be-dangerous sex. At a recent ladies' bridge dinner a courageous compatriot, fresh from a round of English country-house visits, where the male element was as conspicuous as its absence was at this one-sex banquet, said, with a sigh, "Paris is all very well, and I grant all you say" (for the hostess had been vaunting the advantages of Paris over other winter cities), "but how dull—without men!" "Oh, why care about the men? Why, we don't even miss them, do we?" The hostess paused, ran her experienced eye over her hand, and said, but this time with a thrill of ardour in her tone, "I make it hearts!"

VI

Only two decades ago the tour to foreign parts was considered as necessary to complete a young gentleman's education as it is still that of our girls. Young men come abroad, and some of them annually. But the men of fashion, known to all the worlds of society on both sides of the Atlantic, who have made themselves prominent as leaders of cotillons, or in the racing world, or in politics, come to Paris as the birds migrate. They take their sea flight at the opening of the season in London; they come to Paris for the Grand Prix, to take a tour of the continent *en automobile*, or they make a rush for the Trouville-Deauville races. In this their meteoric flight they are almost as intangible as was the Flying Dutchman in his more mystic journey.

For the fortunate youth, for the inheritor of millions, America appeals with urgent voice. There is an entire continent on the home soil for a playground. Sport is ever on the increase in each one of our thousand cities. Organisers are loudly called for. The clever sportsmen may come over to learn the European methods of playing the various games that become the serious occupation of the idle, but he invariably returns to America to practise his skill—and generally to improve on the foreign methods. England alone among European countries appeals with sometimes imperative voice to the American sportsmen. The young men of our building, active-nerved, prize-

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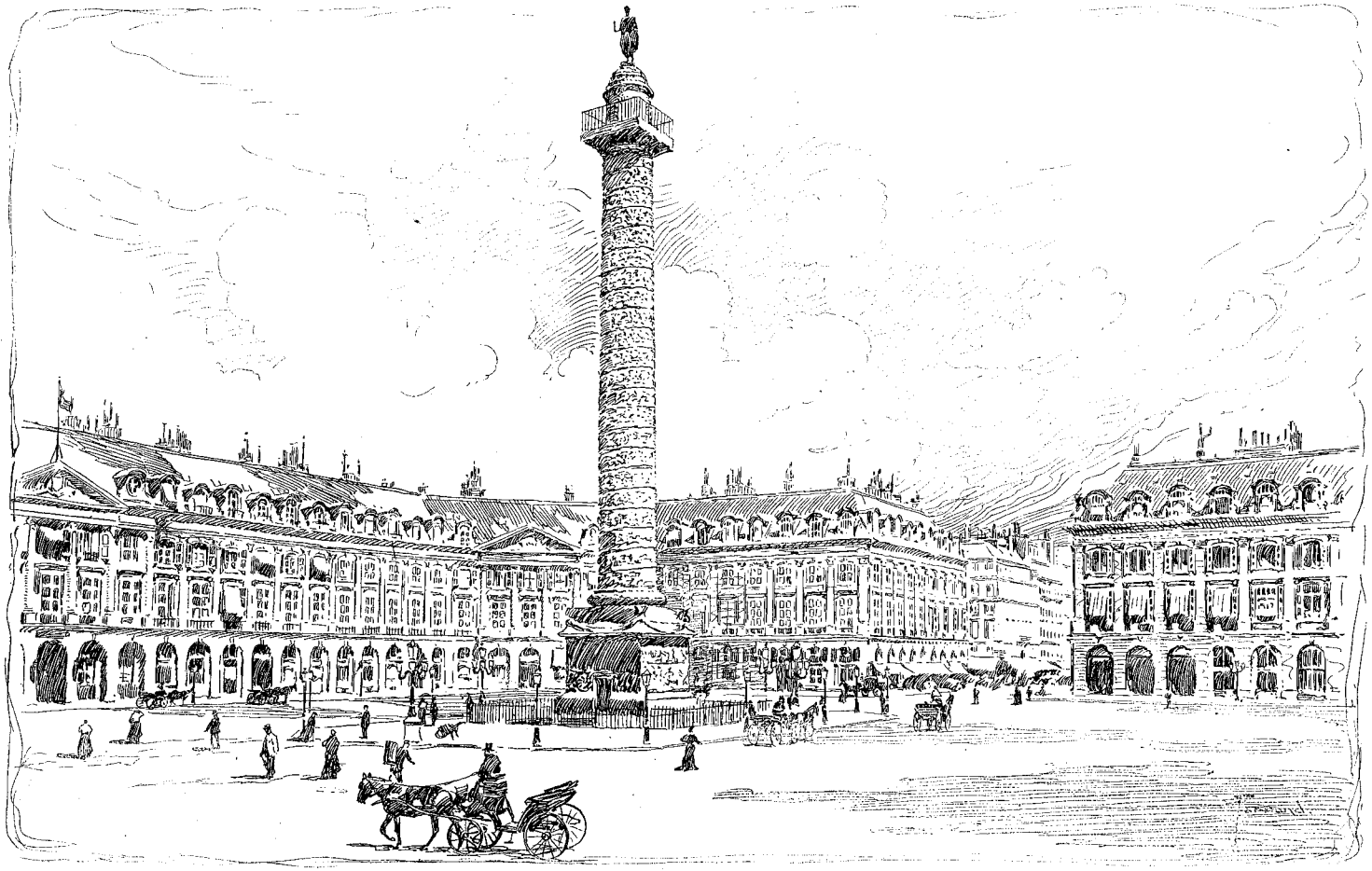

THE PLACE VENDOME

Showing the Hotel Bristol, of which the patrons are usually Royalty or the very wealthiest Americans

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yielding country find Paris indeed a pleasurable playground, but the sweets and triumphs that reward the born fighter lie three thousand miles away from the Cafés-Chantants of the Champs Elysées.

The male element in the Parisian-American society is, therefore, chiefly remarkable by its absence. The more or less harmless game of flirtation becomes a sufficiently difficult one to practise, from want of the proper material. The comparatively few foreigners who cultivate these salons have this in common with our industrious workers on the other side of the Seine; if a Frenchman, or the soft-spoken, liquid-eyed Italian, or the rarer-to-be-met Austrian is seen in an American house, he also comes to these foreign homes in exile with a serious purpose. That unflattering but most descriptive phrase, *Il fait l'étranger,* that opprobrious term by which one Frenchman buries another under the very load of contempt he himself would quite willingly carry were anything to be gained by the venture—this phrase and its full meaning no American learns until, as a rule, the price of experience has been fully paid. The well-placed, well-born Frenchman with even a modest income as his contribution to the dot-system, it cannot be too often repeated, has no need whatever to go outside his own set or circle to advance his matrimonial fortunes. Americans are not the only worshippers of titles. A French mother with a marriageable daughter is as keen and far more experienced in her game of running the right *parti* to earth than could possibly be any foreigner.

The agreeable Frenchmen who haunt American houses in our day have, however, ceased to find either the mother or the daughter of the household as facile a prey to the bait of mere titled pre-eminence as formerly. So many unpleasant disclosures have come to the ears of even the most recently enriched, ambitious wife of the multi-millionaire! The law courts and the public press have become the first great social educators. The tragedies and the almost farcical comedies that have followed so many Franco-American marriages—pathetic comedies of credulous inexperience, of almost childlike faith in the honour, rectitude, sincerity, and in the possessions, also, of those bridegrooms of whom the American parent knew no more than that their manners were as finished as was their credit, and later, that their châteaux were to be found as dilapidated as were their fortunes, the tragedies that have attended such mistaken confidence are becoming less and less numerous.

"Les marriages entre vos compatriotes et les Français se font de moins en moins," was said to me recently by an old courtier of the Second Empire.

"Yes," I replied, "the American mother is to blame——"

"To blame?"

"Yes, for now she has taken the helm, and she has formed the ridiculous habit of actually asking questions before the contract is signed, instead of after."

The man of the mid-nineteenth-century world smiled and sighed. "And now the most amusing comedy is ended. If Americans are to play the social game as their trust kings play the world, the curtain has been indeed rung down," and again he sighed.

"Surely it is time, after having furnished Europe with a continuous performance of the American comedy of credulity for over half a century."

A fine smile curved the delicately chiselled lips. "At least, sometimes the titles were genuine."

However genuine the title, with the expansion of the American society world, and the opportunities presented to both daughter and mother for surveying the Parisian social field before entering the lists, more and more the allurements of the coronet of count, or marquis, or duke are losing their lustre. There is no one quicker to discover the way the wind blows to land one in the best possible matrimonial port than the American girl herself. During the past decade the most favourable winds have blown westward, not eastward. The successful American, or the young heir to millions, or the man with large prospects before him, these are the wooers every American girl now dreams of as suitors. The American man has won all along the line. His industry, his unselfish devotion to bettering the fortunes of his business and the family, his high sense of personal responsi-

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bility, together with his chivalric worship of woman, are in marked contrast to the more brilliant surface attractions that mask natures and characters bred under systems that make women and marriage the first, or last, speculative chance for bettering or making one's fortunes.

The flight westward has, indeed, become so marked in the past few years that the Parisian-American salons are almost denuded of young beauties. One after another the fresh, eager-eyed, vivacious faces disappear. For the two or three who exchange their maiden names for foreign titles there are twenty whose wedding cards bear well-known American names. Their Parisian experiences will be found to have enriched these young brides. Many lessons will have been learned. Some of the harder, more angular outlines so often seen in the home-bred American girl will have been rubbed down. That longing for absolute control of one's life, the pressing insistence to fight the battle of life by herself, and the often unconscious, but always unlovely, cultivation of selfish aims, pursuits, and occupations bred by the American over-indulgent system in the education of its girls—many of these individualistic tendencies will have been softened.

The first of all factors in this transformation is the presence of the chaperon. Chaperonage plays, indeed, a very considerable, an indispensable part in the life and pleasures of the American girl in Paris. She gains, and, I cannot help thinking, greatly gains, by this surveillance. The Parisian-American girl has little or none of that light scorn of the opposite sex, so often the more or less unconscious result of our American influences. The "new twentieth-century girl," who has leaped upon the stage of our modern life along with the birth of the century itself, who embodies in her new creed, a creed she is entirely unconscious of having formulated, all the most advanced principles of nineteenth-century philosophies, religious evolution, and sociological development, is amazed to find in Paris, the centre of intellectual and artistic life, so many fossilised conditions still of puissant force.

The educative and modelling influences that have moulded the minds and characters of French women for centuries are still practised. In spite of socialism in the air and in both the Chambre and the Senat; in spite of the emancipation of women and collectivism already yielding results, in old countries traditions die hard. The formative processes that have produced the most completely captivating type of woman are still actively followed. The French girl is still brought up on the old lines—her femininity and her innocence are still stoutly protected. The ideal type of Frenchwoman is still to be met—the type that has furnished the French poet, writer, and the French drama with those studies of *l'étérnel feminin* that have given vitality and continuity to all forms of French art. In even the France of our individualistic age the eternal drama between the sexes is the preferred theme for the playwright and the novelists. The French woman is still the same as she was when her queens that are done into marble, and that now serve as decorative adjuncts to the terraces of the Luxembourg gardens, were living women, loving, hating, intriguing, killing—base or noble, according to their nature.

In an atmosphere thus surcharged with femininity, the light scorn of the opposite sex, engendered by our freer system of education, finds little encouragement. The sentiment of romance is in the very air. It lurks in the boudoirs of the two Trianons, in every retiring room of the lovely châteaux on the Loire or the Cher, its spirit permeates the atmosphere of every book and picture that are praised or suggested as those best fitted to complete one's "French education." Under such more or less sentimental influences the most obdurate bachelor-maid finds her vow of eternal celibacy somewhat premature.

There are hundreds of courageous young artists and young women of wealth and fixed social position who come to pursue their studies in the atéliers or to follow courses at the Sorbonne. These young students are rarely or ever seen at the fashionable salons of the Parisian-American world. In studios as various as their fortunes; in quiet garb, rather of modest than aggressive mien, these

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girls reflect by their dignity and their serious-mindedness the gain in poise and the strength of character that comes with our training of women. Rare indeed does the besmirching finger of gossip touch them. And I know few sights as exhilarating or of richer promise to unborn generations than to watch groups of these free, independent, rosy-cheeked girls, with their pride of carriage, the unstudied grace of their motions, and the frank laughter, that can laugh down the whole Latin Quarter, were it needful for the youthful American Amazon to show right! The world over in this delectable quarter is full of pleasant meeting grounds. There are the balls of the American artists; there are studio dances; there are impromptu charades, and there are more sumptuous fêtes, when the fortunate possessor of a fine studio or small hotel gives a Venetian fête, with enough fairy lamps to make up for the scarcity of water!

VII

In sharp contrast to the world that lives for pleasure is this other world that lives and moves and has its being centred in and about the Latin Quarter. In this the city on the "other side of the Seine," on its narrow streets, in all those converging about the Beaux Arts, the Pantheon, the Collège de France, and the more famous ateliers in the Montparnasse district the eager-faced American student jostles the crowd of his fellow-students, of the vendors, of the white-capped Sisters, of the priests, of the grisettes, and of the aristocratic-nosed nobles that make of this city the Paris of the Parisians rather than the Paris of the foreigner that circles about the Arc de l'Etoile. It is in this world of the young, hot-pulsed American students that we Americans are chiefly interested. To these we must look for results, for the inestimable treasures of learning, of artistic development, and of scientific training that are to help the brain-builders and the decorators of our country to glorious achievement.

The figure of the foreign student is as old as the Sorbonne itself. That *pauvre maison* that the confessor of St. Louis persuaded the king to build instead of a nunnery has had, perhaps, the most far-reaching influence of any national institution. Under what an incalculable debt has France laid the world! Who can measure the gifts she has given, century after century, to all Europe, and now to us as well? Since Greece, no other race of men save the Italian have been as vitally important to the continuity of art and to the world of ideas. The growth of France itself may perhaps not inaptly be compared to the contrast presented of those "poor students" who, in the thirteenth century, brought their own bundles of straw as their sole seat on which to rest as they listened to their *pauperes magistri*, and to the comfort and beauty of the large halls of the Sorbonne of our day, where the eye may be soothed by contemplating a Puvis de Chavannes as one listens to the learned professor.

The American student carries away with him far more than his intellectual or artistic training. He comes to Paris at the most plastic and responsive period of his whole life. He also feels himself strangely at home in Paris. Its streets, its very air, are at once familiar and replete with a subtle intoxication. To wander under the classic arcades of the Odéon, to see the bent figure of a priest, the clerical nose buried in between the uncut leaves of a book; to loiter in the Luxembourg Gardens when the spring comes; to see under the great trees the figures of the *bonnes* and the French babies, of the mammas and their circle of friends, of the Bohemian groups of fellow-students cutting mad capers; to walk and walk until She is met, and then to sit and be content to listen to the playing of the regimental band that has gathered together this characteristic French crowd—what a gallery of gay pictures, what memories to evoke in the busy hereafter, when Care has come to replace the days when to study, to paint, to draw seemed but to play! There is no feature of this life of the American student in Paris that has not its charm, and that does not leave behind its fructifying influence.

To the painter, the French mastery of technique, the different "schools," the war of the ateliers, create an atmosphere that

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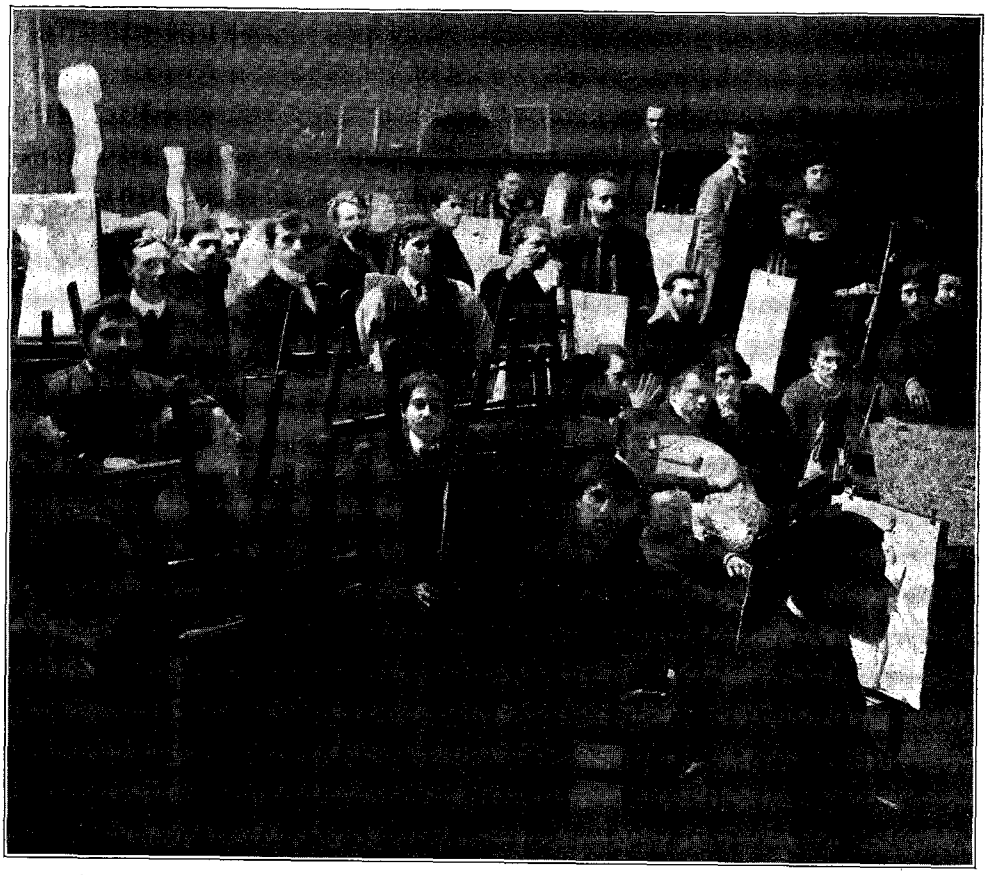

JULIEN'S. THE STUDIO IN WHICH SO MANY OF THE AMERICAN PAINTERS HAVE RECEIVED THEIR TRAINING

is with him as long as he holds a brush. French landscape in itself is a revelation of what material nature furnishes to produce new methods and fresh inspiration. The very first glimpse of the French coast, with the overhanging, delicate Corot skies, with that depth in their blues that makes every cloud that floats seem as soft as wool; the trim fields, as carefully farmed as though each were the garden of a king's palace; the thick orchards, the espaliers stretching their wide arms as though consciously to warm them against the sunned walls; the thatched farmhouses, that look as though bereft of life, and whose inner courts teem with homely scenes; the sudden glimpse of a stately château, set exactly right, so as to present the true courtier's attitude, somewhat stiff, but gracious, surrounded with the pomp of formal park and gardens; and, as one nears Paris, the ever-succeeding villas, with their tall walls and narrow lawns and preposterously huge trees—is there a feature of the journey up to Paris that is not a proof of the oldest of art secrets—that it is his country, or the one he has chosen—that makes the artist?

How keep the heart from wild beating when the thought springs up that, great as is French art, Sargent, and Whistler, Dannot, and the other Americans who hang in the Luxembourg came up to Paris even as "I" am coming, to paint in a studio! Surely all the wreaths of laurel are not yet won!

Whether artist, or Beaux Arts student, or sculptor, singer, or young doctor, the delightful Parisian days of these, the best days of one's life, come to an end. The dismantling of the shabby little *chambre*

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MANY OF THE WEALTHIER AMERICAN COLONY IS GROUPING ABOUT THE PARC MONCEAU

au cinquieme, or of the more luxurious studio, or of the apartment where four or five men make a common "mess"—ah, 'tis sorry work! Not a bit of furniture but recalls some gay festivity or mad prank. How all too few were the chairs on that famous day when all those "swells" from over the river came to drink tea and to look at the pictures no one even thought of buying! And the *mannequin*—dear and patient object—how leave such a true friend behind? Was it not she who held out her arms that famous night of the first Bal Bullier, never uttering a syllable, when both came with an unexpected violence down upon the uncarpeted floor? And there yonder are the bright remains of the costume worn at the Qu'tz Arts, the one that made one famous, and famous at the cost of a few feathers and a red blanket! All the "Quarter" believed the Red Indian to be the only true American.

And the gay little dinners at "l'Avenue," and the Sunday excursions to Marlotte, or to Viroflay, or to Robinson—what is to replace all this fairy world of the pleasure that was to be had for a few francs? America rises like a colossus across the blue-faced, boisterous Atlantic, the true Sphinx, with all one's destiny in her enigmatic smile. Is it fame, is it gold she is promising? The promise of the future lies in that smile.

Anna Bowman Dodd.

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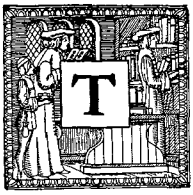
THE PASSING OF THE WHITE HORSE

"Auberge du Cheval-Blanc, 1652."



THUS reads the inscription above the coach-gate, or thus it read a fortnight ago, when workmen were busy tearing in pieces the historic old inn. And now there is another blemish on "Paris the Beautiful." The city of romantic history is covering her soft, graceful lines with the hard veneer of commercialism. One by one, the old places are going, and scarcely are the worn stones that composed them removed before the contractor has his army of workmen on hand. The spots where stand the monuments to time are being robbed of their wealth of art and romance. Seemingly, a parcel of ground is worth more to the purse of industry than to the dignity of the state.

The inn of the White Horse, or Auberge du Cheval-Blanc, as you hear it spoken in Paris, deserves a kindlier fate than that just meted out to it. If only the elements had rent it asunder, or if the princely shades of its one-time princely guests could have ordered their spectral attendants to carry it away so that no vestige remained, if these ghosts could have done that in a manner only known to the members of their fraternity, the requiem they would have sung while at their task would have been in harmony with the life of the famous old tavern.

The older part of the auberge was built about 1550, for Jeanne Albret de Navarre, the mother of Henry IV. Here for many eventful years lived this princess of the House of Bourbon. The state secrets whispered here, the unprinted history of that time, if those stones could cry out, what could they not tell of plans made, of promises made and never kept, of intrigue and conspiracy. For history was moving rapidly in those days, when the founding of the Bourbon dynasty, that ruled for more than two hundred years over France, was resting on a gambler's chance as to whether it would ever begin. Some time during the next troublous hundred years this place passed from the possessions of the Bourbons, and in 1652 it was greatly enlarged, that it might meet the exacting demands of its royal guests, and converted into the hostelry of the name it has borne ever since.

Standing there in the Paris of former splendour, surrounded by many another birthplace of historic fact and fancy, it had a setting in keeping with its own claim to respect. On the left side of the Seine, within a stone's throw of the old Pont Neuf, this tavern for centuries kept its doors open to the noble and the gallant, the roving minstrel and the still more roving gentleman of fortune. The New Bridge, as the Pont Neuf translates into English, is anything but what its name implies, and for so long has it been known as the old New Bridge that the

A MANON LESCAUT POSTCARD

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inconsistency of the title never impresses itself upon the Frenchman. This ancient piece of masonry is also the work of a Bourbon, as Henry IV. was its builder. The appreciative of later times have placed a bronze bust of that royal gentleman upon the side wall of this structure. While the mother of this king had long since removed to the palace of her son, yet the association of these two illustrations of bygone architecture is very close.

To the innkeeper of a century ago the rattle of the coach and the clatter of the horses' hoofs on the bridge meant that guests were close at hand. In another moment the driver swung his lumbering conveyance through the coach entrance, grazing the gate-post with the iron-bound hub and then nearly completing a circle in the cobblestoned innyard to prove his ability.

It takes no great observer to figure out these evidences of the popularity of the place. The plates fastened to the stone posts of the porte-cochère show plainly the abrasions made upon their surfaces by passing axle-trees and wheel-hubs. And deep ruts have been worn in the cobblestones where the coach has circled round the innyard.

On one of the gate-posts a workman has fastened a plaque torn from the grate of a fireplace. This bears the escutcheon of the *fleur-de-lis* and an inscription so eaten away by time that it is impossible to gather its message. Yet in its long life many are the scenes it has witnessed, and the plots to which it has been a silent party, the hopes that have risen with the flames and died with the crumbling to dust of the ashes, the love that has been told while the logs on its firedogs blazed, the vengeance that has been sworn as it darkened its face in the late night hours. A fireplace always holds a charm, and one may see almost any picture in the bright light of its ever-changing face. But what could not be said of the grate from which this emblem of royalty was torn—a grate on whose fender have rested the feet of courtiers and monarchs? In the warmth of its blaze has the weary traveller thrown off his dust-stained cloak, the lover has dreamed of his sweetheart, and the maiden has lain aside her clinging robes to rest for a moment after her return from the opera.

The Auberge du Cheval-Blanc retained its romantic beauty to the last. The old tap-room was very much the same a year ago as it must have been two hundred years. The concierge might easily be imagined to be a direct descendant of the first proprietor of the inn. Over the door is a lamp that has endeavoured to guide strangers to the warmth and cheer within for generations beyond all count. All the appointments of the place were such as to interest the artistic and to stimulate the imagination of the writer, for it was all so real and yet of a time that is so far past and gone.

Many of the outbuildings had been permitted to fall into decay. Of the stables only a few poor traces remained, the walls had crumbled and sagged until in many places the roofs had fallen. The courtyard was used as a market place, where the country folk would bring their produce and stand by their carts while bargaining with the neighbouring housewives.

Soleil du Dimanche, in a recent issue, speaks at length of the tragic destruction of the Auberge du Cheval-Blanc, and dwells upon the fact that so many of these places are losing their former character, even when permitted to stand. To quote from this magazine:

> We will not be able to recognise soon the old inns which have so long pleased our *culte* for the picturesque. They will become hotels more or less abominable. The automobile has metamorphosed the inn and the chauffeur has transformed the innkeeper. The "auberge" is forced to become modern. Its walls have been washed often, even revarnished. In place of the ancient candlestick there has been provided a lighting more practical, and at times the singing waterfall of the neighbouring stream has been made to serve in supplying electricity. One may obtain at present a kettle of hot water instead of the old-time pitcher, whose contents had been impregnated with the smoke of green wood, which had only served to slightly remove its chill.
>
> Unfortunately, when there is now found an "auberge" of a sufficiently ancient appearance to attract the artist, nine times in ten its bric-à-brac is manufactured, and one's faith is the

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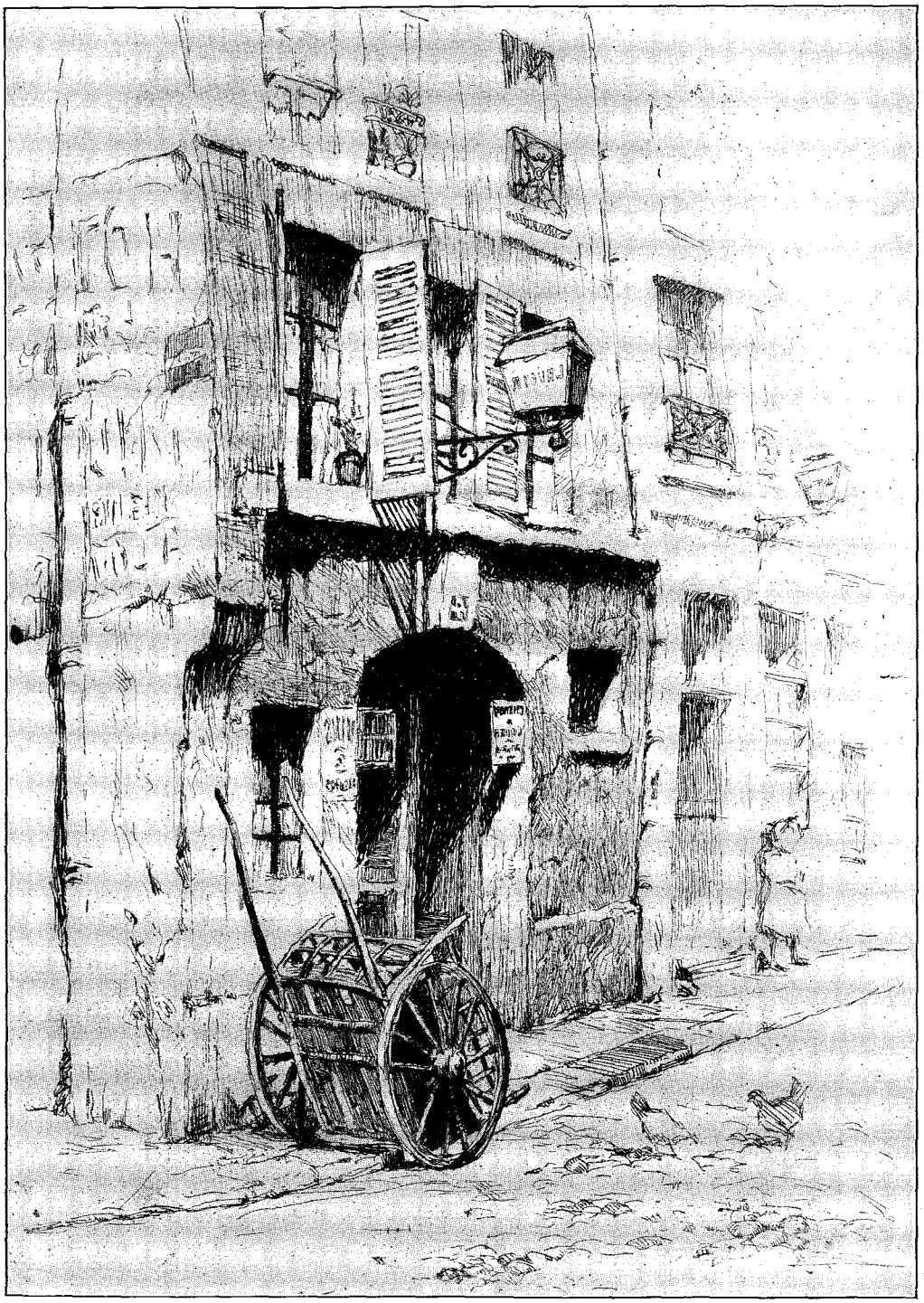

HOTEL DE JEANNE DE NAVARRE

From the etching by Orville H. Peets

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dupe of a schemer who combines the sale of soup with the profits of a dealer in antiquities.

The furniture which the tourist is apt to admire so enthusiastically is usually the recent production of a wood-carving company, and the ancient candelabrum for which you bid has been sold twenty times during the season. It is all the more deplorable in this epoch of imitations and deception that an authentic fragment of the past like the Auberge du Cheval-Blanc should disappear.

Without doubt the dearest love story that had its origin in this famous inn is that of Manon Lescaut. No name is oftener on the lips of opera-going Paris than *Manon,* and no opera has so great a following from all the classes. As with generations gone, so to-day the darling of their music-loving souls is *Manon.* This celebrated romance, the masterpiece of L'abbé Prevost, and written by him in 1735, is founded entirely on facts related by the hero of the story to this author-priest.

Manon Lescaut had her first sight of Paris from the window of a post-chaise, and the first time her dainty boots trod it under foot was when she alighted in the courtyard of the White Horse Inn. And many there are who will tell you to-day that this fact alone should have protected the tavern against all changes that time and conditions may bring.

Perhaps you wonder what this maid from the provinces brought with her that her entry into Paris should be so permanently recorded; nothing, nothing but a trifling amount of baggage—and her pretty face.

What was it attracted the young student whom Fate had persuaded to stand in the door of the tap-room while this coach swung into the courtyard? It was a picture that lasted for a moment, for an instant later Manon impatiently pushed open the door of the coach and sprang to the cobblestoned court. Apparently the "picture" was getting away, and as this idea did not please the student, he promptly followed. So it was under the roof of the Auberge du Cheval-Blanc that a country girl and the "honour" student in his classes at the university met for the first time. This happened two hundred years ago; but they meet again to-night, under the "spot light" of a Paris opera-house.

Manon's first stay at the Auberge du Cheval-Blanc was not for long. Love carried the day, as it must always, sooner or later.

But it is not for us here to dwell upon the tragic years of this beautiful story, filled with so many strange truths that romance can bring nothing to more delight the heart of its most ardent admirer, the Parisian. And not the least of these is the fact that Manon died in the arms of her lover in our own America, in what was then the wilderness country, surrounding the struggling French colony at New Orleans. Manon was still little more than a girl, and a nephew of the French governor fell so madly in love with her that he challenged our hero to a duel, and was run through. Thinking that the nephew of the governor was dead and that a price would be put on the head of the slayer, the young couple fled into the wilderness. For days they struggled on, but Manon was too frail to endure so great hardships; hunger, fatigue, exposure, or shall we call it Fate, the Fate that had brought them together and had shown them paradise, now called for a reckoning, and Manon must pay the forfeit with her life. With his sword the broken-hearted lover digs her grave, throwing out the sand with his hands. Here, on the shores of the New World, comes the separation that they had fought against from the time of their first meeting in the Auberge du Cheval-Blanc.

In the opera *Manon,* Massenet, the composer, could not bring himself to show this tragic end. It is only in the story written by the priest that its close is given; and other writers have said that it is only a priest, who is used to listening to the outpourings of the penitent, could have written so thrilling a story that is so clearly a transcription of the words of one who has lived the theme. No doubt the reason why *Manon* has not been given in this country is on account of its great similarity to *Carmen.* In fact, Sainte-Beuve, the French writer and critic, once said very positively that *Carmen* is nothing more than a modified form of *Manon.*

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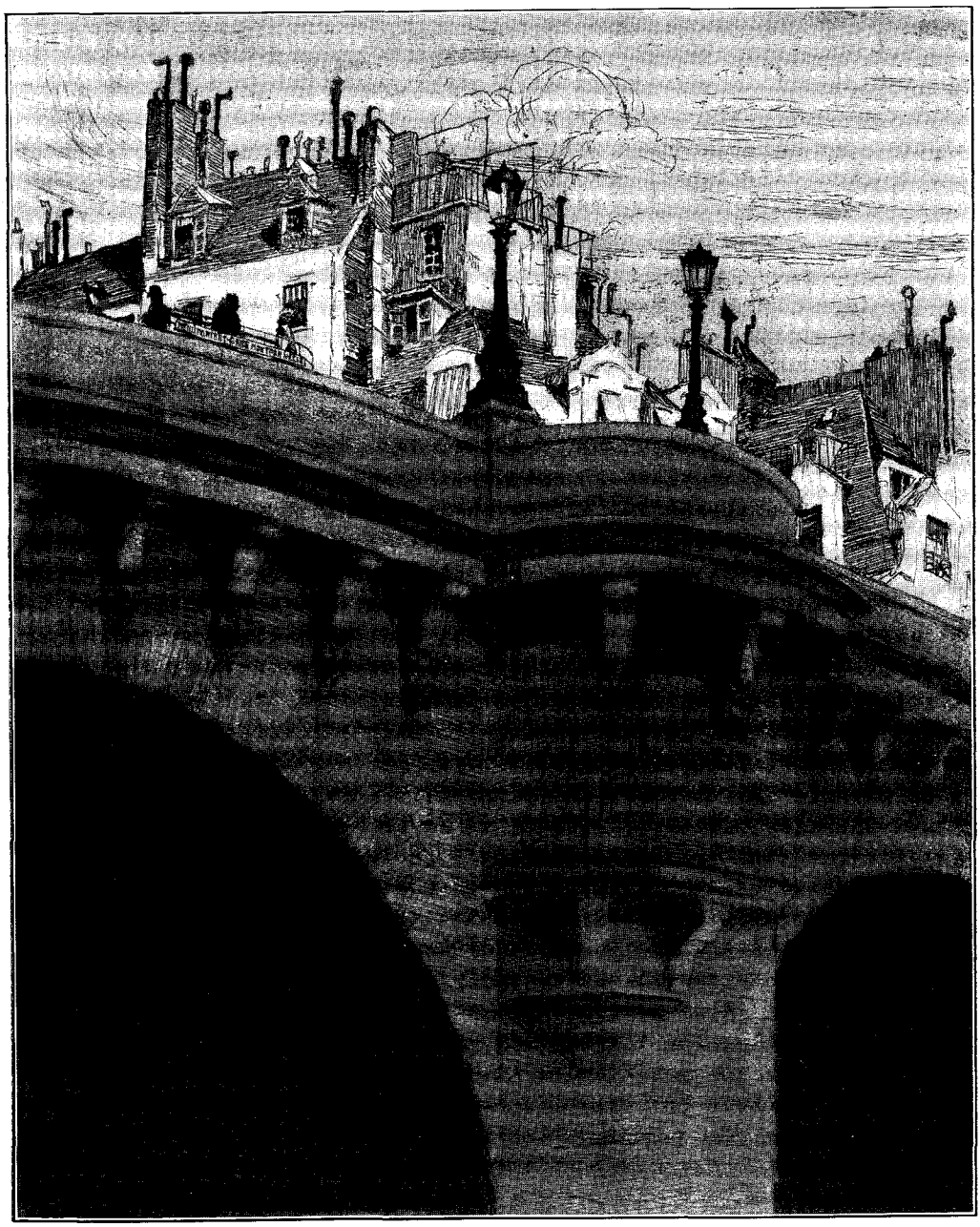

PONT NEUF

From the etching by Orville H. Peets

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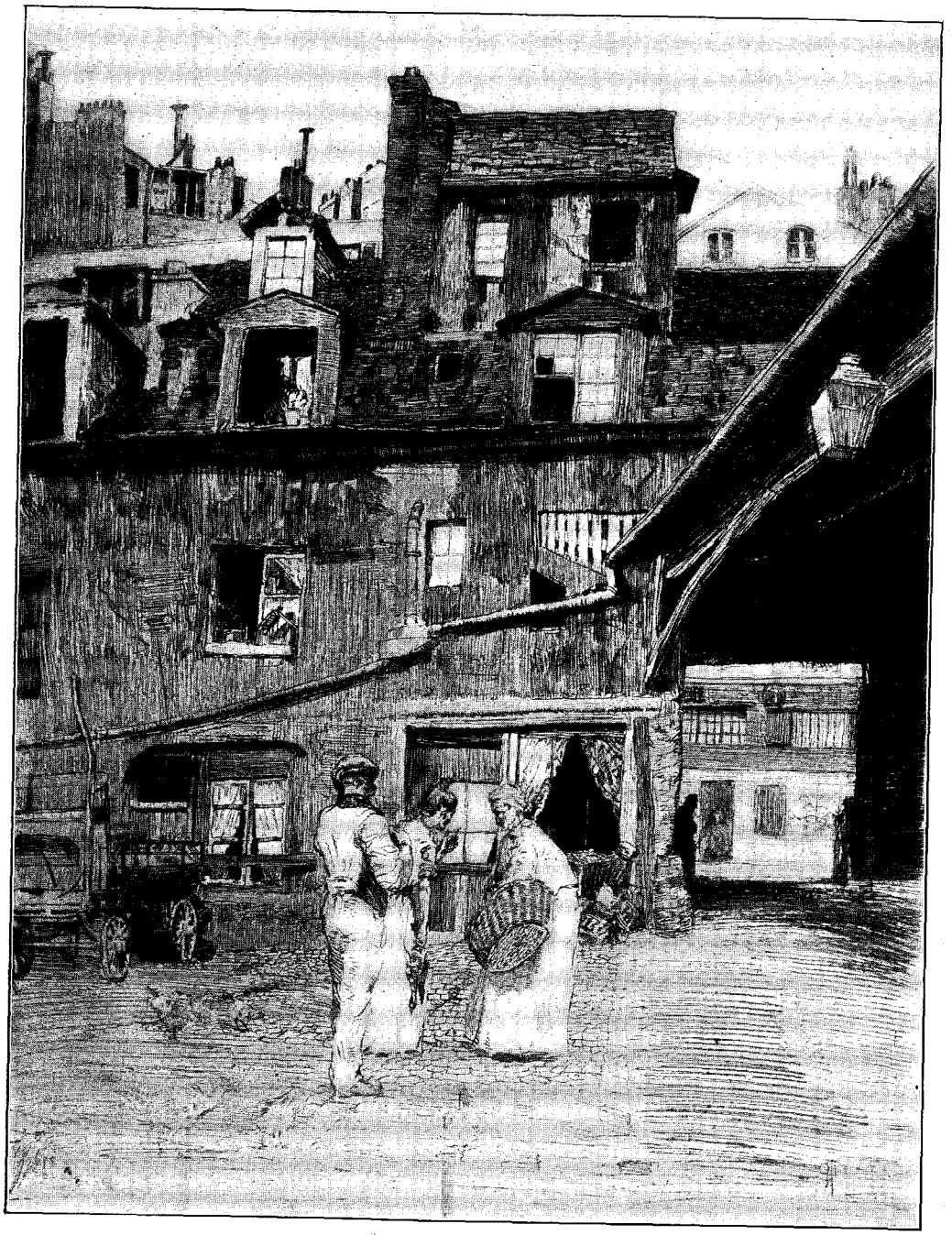

AUBERGE DU CHEVAL BLANC

From the etching by Orville H. Peets

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The hold this wonderful story has upon much of Europe and its close relation with the famous old inn may be illustrated in no better way than to quote a remark made not long ago, upon learning that the Auberge du Cheval-Blanc was to be destroyed, by a well-known Belgian writer to M. Frantz Funck-Brentano. This man of letters expressed himself in no mild terms: "How is it, sir, you Frenchmen can let be demolished the inn where Manon lived? It is inconceivable, it is shameful."

Amos Stote.

MORE TROUBLE AS TO SIMPLIFIED SPELLING

I

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN.

GENTLEMEN: One or two points in Professor Peck's reply to my letter of January 16th demand notice. He says, for one thing, that his very explicit charge of mendacity on the part of the "faddists" who support simplified spelling was not directed against the members of the Spelling Board, and that I employed some peculiar logic, "Hickokian" or other, in assuming that it was. The question whether or not my assumption was justified I am quite content to leave to the readers of Professor Peck's article in the January BOOKMAN. It at least is certain that there is nothing in that article to indicate that the charge was *not* so directed. Professor Peck now says that, in making the statements which I challenged, he did not have the members of the Spelling Board in mind. His disclaimer, though belated and not very intelligible, must be accepted.

The facts, however, remain that he brought a precise charge of mendacity—with reference to the relation of the Philological Association to simplified spelling—against *some* supporters of simplification, and that my proof that both in its details and as a whole this charge is a "tissue of misstatements" has in no particular been invalidated by his reply. That the simplification of spelling has the approval of the Association is, as I showed, a well-known historical fact. As Professor Owen has said, the Spelling Board, "or any board, or group of persons, or any person, has had since 1886 not only the approval, but the recommendation of both philological associations to introduce more than ten times three hundred amendments into his writing or printing." Professor Moore's statement (quoted by Dr. Peck), which is carefully restricted to "the present membership" of the Association, does not affect this assertion in the least. The official approval of simplification by the Association stands, and there has been no proposal that it should be rescinded. In advance of further action by the Association, no one, not even Professor Moore, is authorised to assert that its action would be adverse. Even the "poor, weak, wambling, witless creatures" (whoever they may be), against whom Professor Peck now says that his attack was really directed, should, accordingly, be protected from such charges of inveracity as he has made. If I have appeared unwittingly in their behalf, even as a "bellowing, rage-blinded Andalusian bull," I am sure that the recording angel will place the fact to my credit.

Further, he says that in my letter I "had not the courage to use the kind of spelling which the Board approves, save in the case of a single word." A sufficient reply to this is that the editors of THE BOOKMAN printed my letter in the very conservative style adopted in their office. The "single word" was inadvertently allowed by them to stand. The important matter, however, is not my

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courage, but this: that editors, and publishers also, naturally reserve the right to spell in their own way. Some simplified spellers may, like some Christians, be inconsistent, but the charge of inconsistency is for the most part unfairly made. Besides, the Board has not the slightest desire or ability to force its views upon any one. Dr. Peck's statement that I, for example, would have the reform "wrought out by violence" is absolutely opposed to all that I have written and uttered on the subject. "I would wish to have it [simplification] come about precisely as it has done in the past, naturally, slowly." These are the words in which Dr. Peck defines his own position, in admitting his belief in simplification as a matter of theory: they also define that of the Spelling Board. The only difference appears to be this: Dr. Peck looks for results from "the unconscious operation of phonetic laws"; the Board looks for them from conscious, more or less intelligent, choice on the part of individuals, for it knows of no other way in which changes in spelling have been or can be effected. Phonetic laws apply only to the spoken word.

Dr. Peck attempts to raise a good deal of dust in order to obscure the fact that the original charge of mendacity was made by him (and not by me, as he insinuates), and that my indignation was directed at this original charge of his and most justly; but the cloud is too thin to obscure anything. The same is true of his personal comments upon myself. There was nothing left for him to do but to abuse me, and his remarks may pass for what they are worth. I may say, however, that if the "sensation" which he experienced on reading my letter—such, he says, as "a seasoned matador must feel when he confronts in the arena a pawing, snorting, bellowing, rage-blinded Andalusian bull"—had been like that which a "seasoned," or "peppered," matador feels when the bull gets him on its horns, it would have corresponded more closely to the situation. I cannot resist the temptation to add one thing more. Dr. Peck, on account of my early respect for the philosophy of the late Dr. Hickok, denies my ability to perceive "true values." What this has to do with the accuracy of his statements, I do not know. But I may retort that his assertion, in the January BOOKMAN, that *"A committee of the House of Representatives has passed a bill"* forbidding the use of simplified spelling in the Government printing office, seems to me to indicate a singular lack of perception of the "true value" of facts in the author of *Twenty Years of the Republic.*

Benjamin E. Smith.

II

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

There does not seem to be anything in Dr. Benjamin E. Smith's letter which calls for a reply, except, perhaps, his assertion that the Editors of the BOOKMAN altered the spelling of his letter, save in the case of one word which they "inadvertently" allowed to stand. Now I happen to know that the Editors caused Dr. Smith's letter to be set up precisely as he wrote it. However, this is not important. His second letter shows that he has at least a dim perception of the fact that, in his former communication, he was barking up the wrong tree on the assumption that I had ascribed to the members of the Spelling Board a misstatement made by other and even less responsible Simple Spellers. It remains for me, therefore, merely to congratulate my adversary on the marked improvement in the tone and manner of his second letter; and to rest my case upon my article, "The Collapse of Simplified Spelling," and upon what was published in THE BOOKMAN of two months ago.

There are, however, one or two points suggested indirectly by this controversy, on which I shall briefly touch. Soon after the appearance of the March BOOKMAN, I received the following letter from a distinguished philologist under date of March 5th. As it was possibly not written for publication, I withhold the writer's name:

DEAR SIR: I want to thank you for "larruping" Dr. Benjamin E. Smith; but, as a

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long-standing member of the American Philological Association, I must protest against your assumption, in one paragraph, that a *majority of the members* of that body have ever at any time given any sort of sanction officially to any phase of the movement. It was only a majority of *the members present,* and that means from about one-eighth, at best, to about one-twelfth of the actual membership. I have been present a number of times when the matter was discussed, and it is my emphatic conviction that on any of these occasions an adverse vote could easily have been secured but for the reluctance of members to oppose the wishes of Dr. March, whom all hold in respect and affection. I do not believe that Dr. March, Dr. Scott and Professor Hempl (you remember the fox that had no tail and wanted the rest curtailed likewise) all together could have forced an affirmative vote out of the last meeting, two months ago.

All this, of course, is absolutely true, and it ought to be instructive to such as may have been impressed by assertions like those which Dr. Smith has made and which are often flaunted in the publications of the Spelling Board. The Board, like Senator Chandler in 1876, has taken for its motto "Claim everything." It exploits the opinions of a small minority of the Philological Association, as representing the matured judgment of the majority. It sends forth lists of new adherents, ostensibly studded with the names of scholars, inasmuch as many of them figure as "professors"; though a cursory examination reveals the fact that most of these men are illiterate exponents of applied science, whose philological knowledge is *nil,* and whose advocacy of any matter relating to literature or language can serve only to bring ridicule upon it and upon them.

Another topic deserves at least brief mention. When the Simple Spellers thought that I had charged them with claiming the support of the American Philological Association for their list of three hundred words, they exhibited through the medium of Dr. Smith a show of virtuous indignation. This was all very well. On that particular count they are free from blame. Yet with regard to the three hundred words they are censurable in another way. When they compiled this list, they tacitly professed to be recommending three hundred innovations and variations from the accepted standard of orthography. Had they really done so, their list would, at the very outset, have fallen dead. In point of fact, they were careful to include only a comparatively few eccentric spellings, mixing these with a larger number of forms which have for a long time been in current use. Their object was to deceive the public into thinking that the entire list was quite innocuous and in this way to secure signatures from those who had not examined it with care. The average man, looking over the three hundred words in a cursory sort of way, would scarcely notice anything that was radical or grotesque. Then he would sign the pledge which accompanied the list, and thereby, without really knowing it, would commit himself to the approval of such monstrosities as "thru," which lay hidden away in ambush. This trick (for it deserves no other name) was undoubtedly a "smart" one. It misled a great many sensible persons, and it swelled the number of those who gave in their adherence to the Simple Spellers' cause.

That this device was planned with entire deliberation is a matter of general knowledge. It was suggested by a member of the Spelling Board, well known for his pervasive cynicism, and many of his associates, with equal cynicism, have chuckled over it as a clever thing. I wonder whether they would defend such disingenuousness in their relations with their personal friends, or whether they would not consider it to be unworthy and at variance with the frankness and perfect candour which befit a gentleman. Have they one standard of ethics for themselves, and quite another for the public? Here is an issue which cannot possibly be dodged or blinked or evaded by any sort of quibbling; and it seems to me far more important than any question of orthography.

Harry Thurston Peck.

[So far as the pages of THE BOOKMAN are concerned, we must regard this controversy as now ended.—*The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN.]

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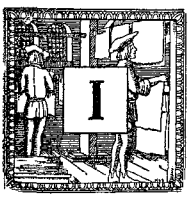
THE ENGLISHMAN AS A PLAY-GOER



T is quite possible for an American visiting London to make the round of its theatres without achieving anything but the anticipation of pleasure which he might have tasted later at home. If he chooses, as he generally does, July and August for his European tour, he will sit in lonely splendour in the stalls of a half-empty house, generally in comfortable ignorance of the fact that half the regular caste of the piece is away on a holiday. He will doubtless be astonished to find how many of the best English plays and the best English actors regularly visit New York, and the keenest satisfaction he can feel will be that afforded by his ability to say afterwards, *"His House in Order?* Oh, I've seen that. Went last summer in London, you know." But let him wait until late September and condescend to a seat in the pit, that most English of English institutions, and he will have quite a different experience. If, at least, he takes his play-going at all seriously, he will be quick to notice that while plays and stars may be the same, the atmosphere of the theatre has completely changed since August, and that it is now essentially different from the atmosphere that he has been accustomed to in New York. He will finally ascribe that difference, which makes decidedly for his greater enjoyment, to the, to him, novel attitude of the English audiences.

It is perhaps in line with the proverbial seriousness of the Englishman, which is not at all the same thing as sadness, that he should take at once a deeper and a keener interest in his pleasures than our more volatile nation; and theatre-going is one of his favourite diversions. This attitude of greater interest may be further resolved into two elements: a more naïve and whole-souled enthusiasm than most of us seem able to experience before the footlights, backed by a stronger feeling for dramatic values and therefore for legitimate critical standards. Sometimes, to be sure, there seems to be nothing in it but enthusiasm, which is then wonderful to American eyes for its absolute naïveté and abandon.

For instance, when Drury Lane opened its autumn season last September with *The Bondman* as dramatised by Mr. Hall Caine, Mrs. Patrick Campbell and the galaxy of stars who surrounded her got what seemed to an American like a tremendous ovation. The brilliant first-night audience which filled the great theatre to its utmost limits greeted all Mr. Caine's little jokes and all his lofty sentiments with applause so generous and prolonged as really to interfere with the hearing of the play. The Drury Lane gallery is famous for its cordial support of its favourites, but that night gallery, pit, stalls, and boxes alike seized upon every possible pretext to cheer the skill of the actors, gave four or five of them repeated curtain-calls, and at the end of the piece demanded the caste and the author with a vigour and persistence that were unmistakably sincere. Now, while *The Bondman* is somewhat theatrical as a novel, as a play it is unblushing melodrama. Mrs. Campbell has no chance to act; the others did as well as they could considering the clumsy and unconvincing structure of the drama; and they all deserved much praise, but scarcely as much as they got, for their valiant efforts. On the other hand, the scenic effects were almost incredibly beautiful and complicated, and the accessories, including a herd of real Jersey cows, one of which was really milked on the stage, a real pump, a real haystack, and a very real smell of sulphur accompanying an explosion in the convict mines, were sufficiently novel and well managed to justify a good deal of enthusiasm from a certain kind of audience.

An Englishwoman who saw the first-night performance explained that such a tribute was nothing unusual in London. "English audiences," she said, "are

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always enthusiastic at a good play. You see, we believe in enjoying it thoroughly while we watch it. To-morrow morning at breakfast is soon enough to criticise."

She then went on to explain that Drury Lane is traditionally the home of melodrama; that either you go there because you enjoy melodrama, or you go because you are in the mood for following the crowd to see the best and most spectacular melodrama in London. In either case you would be disappointed to find a dear tradition violated; and, granting the tradition, why break a butterfly on a wheel?

The Drury Lane audience, then, is composed of somewhat uncritical people, or of critical people in a deliberately uncritical mood. They wisely accept melodrama as such, judge it by melodramatic standards, and enjoy its large effects and strong passions in a correspondingly big and whole-hearted fashion. But it does seem to be universally true that seeing any sort of play in London is a much more real and significant experience than seeing a play in New York—provocative of more vital pleasure always and generally of deeper thought. If not in the theatre, certainly at the breakfast-table the next morning the average Londoner is an excellent critic. He is less tolerant than we of bombastic elocution, of vacuous inanity, of tinsel, or of theatrical extravaganza when they are offered him in the guise of legitimate drama; and he is far less in bonds to the star system.

The average Englishman looks carefully through the names of the entire caste on his program, and he can generally point out to you five or six familiar ones. That is to say, many of London's recognised favourites have never been starred, and a Londoner's visit to a particular theatre does not mean, as it so often does with us, that he has come merely to see the star who is its actor-manager, almost regardless of the play and quite regardless of the supporting company. Instead, he follows each actor's performance, however small the part may be, with expectant attention; and recognises and rewards a clever piece of acting by a subordinate with a responsiveness that must be extremely encouraging, particularly when contrasted with our cool classification of most minor rôles as "stick parts."

The natural result of this attitude on the part of the British public is that a play as put on in London is likely to produce a totally different effect from the same play as presented in the United States, whether by an English or an American company. For why should an English manager trouble to send a good all-around company to America when a worse one will do equally well—since it is well known that America wishes only to see Mr. Willard, Mrs. Campbell, or Mr. Robertson, and cares not a pin for the supporting caste? And, therefore, when an English actor who has toured in America is discussing a play with you, he is very careful to distinguish between the English and American productions.

"Mr. Charles Hawtrey," one said to me—"ah, but you've seen him only in America, with a wretched company gotten together for an American tour. He's a very clever man, but he can't act alone. See him again here."

And if you took the advice and visited the theatre where Mr. Hawtrey is playing in *The Man from Blankley's,* in a brilliant revival of the piece which has brought together almost all the members of the original caste, you would have seen an excellent example of the ideal English caste. Every one of the smaller parts is taken with great spirit, and Mr. Weedon Grossmith as Mr. Tidmarsh, Miss Fanny Brough as his wife, and Mr. Henry Kemble as Mr. Gilwattle are each quite as clever, and what is noteworthy for our purpose, make quite as emphatic and pleasing an impression upon the audience as does Mr. Hawtrey. The result is a unified, properly proportioned performance, that brings out the delightful satire of the play to the full, reducing the farcical element to a minimum and emphasising the essential human interest. Naturally, *The Man from Blankley's* is playing to crowded houses, despite its previous long run and consequent lack of novelty.

The English manager's reliance upon the revival of a good old play when no good new one is to be had depends, of course, upon the fact that his patrons are happily not slaves to the American craze for the very latest thing. The Londoner, like the ancient Greek, prefers to know

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the story of the play before he sees it; you may hear him asking his neighbour to relate it to him while he waits for the rise of the curtain. And he enjoys a good play—and likewise a good book—quite without reference to the fact that "everybody" was talking about it when it first came out two years ago. If he has unfortunately missed a good thing for two long years, he welcomes with shameless eagerness the chance to recoup his loss.

Probably this entire absence of the prejudice against being behindhand, which does certainly involve in America a neglect of classic literature, has something to do with the Englishman's real liking for Shakespearian productions and his genuine respect for an actor who can take Shakespearian parts. If an Englishman wants to praise an actor highly he is very likely to tell you that Mr. So-and-So is "one of our very best Shakespearian interpreters." Every first-rate English actor plays Shakespeare, sometimes, to be sure, at a financial loss, which must be made up the next season with a Jones comedy or a Pinero problem-play. But the hall-mark, so to speak, of having played Shakespeare, and particularly of having been invited by the governors of the Shakespeare Memorial Association to repeat some notable rôle at Stratford-on-Avon, is considered well worth the cost. For even that portion of the British public who never go to see Shakespeare acted respect the effort, and the portion who do go, particularly the ones who crowd a shilling pit at a suburban or provincial theatre to see Mr. Robertson's Hamlet or Mr. F. R. Benson's company in their marvellous Shakespearian repertoire, listen with keen and unaffected interest.

Last fall Mr. Forbes Robertson opened his brief English tour with a week at Hammersmith. On the night when I saw his Hamlet there the pit was literally packed with eager listeners, and many late comers stood through the entire performance, though most of them looked as if they had already stood through a long day at their work. I sat between two labourers and a woman who might have been a servant of the better class or possibly a small shop-keeper. The men listened in absorbed, if somewhat stolid attention. They made only one comment; at the end of the first act, which was arranged in several very short scenes, one complained that "there was too much gyin' up and down of the curtain," an apparently instinctive recognition of a dramatic canon upon which the English critics lay a good deal of stress. It must be added, in fairness, that the men left the house before the last act, possibly—still to be fair to them—because they worked on a night shift.

The woman followed the action closely and seemed to appreciate everything but the humour, of which Mr. Robertson's interpretation makes as much as possible. While the pit in general were very responsive to the lighter touches, she never once smiled until the grave-digger's remark about the prevalence of madness in England, after which, apparently having been assured that it was proper to do so, she smiled very often. In one of the intermissions I ventured to ask her if she liked the play.

"Oh, yes," she answered eagerly. "I've never seen it before, but they do say it's the best one Shakespeare ever wrote. And it's certainly full of fine language, isn't it now?"

When asked whether she particularly enjoyed Shakespeare, she said yes, a Shakespeare play was her favourite when it was well acted, "as he does it"—with a gesture towards the stage. She had seen Irving in *Coriolanus* and some one in *Macbeth;* she did not care for Irving as an actor, but "as a man," she added loyally, "of course I admired him very much." And what else did she like? "Well, Mr. Toole, though of course he'll never have a successor; and I do like a good melodrama now and then, though perhaps I shouldn't say so, and a Gilbert and Sullivan opera—not these silly musical plays that they have so many of nowadays."

There was no mistaking her class. Her knowledge of Shakespeare was limited, she explained, to the three plays that she had seen acted. She was certainly representative of a large section of that audience, but I do not believe that she would be typical of even a small part of an American gallery. Indeed, her evident understanding of the term melodrama,

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her clear sense of dramatic values, and her love for "fine language" might be difficult to match in our best seats.

The fact that the less educated and intelligent portion of the English public shares her appreciation of Shakespeare is attested to by the success which Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Shakespearian spectacles achieve in London, in direct competition with the newest plays and the most sprightly musical comedies. The people who throng to His Majesty's like the gorgeous scenery, the artistically devised colour schemes, the beautiful and elaborate costumes. They like to have a toy rabbit hop realistically out of a glade in the Forest of Arden. They are pleased with the donkey who sniffs at the real rushes and comes dangerously near to splashing into the rippling brook over whose mossy stepping-stones Perdita flees with Florizel. But they also prefer to have for the foundation of their spectacle a great drama, whose lofty sentiment, "fine language," and strong dramatic movement they truly prefer to the inanities of some trivial farce, though it be staged with equal splendour. And they like at least creditable, if not brilliant acting, which is certainly one reason why they get it at His Majesty's and elsewhere.

Mr. Benson has never visited America, and his work is far less known here than it deserves to be. Both he and Mrs. Benson are conscientious and capable actors in all their rôles, and in certain parts much more than that; but it is as an actor-manager that Mr. Benson is unique. Unlike his former associate, Mr. Ben Greet, Mr. Benson acts Shakespeare in regularly equipped theatres, giving a fair amount of attention to staging and costuming his plays. He therefore relies for his effect not upon the somewhat adventitious interest of a so-called Elizabethan setting, nor, like the ordinary actor-manager, chiefly upon his own and Mrs. Benson's performance of the leading rôles, but upon the wonderfully spirited and intelligent acting which he succeeds in getting out of his whole company. He is also different from other managers in a second respect: he rarely plays anything but Shakespeare and never anything but classic drama. For years his companies have been a sort of training-school for young actors in England, just as Mr. Daly's companies used to be in America. Knowing theatre-goers keep an eye on their make-up every autumn, and watch for the members when they emerge as stars under other managements.

An idea of what Mr. Benson accomplishes may be gained by a glance at his bill for the opening week of last autumn's season. In that first week he presented, in the suburban theatre at Clapham, seven plays: *Hamlet* (twice), *Henry V.*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Twelfth Night*, and *The School for Scandal*. Last April, at the annual Shakespeare festival at Stratford-on-Avon, his company, which by that time in the year has reached its height of proficiency, played for three weeks, giving eight performances a week, and producing nineteen different plays, of which three were not Shakespearian. Such a tremendous bill is little short of amazing, and it was certainly amazing at Clapham this fall to see how a raw company with many new members handled the plays—with what zest, intelligence, and versatility they went through their many parts. We have had our Booth, and London is even now looking eagerly forward to seeing Mr. Southern and Miss Marlowe in Shakespearian rôles next spring; but a Shakespearian play as evenly and competently acted throughout as are Mr. Benson's our professional stage has never achieved, perhaps only because we have never cared to achieve it.

But to the English actor such an explanation savours of absurdity. He promptly sets our failure down to our curious foreigness. As one of them put it to me, "Your American companies can't act Shakespeare. I don't see exactly why, but you can't. Any more than we can do an American comedy. You should see an English company murder *Arizona*." And perhaps national pride and a faint but essential local colouring that we fail to count upon do enter into the situation.

The final expression of the English dramatic spirit is best summed up in the combined effect of the acting and the audiences at the Royal Court Theatre.

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The stage at the Court is held by a stock company, which is as nearly an ideal one as the ordinary American imagination can conceive. It contains no star; or, to speak more accurately, all the members are stars, but with the difference that there is none of the forced glitter and overpowering brilliancy that one associates with the regular all-star caste. These actors are not stars, but artists. The leading parts in each new play—and regardless of big audiences, the bill is changed frequently and the actors, in consequence, kept from growing stale—are assigned to the members of the caste who can best interpret them, and the hero of one play takes it as a matter of course when he finds himself the almost supernumerary butler of the next.

All sorts of good plays are put on at the Court, from Greek tragedies to the very modern comedies of Mr. Shaw, whose plays have for some time been the standing dish there. The Court company handles Shaw's witty dialogues and clever characterisations in inimitable fashion, making every barbed shaft strike home, giving his cynicism and his idealism each its full value, and emphasising the truth, rather than its caricature, in his view of life. And if most English audiences are responsive, the Court audiences are magnetic. Their appreciation of artistic, natural acting, powerful because it is stripped of all stereotyped mannerisms and theatrical devices, their breathless attention to a fine speech, their laughter, which seemed to be heartiest when the joke was hardest on England—in short, their way of listening to a play, combined with the actors' way of playing it, gives one a new understanding of that outworn phrase, the power of the drama.

A characteristic feature of the Court's policy is the holding of special Tuesday and Friday matinees. On these occasions plays of a somewhat unusual type, often the work of novices at play-writing, are given a sort of experimental hearing. Later, if they seem to possess a fairly permanent interest, justifying more than the eight performances allotted to each "special" bill, they are often transferred to the regular evening programme. These plays offer plenty of variety, both in method and authorship, but they are alike in seeking to elaborate and vivify an idea rather than to amuse by a carefully developed but essentially meaningless fable.

Typical of them all is *The Silver Box*, which was performed during last September and October, the first play of Mr. John Galsworthy, a novelist of some reputation. Its theme is a sociological one: the inevitable injustice of this world's judgments. Its charm lies in its serious and absolutely unconventional treatment of characters and situations, which have long been the unquestioned stock-in-trade of farce and melodrama, in its entire avoidance of forced dialogue, and in its honest effort at a clear-cut, sane, and unbiased, although vividly interesting presentation of contemporary social conditions. The silver cigarette box is stolen by the drunken husband of a servant employed in the family of a Liberal M. P. with principles, and the man gets a month's "hard" for the theft, while the drunken, dissipated heir of the house, who tempted him to the crime and who was a thief himself, goes scot free, at the same time that his father's boasted "principles" go into temporary seclusion. There is no stock character in the piece, in spite of ample opportunities. Even the butler is for once neither a cockney nor farcically pompous. The magistrate who presides at the trial is neither absurdly dull nor amazingly clever; nobody is all saint and nobody is all sinner. When, at the close of the trial, the chief characters have slipped away, almost in silence, and the last curtain falls casually on the half-empty, disordered court-room, where the justice and the lawyers are struggling into their great-coats, it closes a performance in which not a single false or conventional note has been struck. For the playwright's effort was brilliantly seconded by the actors, whose work was marked by naturalness, subtlety, reserve, and above all by that fine feeling for the subordination of each part to the dramatic unity of the whole, which adds the final touch to the Court's productions.

The Court audiences are of course picked audiences, but they are large enough to be considered representative. As the patrons of Drury Lane stand for the extreme of British enthusiasm for the play, so do they stand for the extreme of

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fine and discriminating taste in dramatic criticism. But between these two extremes there is the rest of the British public, and the fact that there are put on in London a greater number of stimulating plays well acted throughout than are put on in New York is at once the cause and the consequence of the attitude that the Englishman holds towards the stage.

One of the best, surely, if not the very best method of acquiring either enthusiasm for or appreciation of good acting and good drama is to try to act something yourself. The trouble with most of the vast amount of amateur acting that is done in America is that it bestows attention upon wholly worthless and therefore wholly uninstructive and uninspiring material. In rural England the curious inquirer will find any number of odd little village societies doing their annual plays. They are generally composed of persons who rarely see good plays or good acting, but their choice almost invariably falls not upon the rollicking farce or light French comedy, which are popularly supposed to be best suited to amateur attainments, but upon some quaint mystery or miracle play, upon an old comedy, rewritten for their use, upon a pageant with scenes from the history of the village, or—perhaps in the majority of cases—upon a play of Shakespeare.

One little village where such a society exists has not more than three hundred inhabitants, shepherded by a vicar who was once a bishop in Bombay. My Lord Bishop is the village stage manager, and it is a strange sight to watch him, surrounded by his Shakespearian company, all working men except the Bishop's son and the young squire of the village. The extraordinarily intelligent and spirited work that they do is typical of that of many other simple-hearted, thoughtful-minded village companies.

One very interesting department of Mr. Benson's work for the stage is his newly organised Dramatic Revival Society, which has for its object the encouragement and practical assistance of amateur dramatic representations, "especially in villages by the villagers themselves and in schools by the scholars, for purposes of education and recreation." The quotation from Wagner which appears at the head of the society's prospectus is significant of its large aims: "In the theatre there lies the spiritual seed and kernel of all national poetic and national ethical culture. No other art branch can ever truly flourish, or even aid in cultivating the folk, until the theatre's all-powerful assistance has been completely recognised and guaranteed."

Some of us undoubtedly go to the theatre too much, but it is a comparative lack of taste and dramatic feeling, rather than a jaded taste, that the observant Englishman would note in us. We have gotten used to poor plays, and we crowd to see them, or we stay away from them, in either case unprotestingly. We look upon the present-day theatre, most of us, as a very light form of recreation. We go to a play, many times, because we are too tired to think or because we wish to escape thought. We contribute little or nothing to the situation, and naturally we get little or nothing out of it. And we persist in accepting bombastic acting and trivial and meaningless plays as inevitable. Now the ruck and run of London plays is quite as bad as the ruck and run of plays in New York, and there are plenty of musical comedies, including some very pretty ones. That part of the situation is no doubt properly to be regarded as inevitable. But there is no reason why those of us who care for the other sort of thing should not crystallise our sentiments into a demand for what we want—a demand for the privilege of oftener enjoying such a treat as Mr. Greet gave us some years ago in *Everyman*. Until we have made a tangible demand, however, or at least voiced a definite protest, we cannot reasonably expect that we shall be answered.

Edith Kellogg Dunton.

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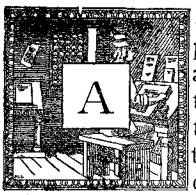
THE FETICH OF FORM AND SOME RECENT NOVELS



AS an offset to the comparative dearth of strong and lasting fiction during the past few seasons, there is something distinctly hopeful in the tendency shown even by quite mediocre books toward a healthy individualism, a growing spirit of independence in theme and treatment. We seem to be outgrowing the era of fads in fiction. Novelists and publishers alike appear to have learned that it is neither good art nor good business to rush pell-mell along the trail of the Colonial Romance or the Rural District Story, in vain emulation of the success of a *Janice Meredith* or a *David Harum*. And yet it does not follow that fiction has even yet quite emancipated itself from what may conveniently be called the Fetich of Form. The novelist has not yet thoroughly grasped the truth that the particular shape in which a story is cast, like the mould in which the molten bronze is poured, is not in itself the artist's ultimate purpose, but only a means to an end. If every writer with a good story to tell had only the courage to say to himself, "I care nothing for passing fashions in style and method; I am going to follow my own instinct and tell my story in the way I am best fitted to tell it," there would be more novels written with a fair chance of surviving a second season.

After all, this whole question of literary form is closely analogous to the change of fashions in clothes. The realistic novel may one season dominate the book counters as prominently as some new shade of pink dominates the windows of the modiste and the milliner; yet there are certain writers in whom the realistic tone would be as unbecoming as would the fashionable shade of pink to a woman with red hair. The wise author chooses his method to suit his personality, just as the wise woman chooses the colour that best becomes her. In spite of many a dogmatic utterance to the contrary, the question whether any particular plot shall be developed into a novel, a novelette or a short story, whether it shall be handled after the method of the romanticist, the symbolist or the psychologue, depends far less upon the nature of that plot than upon the individual temperament of the author. The attempt has often been made to draw a hard and fast line between short-story plots and those adapted to the longer novel; to show that the two classes are not interchangeable, and that where a writer has failed to recognise the distinction, the result has been, on the one hand not a short story, but the scenario of a long one; on the other, not a novel, but merely a short story long drawn out. In reality, however, such cases prove nothing more than that a particular author has failed to do what he attempted with a given plot; some other writer, with powers of a different sort, might repeat the experiment with radically different results. It is always difficult to conceive of any well-known story as having been developed in any manner other than that actually used—to try, for instance, to imagine Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* or *The Moonstone* of Wilkie Collins as anything less than the full-grown novels that they are, or to fancy Poe's *Cask of Amontillado* or Kipling's *Phantom Rickshaw* as anything other than short stories. And yet if you stop to ponder over it, you very quickly see how in Wilkie Collins's fertile brain the Poe story might have become the germ idea, the nucleus of a long and intricate history of unpardonable wrongs, culminating in a fantastic but well-merited vengeance; while conversely, it takes no great stretch of imagination to fancy the Lord Steyn episode condensed into a few bold, Kipling-esque paragraphs, and all the infinite variety of Becky Sharp flung before us, with spendthrift prodigality, in one vital, inimitable short story.

And between the different schools of fiction, the romantic, the realistic, the psychological, it is even harder to draw

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a definite boundary line than between the novel and the short story. For, after all, the aim of every novelist, whatever his special culte, is essentially the same: to win our interest for a group of men and women who are engaged in thinking and saying and doing a variety of things not radically different from the things which men and women think and say and do in the real world about us. And every novelist who accomplishes this aim must combine in some degree an element of romance, an observation of physical facts, and an analysis of the human heart. Take, for example, the simplest of incidents, the hero crossing a muddy street, in pursuit of a vanishing lady. A Dumas would tell us chiefly of the lady's charm and her elusiveness; a Bourget would let us read the hero's inmost thought; a Zola would describe minutely the mud through which he must pass to overtake her. Yet all three must convey, in their several ways, the threefold idea of the vanishing lady, the hero's eagerness, and the bespattered condition of his polished boots, or the picture will lack completeness.

As for the much-abused terms Purpose Novel, Sex Novel, Business Novel, Religious Novel, and other similar hackneyed forms of classification, one feels inclined to quarrel with them, it may be unjustly, because of the limitations which they unconsciously imply. Every novel of the bigger sort should be a purpose novel in the best sense of the term; every novel ought to be a sex novel to the extent of recognising the constant, unspoken influence which sex plays in the daily life of normal men and women; it should be a religious novel, too, to the extent at least of recognising the influence of creeds as controlling motives in our judgment of good and evil; it should be a business novel, at least so far as to admit that man's love is of man's life a thing apart, and that no picture of life is well rounded which ignores the world of politics, and finance, and boards of trade.

In other words, the wise novelist will not let himself be hampered or led astray by conventional classifications and cut-and-dried formulas. He will measure his space, not in accord with any dogmatic rule, but like a trained runner, by his knowledge of his own power for sustained effort. And he will mingle in his story such proportions of love and business, ethics and religion as he finds mingled in the real world around him. The big novels of the past have not been written according to formula. Fielding little thought that he was a pioneer in English realism when he wrote *Tom Jones;* the term Sex Problem was not invented when Thackeray wrote *Vanity Fair;* Hawthorne could not have remotely foreseen the symbolistic school when he conceived the plan of *The Marble Faun.* And similarly in the future the big, enduring novels will come from men of fearless originality, who will take from the past such suggestions as best suit their purpose, while refusing to be hampered by the Fetich of Form.

"Katherine"

Katherine, by E. Temple Thurston, may not be a big book, in a discriminating sense of the phrase, but it certainly is one that compels attention even from the habitual and long-sated reader of novels. Mr. Thurston is a good example of a writer who is deservedly winning his way by adopting no other working formula than that of modern life as he sees and understands it. He did not deliberately set out to write a religious novel in *The Apple of Eden,* or a sex-problem novel in *Traffic.* He simply felt the tragedy and the pathos of certain conditions rendered possible by the conflict between human desires and the laws of the church, and embodied them forcefully in pages that are not easily forgotten. *Katherine* differs from his earlier books in portraying Protestant England rather than Catholic Ireland; but it conveys the same impression of being the outcome of direct, keen observation of flesh-and-blood men and women. The woman who fancies herself unhappily married; the woman who thinks that, because her husband insists upon giving to the service of his country some of the hours that she wants him to waste upon her whims, he must have ceased to love her, is not a new character in fiction; but this particular example of the type is done with a skill that is none too common. The situation, how-

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ever, is suddenly taken out of the class to which it seems at first to belong by the injuries which Katherine receives in a painful accident—injuries which make it impossible, so her physicians decide, for her life to be prolonged beyond two years at most. This verdict they intend to conceal from her as long as possible, but without their knowledge she finds it out. Before the accident Katherine, in spite of her unhappy married life, has had the strength of mind to put from her the temptation of another love that is offered her, a love which she ought never even to have listened to. But now that the situation is radically, cruelly changed; now that she believes a slow, painful death is already hanging over her, will she still have the courage to put from her the solace of a secret romance, even though the price be dishonour? Mr. Thurston handles this delicate theme with a rare discretion and discernment; and in the final readjustment which ushers in an unforeseen happy ending, he amply justifies the use of the hackneyed device of old love letters by making them serve, in a most felicitous way, as a key to the true character of the three people most immediately concerned.

"Felicity"

Another book of the month which gives the impression of having been written independent of models, straight from first-hand experience, is *Felicity*, by Clara E. Laughlin. Studies of theatrical life, that bear the imprint of accurate knowledge, are so few and far between that *Felicity* would still be a noteworthy book even without the blending of tender humour and pathos which it in no small degree possesses. There are pages in it which awake a memory of a kindred volume written quarter of a century ago—*Criquette*, the one long novel by that genial French playwright, Ludovic Halévy. And while the ending of the two books shows the usual wide divergence between the moral standards of French and English fiction, they are alike in so far as they both leave a depressing sense that the life of the stage, for all its glitter and its glory, is lacking in the simple element of contentment. The career of Miss Laughlin's heroine is traced, in frank sincerity, from the time when she is a precocious child, leading a repressed life, in the forbidding gloom of her grandmother's puritanical household; finding an occasional outlet for pent-up spirits in enacting plays, fearfully and wonderfully constructed, with the help of her sole playmates, the grandsons of a famous old comedian; and at last, when the old actor himself, the "prince of vagabonds," chances to come on a visit to the isolated New England village where the child lives, and sees her, a tremulous little creature, all nerves and emotion, performing with quaint earnestness her version of Marie Stuart, the child's whole future is really decided then and there. It would be purposeless to retrace here the details of the plot of *Felicity*. It is one of those books whose interest depends primarily upon our sympathy with the characters rather than our curiosity about events. It strips off a good deal of the tinsel glitter of life on the stage; it shows just how much toil and sacrifice and ceaseless energy are demanded of those who hope to achieve greatness; it emphasises the isolation and loneliness of the successful star even at the height of her triumph; the jealousy she unwittingly inspires; the slim chance she has of friendship and love and happiness. But with all this, it also makes us feel clearly, unmistakably, the lure of the footlights—the potent charm of public adulation, which seems, while it lasts, to be well worth even the heavy price that it costs. *Felicity* is an intensely human story, full of kindly humour and lovable personalities.

"The Silent Door"

Another volume of the current month, which combines the glamour of the stage with subtle study of childhood, is Florence Wilkinson's new story, *The Silent Door*. The chief charm about Miss Wilkinson's style is its absolute lack of hurry. She is interested in every last little fact about the people she is describing, their mode of life, their next-door neighbours, the village they live in, the whole landscape of the surrounding country. She obviously takes it for granted that the reader will be just as much interested as herself in

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all she tells, and as a matter of fact she is justified in thinking so. You quite promptly feel for the quaint old village of Joppa, on the Jerusalem River, for the old Penrith place, for Grandfather Penrith himself, and for little Rue, that special quality of affection which is born of old acquaintance. You are not long in guessing that the Silent Door, the door which seems to little Rue to enclose an abiding mystery, leads to the room once occupied by Danae, Grandfather Penrith's wayward daughter, who found the lure of the footlights too strong to resist, and whose very name has been a forbidden sound in the household ever since. You will also guess that Rue, the little waif found one morning on the Penrith doorstep, is Danae's child; but Grandfather Penrith, secretly loving her as his own flesh and blood, will never openly own her. There were gipsies in the neighbourhood at the time, who left in haste, driven off by the authorities; the child, he always professed to believe, had been left by them. But he gave her the care and solicitude that a man gives to his own, and with it the stern discipline which ought, so he felt too late, to have been meted out to his daughter, Danae. It is seldom that one encounters such genuine charm in a volume constructed upon a plan so simple. It is just a study in child nature, revealing curious, unexpected, luminous glimpses into the childhood world, its quaint beliefs and fancies. You would read on to the end, even if there were no plot at all, just for the sake of the quiet enjoyment, from chapter to chapter, of its tender humour and subtle insight. But there is a definite, although unobtrusive, plot, in which little Rue's unconscious influence is the dominant factor that at last brings about a reconciliation between Grandfather Penrith and the repentant Danae, and the unlocking of the Silent Door.

The life of the frontier, the cowboy and the Indian is one of the formulas so greatly overworked of late, both in fiction and on the stage, that one's first impulse on seeing Will Lillibridge's new story, *Where the Trail Divides,* is mentally to add one more to the long list of mediocrities for which Owen Wister's *Virginian* is ultimately responsible. A good object lesson, this, of the rashness of snap-shot judgments, because a closer inspection of *Where the Trail Divides* reveals it as a book that needs no borrowed glory to bolster it into notice, a book which may well stand on its own merits, both for novelty of situation and keen picturing of character. In the same author's earlier book, *Ben Blair,* in spite of some vigorous chapters, there was nothing which gave promise of the unexpected strength of certain phases in the new volume. For the benefit of that class of readers who must have a novel labelled, like a beetle or butterfly in a show case, *Where the Trail Divides* may be conveniently defined as a colour-line story. As the result of an Indian raid, with its trail of smoking ruins and scalped and tortured victims, only two human beings were found alive by the rescue party in the whole devastated settlement—a white girl baby and an Indian boy, scarcely older or larger. These two waifs are taken in charge by Colonel Bill Landor, the cattle king, and brought up together with the same impartial care that he would have bestowed upon children of his own. "How" Landor, the Indian, is a highly idealised character. On sober second thought one questions seriously whether such an Indian ever did live or could have lived. But it is no small achievement that while you read he carries credence with him. The scene of his first appearance, in Bud Manning's general store, where Pete Sweeney, the drunken bully, has already murdered one man and is meditating the death of all the rest; the deliberation of his entry, the compelling calm with which he wins the mastery over the half-crazed Sweeney, is all told with a swift, concise vividness that makes you ask yourself afterward whether you have merely read about it or have actually witnessed the scene in person. And this quiet, mesmeric force, this fearlessness and self-sufficiency are the dominating traits of "How" Landor through all the storm and stress which fate holds in store for him—all centring around his unswerving resolution to marry the girl with whom his childhood and youth have been passed—

"Where the Trail Divides"

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the white girl, Bess Landor. Of course, the strength of the book lies mainly in the chapters depicting this ill-advised union. And beyond question, the whole episode is admirably handled, with praiseworthy discretion and yet with sufficient frankness to make us understand beyond any possibility of doubt just how inevitable the final tragedy becomes. *Where the Trail Divides* is a book that places Mr. Lillibridge in the list of writers whose future work deserves to be kept carefully in sight.

"The Penalty"

It is always a satisfaction to run across a story which does not obviously challenge comparison with one or more earlier volumes. The welcome feature of *The Penalty,* by Harold Begbie, is a distinct originality of theme. It assumes the existence in England of a secret society of Roman Catholic priests, who pass in the eyes of the world as zealous workers in the Church of England, but are all the time surreptitiously striving to win new converts to Rome. The specific interest of the story centres in the fact that the influential Bishop of Warborough, who is hoping in the near future to become the Archbishop of Canterbury, was indiscreet enough in earlier years to become a member of this secret organisation, and his name is still enrolled in their list of membership. Now, there is a certain Mrs. Revington, who has lost social caste because her name was involved in an unsavoury divorce suit, and later her husband committed suicide—really because he, too, had fallen into the toils of the Sacred Society of Nicodemus—but the world believed that the cause was his wife's misconduct. The Bishop of Warborough could reinstate Mrs. Revington socially if he saw fit to do so; and in order to have a means of compelling him, this enterprising lady steals the book of membership from the Society of Nicodemus. Had she been able to keep her plunder safe, much trouble might have been spared. But since it passes into the keeping of a far less scrupulous person, and one who little suspects what a dangerous explosive this simple little book really is, there results a comedy of errors which in the end very narrowly escapes becoming a tragedy. Taken altogether, a very readable volume, full of veiled irony, and plainly written with a certain underlying seriousness of purpose.

"The Unseen Jury"

Detective stories involving murder mysteries do not seem likely to offer anything agreeably new. But in this respect a pleasant surprise awaits the reader of *The Unseen Jury,* by Edward Clary Root. An old man, highly honoured and deeply beloved in his native town, is found dead one morning in a stream near his home, apparently having been thrown into the water from a rustic bridge just above. Suspicion naturally centres upon a dissipated young fellow who has long sought the dead man's daughter in marriage, and has been heard to utter violent threats against him on account of his persistent opposition. Circumstantial evidence accumulates until there is not a doubt in the mind of any one in town, save that of the dead man's daughter, that the prisoner is guilty. There is not even a single voice raised to protect his interests, until suddenly, swayed by curiously complex motives, the dead man's foster son, who is a metropolitan lawyer of note, decides to champion him. He, too, has leaped to the conclusion that the prisoner is guilty, and all the more willingly, because they both of them love the same girl and have long regarded each other as rivals. But now, suddenly, when he sees the other friendless, helpless, menaced with such an imminent danger, a fine sense of honour impels him to give his rival the benefit of the doubt, to force himself to believe in his innocence, to give his days and nights to the task of saving him, even though acquittal might mean the loss to himself of the girl he loves. So he toils on in the face of the indignant opposition of all his former friends; and every day fresh courage and energy come to him, because every day the conviction grows that he is doing right—that his client is not the guilty man he at first believed him. And all the while, had he only known it, there is in existence convincing documentary evidence, the reading of which would have spared the jury even a minute's delibera-

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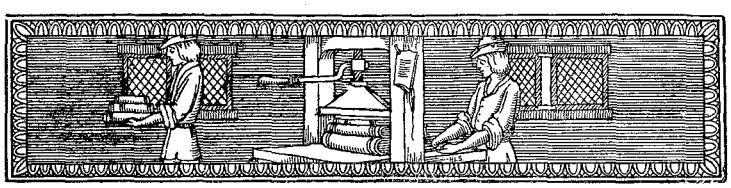
tion. But fate willed it that this evidence should not come to light until the last day of the trial, and that even then it should seem best not to use it. But this is precisely the point upon which the main interest of the story turns.

"Sister Carrie"

Among the books appearing this month is one which is to all intents and purposes a new novel; for the readers who were lucky enough to secure a copy when it first saw light, upward of five years ago, are so few and far between that it might far better not have appeared at all. The book in question is Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie,* and the story of its vicissitudes forms an interesting chapter in the secret histories of books and manuscripts. In America, it is no exaggeration to say that the book never had a fair hearing. In England, its merits were quickly recognised, and sober reviews like the *Athenæum* assigned it a place on the same shelf with Maupassant's *Bel Ami.* To assume from this dictum that *Sister Carrie* shows anything approaching the literary finish of the French master is to court disappointment. Mr. Dreiser is no stylist. He merely writes with great simplicity and quiet force of life as he sees and understands it. The only adverse criticism which it seems worth while to make about a book which on the first reading gripped the present writer with a force unequalled by any other American novel that has appeared within five years of it, is in regard to its rather colourless and misleading title. It has more than once been necessary to explain to friends that the heroine is not a member of a religious order. But there is nothing misleading about the theme of the book. It is simply the direct, unflinching, pitiless history of the physical and moral ruin of one more fool, for the sake of a woman who did not care—a pretty, self-centred, passionless thing, who indifferently suffers his presence while he is useful to her—and then climbs over the wreck of his life in her hasty escape from the mire into which she has helped to sink him. A strong book, yes. An unpleasant book, also, if fearlessness and sincerity are unpleasant. But surely in no conceivable sense an immoral book. Carrie, to be sure, is a detailed, unsparing picture of the representative type of her meretricious class. But Mr. Dreiser does not draw her for the sake of censuring her. He simply sets her before us for what she is, what the world has made of her and hundreds of her sisters as well. But the big achievement of the book is not Sister Carrie, though Mr. Dreiser in his title implies that he thinks it is. The real centre of interest is rather Hurstwood, the man who sinned for Carrie's sake, and slaved for her, and dropped steadily down the social ladder, one rung at the time, suffering a long slow martyrdom, because up to the very last he fails to fathom her abysmal selfishness. In all fiction there is probably no more graphic and poignant study of the way in which a man loses his grip on life, lets his pride, his courage, his self-respect slip from him, and finally ceases even to struggle in the mire that has engulfed him. *Sister Carrie* may not be a book *virginibus puerisque,* but there is more tonic value in it than in a whole shelfful of sermons. It ought to have a widespread hearing.

Frederic Taber Cooper.



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ELEVEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

WEALE'S "INDISCREET LETTERS FROM PEKING"*

Indiscreet, unquestionably; and therefore full of interest for those to whom the taste of forbidden fruit is sweet. Astonishing revelations are made here concerning the occurrences of the summer of 1900 in Peking—occurrences which, we may well believe, the reports already published have sadly garbled and officialised. Under the transparent disguise of initials all the prominent European and American actors in the tragedy masquerade. The Chinese actors stand forth boldly in their own names. With an appalling lack of reverence the author sets forth the pitiful weakness of the besieged ministers, their cowardice, their childish ignorance of the danger threatening them, their contemptible jealousies and official bickerings in the actual face of death. Specific instances are given, chapter and verse are quoted, to show the amazing fatuity and incompetence of nearly every head of a foreign legation, as well as the cruelty and duplicity of Chinese officialdom. And as if this were not enough, a picture shocking almost beyond belief is given of the demoralisation of the armies that finally effected the relief of the legations. In the whole sorry tale the only notes of relief are the personal bravery of the rank and file of the defenders, the coolness and devotion of a few officers, and the courage, perhaps foolhardy, of the German Minister, Baron von K——, "the one really brave man among our chiefs," says the one who tells the story.

Such a history should have an author. The "letters" are anonymous. They are introduced by Mr. Putnam Weale, who vouches for them and confesses to having "edited" them. The exact measure of Mr. Weale's responsibility is a problem that is complicated by some apparently intentional discrepancies. He apologises for the publication of such a book "at this late date"; but his introduction is dated "June, 1900." The siege began in the latter part of that June, and lasted into August. Is the date a mere typographical error? The supposed narrator is apparently an attaché or secretary of legation. Not once is his nationality set down. He speaks in turn of nearly every Minister, using the correct initials, but when he alludes—none too respectfully—to "my chief," it is impossible to identify the one designated. The point of view is in general British. So too, as a rule, is the personal idiosyncrasy of the writer. Mr. Weale himself is, I believe, an Englishman. Finally, whatever else these letters are, they are not what they purport to be, an actual diary of the siege. These vivid and detailed descriptions, brilliantly written in spite of their crudeness, these acute studies of character, these seasoned reflections on human nature under abnormal stress, were never written in days and nights full to the brim of fighting, picketing, barricading, and tense anxiety.

Without attributing the authorship to Mr. Weale, it is fair to hold him responsible for the substantial accuracy of the statements of fact. And since he is one of the best-informed of English writers on the Far East, and has a well-established reputation to lose by any gross misrepresentations, I accept the book as essentially truthful. Nevertheless, it should be read not as history, but as fiction; fiction founded as solidly as you please on fact, but still fiction. Say, a record not of the actual experience of an individual man, but the record of what might have been the experience of just the right man.

Read in this light, the book, if it does not gain in intensity of interest, at least loses nothing. One cannot easily recall a more vivid picture of what a siege really is. It is probably the general impression—it was at least my own—that the siege of Peking was little more than a forced detention, with a minimum of actual fighting and a maximum of diplomatic shuffling; that the greatest danger was from sporadic outbursts of lawlessness such as that which resulted in the

*Indiscreet Letters from Peking. Edited by B. L. Putnam Weale. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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death of Baron von Ketteler, the German Minister. But here is enlightenment for this opinion. From the time when the Boxer cutthroats hemmed the Europeans within the legation lines, in June, until the troops marched into the city on the 14th of August, there were days and nights of the fiercest fighting, interrupted only by inexplicable pauses just when the resistance of the little garrison seemed exhausted. Gradually the lines of defence were retracted, until they embraced little beyond the British Legation, which formed their base; always the Chinese—not the Boxers, for after the first days the siege was maintained by Manchu troops—pressed in closer and closer, occupying the abandoned barricades, tunnelling and mining. At many points the opposing lines were only a few yards apart, and the fighting was hand to hand.

> Some of the Kansu soldiers rushed right up to us, and only fell a few feet from our rifles, yelling, *"Sha, Sha"*—kill, kill, to the last moment; and one fellow, as he was beaten down, threw a sword, which stabbed one of our men in the thigh and terribly wounded him.

The jealousies of the Ministers made it impossible to choose a commander, and each of the legations fought its own fight, with some co-operation as the situation became more and more critical. There were plenty of individual instances of bravery. Perhaps the Japanese, the American marines, and the French infantry emerge most creditably in this narrative. Here is an incident that shows not only the closeness of the conflict, but also the desperation to which the defenders were brought.

> A young volunteer (French) named D—— found, after watching for two days, that a number of men crept into a tunnel mouth every night only twenty feet from his post, and began working on a mine right under his feet. . . . He crept out two days ago as soon as he had seen them go in, and, posting himself at the entrance, called on the men to come out, else he would block them in and kill them in the most miserable way he could think of. They came out, crawling on their hands and knees, and as each man slipped up to the level he was bayonetted. In the end thirteen were killed like this.

Starvation was actually beginning to threaten when the first message reached them from the outside—an enigmatical American cypher, "Communicate to bearer." There came an armistice due to the divided counsels of the Chinese, and then the attack was renewed more fiercely than ever. On the last night of the siege, the author records, the Chinese fire was the hottest they had suffered. By this time about a quarter of the little fighting force of five or six hundred was killed or wounded.

The chapter in which our author tells "How I Saw the Relief" is a thrilling bit of writing—too good, in spite of its obvious melodrama, to be spoiled by piecemeal quotation. At this point the current is reversed. The almost conquered are the conquerors. As the troops enter the Boxers and Chinese troops disappear. Peking becomes a city of the dead, with three-quarters of its inhabitants fled or in hiding. And the looting begins.

This part of the story, perhaps the most "sensational" of all, is in a sense anti-climax. It is almost incredibly revolting, and the suspense of the earlier chapters is gone. If it is true, it is a disgrace to every army that took part in the march on Peking; if it is untrue, it is a disgrace to the man who wrote these things under the guise of history. Every one, we are told, soldiers, officers, missionaries, even diplomats, looted; every one robbed and outraged and murdered. The supposed writer of the letters acknowledges his own share in the business with scarcely a pretence, after the strain of the siege, of justifying it. And he tells a remarkable story, highly interesting if true, of entering the Sacred Palace, sitting on the Dowager Empress's bed, entering the Emperor's harem, while his companions looted in the Palace itself. The value of this as fiction is doubtful. As history its interest is great, but more than any other portion of the book it requires the support of authority. If it is to stand as authentic history, it constitutes a chapter that will be willingly forgotten by every one save the student of mob psychology.

Edward Clark Marsh.

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II

EDOUARD MAYNIAL'S "GUY DE MAUPASSANT"*

It would be difficult to find a man of letters of distinct eminence whose death has taken place within the last fifty or sixty years, and whose life was passed busily among men, whose conventional and formal biography cannot be supplemented by a vast amount of personal anecdote and gossip, some of which is likely to be true, or at least based on truth, some of which is maliciously and outrageously false, but all of which will be found by the discriminating reader to have a definite bearing on the man, and to aid to a more intimate interpretation of his work. Even at this late day you may find in London clubland venerable gentlemen who will tell you stories of Dickens of which there are at most no more than the vaguest hints in Forster's *Life*. Any expression of doubt will call forth belligerent resentment. The race of Tom Eaves has amply revenged itself for the unflattering portrait drawn by Thackeray of the particular Thomas of eighteen twenty something, in whispered anecdote, in knowing winks, in shrugs and innuendo. "It is all very well, my dear sir, to talk of his 'good grey head,' but are you in possession of the facts, the actual facts, of—" and so forth. These bits of *chronique scandaleuse* are forever flying about. A thousand extraordinary tales of Bulwer-Lytton, of Keats, of Stevenson, of Meredith, of Balzac, Zola, Dumas, may be had for the seeking. Even the most outrageous are not always born of malice. They are often, in a way, a natural growth, a response to the demand for a closer association between a writer's plots and characters and his own personal life. They come into being, they live and are repeated because they enable one to build all kinds of interesting hypotheses. Because they seem to explain. For example, there was at one time current an extraordinary story connecting the name of a very great English writer, now dead, with the Whitechapel atrocities. The only foundations for the yarn were the novelist's splendid imagination and the fact that he happened to be in London at the time of the crimes.

Until a few years ago the gossip of the Paris boulevards, the reminiscences of personal friends and acquaintances, and the "between the lines" of the man's work were all we knew of Guy de Maupassant. The brief outlines, of course, were there, and at the disposal of any one. He was of Norman birth, he served an apprenticeship under Gustave Flaubert that is probably without a parallel in literary history, he enjoyed a few brief years of vast popularity, and died in a madhouse at the age of forty-three. Beyond this there was very little save his books and the knowledge that these books reflected to a degree of intimacy probably never approached by another writer the moods and experiences of his own life. Perhaps it is to the ideas awakened by his books alone that is owed a very unpleasant but significant story, to which only the slightest allusion will be made here. This story involves Flaubert. It was not necessary that Maupassant himself should have believed it, or even to have conceded its possibility. It is enough that the mere thought of it should have entered his feverish mind—enough to explain *L'Heritage, Monsieur Parent,* much of *Une Vie,* and, above all, the morbid horror of *Pierre et Jean.*

Guy de Maupassant was born August 5, 1850, in the Château de Miromesnil, about eight miles from Dieppe. His father, Gustave de Maupassant, belonged to a Lorraine family that had established itself in Normandy nearly a hundred years before the birth of the novelist. The family had been ennobled by the Emperor Francis—in fact, had the right to carry the title of marquis. It is of significance that Guy, even in the years when he was most assiduously courting Parisian society, never traded upon this right. In 1846 Gustave de Maupassant married Mlle. Laure Le Poittevin, of a family of the upper Norman bourgeoisie. As children, Laure and her brother Alfred had been comrades of Gustave Flaubert, a fact which may be accepted as explaining the ardour with which in after years the author of

*La Vie et l'Œuvre de Guy de Maupassant. Par Édouard Maynial. Paris: Societé du Mercure de France.

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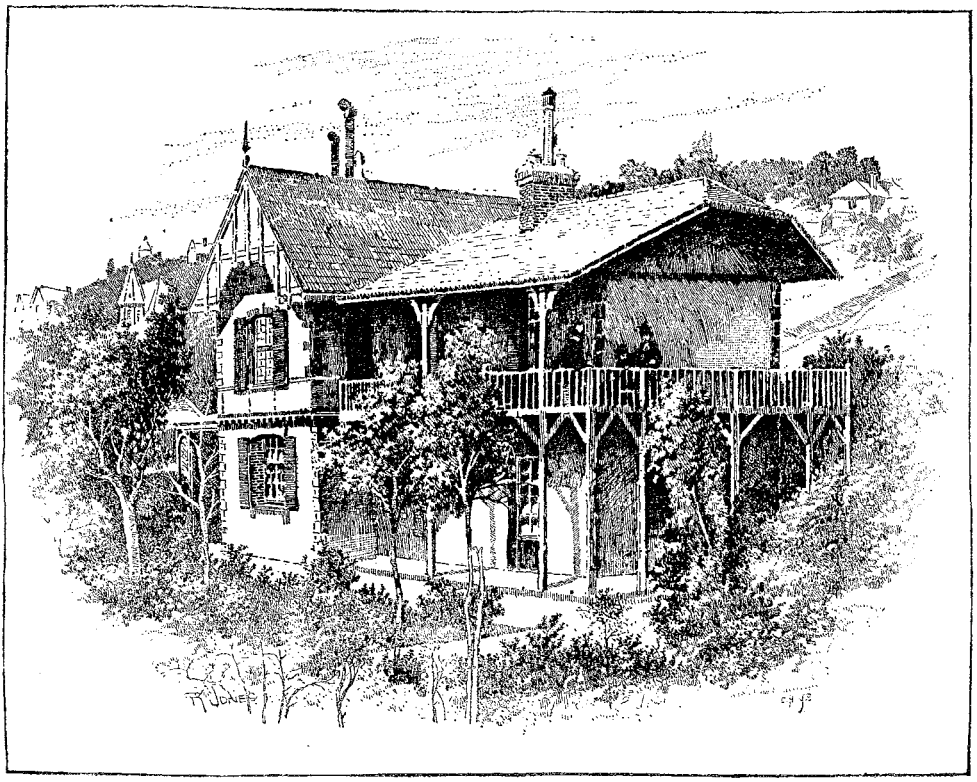

GUY DE MAUPASSANT'S HOME

Madame Bovary devoted himself to Guy's literary training.

The marriage of Guy's parents did not turn out happily, and soon after the birth of the second son, Hervé, six years younger than Guy, there was arranged an amicable separation, by the terms of which Madame de Maupassant took back her own fortune, kept the children, and for their support received from her husband the sum of sixteen hundred francs a year. She made her home in Etretat, on the Norman coast, and it was there that her sons passed the greater part of their childhood.

Until he was thirteen years old, Guy's education was of an exceedingly desultory nature, with his mother practically his only teacher. When he entered the seminary at Yvetot he found the discipline and the society of his commonplace schoolmates a sharp contrast to the free life of Etretat. Later, at the Lycée, in Rouen, he was happier, and he worked diligently, obtaining his degree without any trouble. He had already decided upon a literary career, and like almost all French men of letters, he began by writing verse. He seems to have been at that period of his life a creature of great gaiety and immense animal spirits. That splendid physical strength, which, outwardly, at least, he always possessed, and which as a swimmer enabled him to buffet the waves for hours at a time—he once rescued Swinburne when the English poet was drowning—had, of course, not yet been impaired by excess or overwork. There are many anecdotes of that time which explain the formation of the writer, and particularly his methods of observation. An English maiden lady on whom the youth played a practical joke served later as the model for Miss Harriet. All that he owed to Normandy, the sailors, the peasants, the country priests, the innkeepers, all the vivid impressions of the rustic types that play so prominent a part in his books, were then assimilated.

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It was in the spring after the War of 1870 that Maupassant, then in his twenty-first year, went to Paris, where he obtained a clerkship in the marine department of the bureaucratic service that yielded him an annual income of fifteen hundred francs. Later he was changed to a more lucrative position in the Department of Public Instruction. As an employé he was by no means overzealous. His leisure hours he devoted to boating on the Seine; at the office he scribbled on the paper of the administration the verses and essays that he submitted of Sundays to the criticism of Flaubert.

During seven years, from 1873 until 1880, Flaubert was constantly watching and directing Maupassant's work, developing his powers of observation, impressing upon him persistently his own arduous creed of style, and curbing with a firm hand his pupil's desire for premature publication. The young man was a frequent guest at his master's table, where he met on equal footing the leading men of letters of France, Alphonse Daudet, Zola, Catulle Mendès, Tourguéneff, Edmond de Goncourt, and others. The life of apprenticeship came to an end in 1878 with the publication of *Boule de Suif.*

The story of the third period of Maupassant's life from 1880 to 1890 is essentially the story of his books. In these ten years he published six novels, sixteen volumes of short stories, three volumes of travels, besides numerous newspaper articles that have not been included in the various editions of his works. His average was rather more than three books a year. He achieved this result by the regularity of his work. He wrote every morning from seven o'clock until noon, turning out at least six pages a day, and expression came to him so easily that he rarely erased. Contrary to general opinion, he made a preliminary draft of his story. One of his friends says that he never went to bed without having made notes of all that had impressed him during the day. He was infinitely careful in the matter of minute details. For example, in *La Maison Tellier,* over which he worked for several months, there is a scene introducing English and French sailors. Being entirely ignorant of English, he went to Tourguéneff in order to inform himself exactly as to the words of "Rule Britannia." This industry cannot be explained entirely by the artist's fever of production. Maupassant was essentially a Norman, and possessed that Norman love of money which he satirised so often in his books. Art for art's sake was all very well, but that to his mind was no reason why a man of letters should not attain fortune. He regarded publishers as natural enemies, and often said that he would like to ruin several in a day. During the years when he was in the full swing of popularity his earnings from his pen were probably as large as those of any French novelist with the exception of Zola. For his novels he was paid serially a franc a line; for the slightest short story or article his minimum rate was five hundred francs. But this money was not all used for his own personal pleasure. He went generously to the aid of his brother Hervé when the latter was in straightened circumstances. He augmented materially the income of his mother and was the sole support of his niece.

There is said to exist a set of Maupassant's books on the margins of which he jotted down the real names of every person and place he described. He carried this passion for personalities even farther than did Daudet. The original of Georges Duroy of *Bel-Ami* is still living, and is a well-known figure in Paris. The real Boule de Suif was one Adrienne Legay, who lived in Rouen at the time of the war, and who died in poverty about twelve years ago. The heroine of *Une Vie* is said to have been drawn from his own mother. The originals of Olivier, Bertin, and the Comtesse, de Guillery of *Fort Comme la Mort,* Madame de Burne of *Notre Cœur,* Forestier and Madame Forestier, Clotilde, and M. and Madame Walter of *Bel-Ami* were perfectly well known to a score of Maupassant's personal friends. The chapters describing modern Parisian journalism were based upon his own experience in the offices of certain papers, notably the *Gaulois,* a

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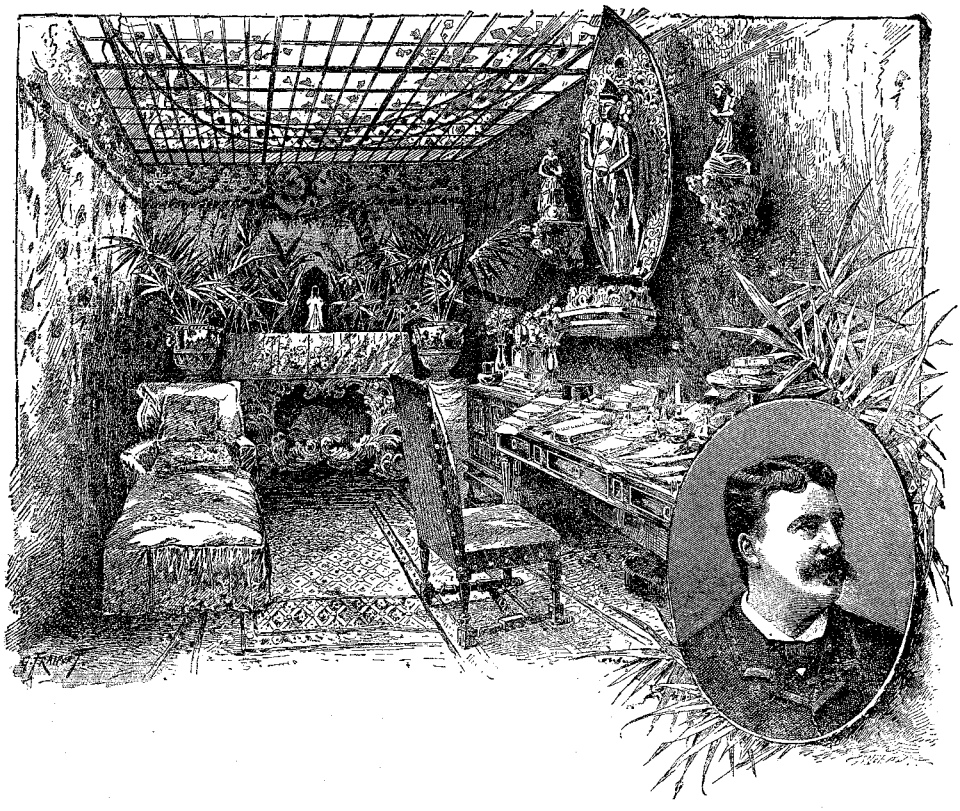

THE WORKSHOP OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT

point which may or may not have a special significance.

Maupassant's life during the ten years of his success was one of continual change and travel. One of the first uses to which he put his earnings was the construction of a house at Etretat, erected according to his own tastes. There, after the feverish life of Paris, he went for a number of years to spend the greater part of the summer and the autumn. Later, however, these visits became less frequent. He felt himself drawn towards the south, where his mother had been established for some time, and soon his leisure months were spent cruising along the shores of the Mediterranean in his yacht *Bel-Ami,* varied by voyages to Italy, Corsica, Sicily and Algeria. Despite a certain undeniable vein of snobbishness, which led him to profess a preference for the company of the men and women of society over that of his fellow literary workers, Maupassant never genuinely loved the world. He became a man of fashion, he was sought after and was welcomed in the most exclusive circles, yet his attitude was always one of cold politeness and affected disdain.

The shadow of the grim tragedy of Maupassant's last days had been hanging over him for years. The trouble with his eyes, which began in 1885, and at times made all work impossible, was indicative of grave nervous afflictions. In addition to the excesses in which he had always indulged, in his later years, in order to alleviate his sufferings, he was addicted to ether, cocaine, morphine and hasheesh. The impending crash was forshadowed in many of his later stories, *Le Horla,* "Lui," "Qui sait?" and "Fou." The story of the actual breakdown has never been made quite clear. There is about it something of sinister mystery. Maupassant had promised his mother that he would spend Christmas eve 1891 with her at Nice. Suddenly he changed his mind.

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He did not go to Nice, but to the Iles Sainte-Marguerite in company with two ladies, one of whom had played a considerable part in his life and is understood to have been the original of Madame de Berne of *Notre Cœur*. What weird and horrible thing happened on this journey no one seems to know. It was the definite beginning of the débâcle. A week later at Cannes he made two attempts at suicide. The first was frustrated by the fact that his servant had had the precaution to empty the chambers of his revolver. Then he tried to cut his throat with a metal paper cutter, but succeeded only in making a deep and painful gash. After this he was closely guarded by two stalwart sailors of his yacht *Bel-Ami*. These attempts at self-destruction were the last rational—if that word may be used—actions on the part of Maupassant. He was completely gone. The mental night that was to endure for eighteen months had closed in upon him. Even the sight of his well-loved yacht and of the sea, which had meant so much to him, could awake no glimmer of intelligence.

It is not a pleasant spectacle, the Maupassant incarcerated in the *maison de santé* of Doctor Blanche in Passy. There were many periods of gibbering and violence. He believed himself to be always pursued by invisible enemies. At one time he hurled a billiard ball at the head of another inmate of the asylum. At times his madness took the form of a belief in his own stupendous wealth—the *folie des grandeurs*—when he would rush about calling to an imaginary broker to buy the French *rentes en bloc*. There were occasional hours of lucidity, when he was able to recognise friends—hours of calmness and of comparative peace. It was in such a state that he died, July 6, 1893. "He went out like a lamp that has no more oil" was one description of his end.

The personal Maupassant was probably far from being altogether likable. He was unquestionably something of a *poseur*. In the world of society he was courted as a distinguished man of letters, and there he affected an air of ennui and boredom, the air of one who sees, understands, pities a little and scorns much. Elsewhere he was prone to profess contempt for his *métier*. If we except the solicitude of Flaubert and those famous literary dinners to which he was admitted as a young man, there are, in his life, no traces of intimate friendships, of generous enthusiasms. He was gay enough at times; ready enough to *faire la noce*. But loud as he might laugh, there was always the undertone of bitter, weary sadness. In the cavern of his heart there was infinite gloom, the gloom of a man alone, always alone, and gnashing in the darkness.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

III

Hutchins Hapgood's "The Spirit of Labour"*

The Spirit of Labour is not well named. It should have been called "A Modern Benvenuto." For Anton, the labouring man of Mr. Hapgood's narrative, is a prime brawler and braggard, is a vagrant at his craft, is a man among men and a gallant of ladies. Like our Florentine of old, he carries a chip upon his shoulder, although, to be sure, he carries it with a difference. He is of a ready wit and a noisy tongue, his grievances are many and the other fellow is always wrong.

The Spirit of Labour suggests a document, an ethical treatise, an economic contribution. That it is all these matters, subtly and by its nature, that its circumstantial biography and autobiography are the stuff out of which principles of economics and sociology are, or are to be, deduced, there will be some to maintain. It is modern, it is advancedly modern, it is impartial, it is not finicky—it is Chicagoesque, not only in its atmosphere of labour and anarchy and free thought, but in its state of mind apperceptive of this atmosphere.

It is not an essay nor a treatise, but the life of a working-man, temperamentally a *flaneur* and philosopher, sympathetically interpreted and set down by a literary man of a not wholly dissimilar type. It is extremely well done, and particularly

*The Spirit of Labour. By Hutchins Hapgood. New York: Duffield and Company.

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admirable is the adroitness with which Mr. Hapgood has extracted from the "inexpressive ego" of semi-illiterate labour such salient facts as are here assembled. Any one who has ever tried the task knows how stiff and unvivid become the would-be helpful reminiscences of an uneducated mind when stirred to self-consciousness by the copy-seeking scribe. With noteworthy craftsmanship Mr. Hapgood steers between Scylla and Charybdis in his personal impressions. Neither guest-right nor friendship are infringed upon, nor, through observance of these restrictions, does his account lack colour. There is not a single passage in the book, however personal, which could reasonably offend those to whom it relates. This achievement seems a considerable one.

The purpose of the book would superficially demand a more critical judgment of its economic value, of the light it throws upon the labour problem, on trades-unions, on the relations between labour leaders and the rank and file, between bosses and employés.

Yet truly it is difficult to feel that it throws any flood of light on these situations, though it does emphasise in an illuminating way certain points which Mr. Hapgood seems to have discovered or realised for the first time, such as the besetting danger of labour leaders becoming, by virtue of their very position, unfitted to sympathise with the classes from which they sprang. By being set apart, by living an official existence, by relying for their support on popularity, on votes, they are in constant danger not only of moral corruption, but of mental disintegration. The same peril lies in wait for the politician, the clergyman.

The working-man's need of leisure is another point that strikes Mr. Hapgood. Anton says that when he earned only $16 or $17 a week he could not develop his family or social instincts. "Such a life makes a man stupidly selfish. But these last few years, when I have made a few dollars more, I have developed a desire to read and think. It makes all the difference, I can tell you, a few dollars a week."

By the way, at times Anton talks amazingly like his university-bred friend.

"The men saw in me a peculiar rough honesty, and working men like that!"

As regards that idea of the need of leisure, Mrs. Kelley, in *Some Ethical Gains through Legislation,* takes it up in one of her most impressive chapters.

The interest of the book mainly lies in its enthusiastic revelation of one young man's plunge into another young man's habitat and the delight he experienced therefrom. The interest is technically enhanced by the contrast between their culture, antecedents and breeding and the similarity between their temperaments, tastes, and sympathies, so that the unconsciously autobiographic element has its share in the interest.

We learn much of yeggs, hoboes and bums, of buying "fronts" and of "bulling people out." This latter (mystic phrase which means, as we deduce, to pay people back with tongue-vituperation) seems to have been one of Anton's favourite diversions. He rejoices as much over his success in that field as our genial author does in his having been slugged in a saloon, which notable experience of his own he joyously alludes to a number of times.

The trouble with the *Spirit of Labour,* regarded thoughtfully, is, that it has in it very little of the spirit and less of labour. The individual whom Mr. Hapgood lighted upon or selected was more of a quitter than a worker and more of a theorist than a practitioner. Each, the artist and his subject, is so far from being a type of the class he represents that the book's value will incontestably remain the value derived from the study of one temperament made by another.

Here one sits for hours over cigarettes and cans of beer, one frequents saloons on the "levee," one attends anarchist and free-love saloons, one tactfully elicits guild secrets from criminals, and, with masterly phlegmatism, one does not betray ill-bred surprise.

They had a farewell supper at Anton's house, at which were present Terry and Marie, free lovers, the aristocrats of the slums, Esther, the poet, and others. Anton spoke:

"You are all fanatic about something. Esther and Marie about 'variety'; Terry is crazy about class-consciousness and

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about what he calls consistency; the poet is crazy with egotism; Hapgood is crazy to butt into what doesn't concern him, and Maggie [Anton's wife] is crazy about monogamy."

Mr. Hapgood made a speech, and a good one, too.

That, as well as many other of his interwoven comments on life as he finds it and morality as he conceives it, are interesting and unhackneyed. But Anton, with all his intelligence and aggressiveness, is a mediæval, though without the picturesque *allure* of his talented guild-brethren of Renaissance renown.

Florence Wilkinson.

IV

Dr. van Eeden's "The Quest"*

Of the abundant output of the modern literary movement in Holland but little has been made known to us in translation, but little would bear translating, or, indeed, would be worth while. All that we have had thus far of it in English dress are three novels of Louis Couperus, but now, many years after its appearance in the original Dutch (1887), there comes to us one of the few typical products of the school that may rightfully claim a wider audience, Dr. Frederik van Eeden's *De kleine Johannes,* felicitously renamed *The Quest* in this authorised English version.

The book became a literary event in Holland at the time of its first appearance. An allegory of the inner and the higher life, it was considered to be obscure, and therefore unfathomably deep: the one quality is almost invariably deduced from the other. In reality, however, *The Quest* is not obscure, but imaginative, and occasionally vague. It is not profound in that it does not bring a new message of compelling power, but it weaves into a tapestry of sober colours the wisdom won by mankind through much suffering and reflection, the ethical, social and economic awakening brought about by the application of the theory of evolution to all human knowledge, and by the dreams of socialistic philosophers. Here and there the allegory contains local and personal allusions that can be of no interest to the foreign reader, and must be unintelligible to him, as when Dr. van Eeden, following a kindly custom as old as Dante, introduces a Dutch fellow-*littérateur* pegging away at his piffling work in Hades.

But to return to the allegory in its main outline. Little Johannes, a dreamy, imaginative child, wanders from home one day at sunset. Being a Dutch child, he wanders away in a boat. The sprite *Windekind* appears to him and offers to guide him into the land of untrammelled fancy. Together they pass into a world of fairies and whispering grasses and nodding flowers, of dancing, singing insects and friendly little animals of the fields and woods, the world of poesy. The child is happy, its aspirations toward the unknown beyond are satisfied at last. But not for long. Another sprite appears, *Wistik,* who suggests that understanding is even more desirable than poetic sensation, feeling, and perception. *Windekind* leaves Johannes with his new guide, and with him disappears imagination. But philosophy fails to satisfy the wanderer's mind, and *Wistik,* too, takes leave of him. A woman comes, beautiful, kind in a condescending way, the way of fair women toward adoring boys, and promises for a while to take the place of poesy in Johannes's adolescent life. But she disappoints him, for she marries. Meanwhile Johannes, still in quest of he knows not what beyond, has met still a third guide, *Pluizer,* the spirit of modern science, which disapproves of both fancy and metaphysics. *Pluizer* leads the boy unto the boundaries where this science stops, through the narrow subterranean passage of one of Darwin's earthworms into a coffin in the graveyard, where other worms feed upon the silent lips of the dead. Johannes meets Death, too, grave, friendly, restful, but silent in his wisdom; he feels the presence of Death's companion, the nameless, vague Terror which Maeterlinck has brought from the subconscious into a creepy twilight of literature. And the boy visits Hades, a hell that is Dr. van Eeden's own, different from that of Dante as from that of Shaw.

*The Quest. By Frederik van Eeden. The authorised translation from the Dutch of De kleine Johannes, by L. W. C. Boston: John W. Luce and Company.

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Its master is a man of the world, smiling, plausible, accommodating; its imps are all the doubts and fears and nightmares, the questionings and shrinkings of mankind's long night of superstition. Throughout Johannes is accompanied in the daily life that goes on side by side with his allegorical nocturnal existence by a girl, with whom, and partly through whom, he finds at last the answer to his quest. But, like the hero of *The Three Heron's Feathers,* he recognises not yet the happiness near at hand; he seeks ever beyond.

At last he meets the wandering scissors-grinder, the friend, confidant and counsellor of the poor and the heavy laden, but a vagabond in the eyes of Sadducee and Pharisee, of "respectability" and the law. There is no suggestion, even the most remote, of the Christ in this wanderer, be it said at once. The figure points directly to Russian influences, to Tolstoy. The Wanderer leads the way to the city slum, where suffering humanity swarms in hovels. This is his answer to the quest: Loving service, the alleviation of pain and want, the struggle against injustice—altruism.

Being a socialist, and the founder of a communistic colony, Dr. van Eeden here wanders after the *ignis fatuus* of so many contemporary novelists. The socialistic message in fiction was fresher twenty years ago than it is to-day, more compelling and more convincing. The reader leaves Little Johannes, now grown to man's estate, in a dream of the world as it will be some day, the old dream, now exploded, which foreshadowed not only relief from material want and the fear thereof, but a humanity grown wise, and therefore without sin, contented, nay, knowing perfect happiness, passing its days in pleasant labour and the worship of beauty and justice and virtue, become one.

This is the meaning of *The Quest* in its broad outline. Much of the accessory symbolism of the allegory is vague, as has already been said, of doubtful importance to its development. A remarkable work of sustained fancy, the book presents no new *Weltanschauung,* it brings no new message. Dr. van Eeden has dreamt a dream, he has not seen a vision.

The translation is, on the whole, admirable, but there is reason to believe that L. W. C. is English or American, certainly not Dutch. The names of Johannes's guides, *Windekind, Wistik, Pluizer,* have allegorical meanings as plain and direct as those of Christian, Giant Despair, and Mr. Worldly Wiseman. These meanings are, of course, vastly helpful in the interpretation of the fable. L. W. C. has not recognised them, or, what would be worse, has deliberately left them untranslated. The author himself explains the meaning of *Windekind* in the poetic moment of the sprite's first appearance to Johannes in the gloaming; the meaning of the others he left for his Dutch readers to recognise, it is so unmistakably plain. *Wistik,* the metaphysician, is "If I But Knew"; *Pluizer,* the scientist, the "Patient, Minute Investigator." The imps and lost souls in Hades, too, have names with an allegorical meaning in Dutch. Of them all the translator has recognised only Degeneracy, because the word is practically the same in both languages. But *Bangeling* is meaningless if left untranslated; it means "Coward." *Ginnegap* is "Silly." Curiously enough, one meets in this Dutch Hades Kipling's Tomlinson, but not under that name. He has his twin-brother with him. They are called *Labbekak* and *Goedzak,* slang terms signifying "Duffer" and "Goody-goody." Satan complains of them; he does not want them there: "Just look! They quiver and quake like jelly. They have no bones, and they never did any wrong. If they do not belong in Heaven, who does?"

Some minor blemishes, due to the translator's unmistakable unfamiliarity with Dutch life and Dutch colloquialisms, hardly require mention. It may be worth while, however, to point out that *Meerenberg* is the name of a famous Dutch state institution for the insane, which will explain an allusion on page 380 of the translation, now meaningless; and that *Soos,* on the following page, is a current abbreviation of *Societeit,* the old-fashioned Dutch word for club.

A. Schade van Westrum.

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V

Mr. Dreiser's "Sister Carrie"*

Sister Carrie, reappearing after a mysterious absence in the limbo of forgotten books, deserves from every one interested in the American novel more than the welcome originally given it. It is a book very much worth reading. But as about a lady one might be excused for noticing that a costume dating seven years back was a trifle out of fashion, so in the case of Mr. Theodore Dreiser's story, one may perhaps be pardoned for feeling strongly, as one begins to read, that the stock tricks of the realistic method, even in 1900 somewhat discredited, now almost fatally fail to impress or to move.

When one was very young—the period suggested considerably antedates 1900—it would have seemed a wonderful thing that as Sister Carrie trod Chicago's streets each should be mentioned by its own authentic and realistic name, and that department stores, newspapers, saloons, and theatres should never elude identification. It would have pleased one to know that when Carrie met her lover in Jefferson Park, Monroe Street, it was an old gardener, not a young one, who was on the lawn with a pair of pruning shears. It would have thrilled one almost that when a man with stolen money in his pocket used a telephone in an all-night drug-store to make preparations for flight to Canada, Mr. Dreiser's poise should be so great that, even though the interest of his story was running high, he could stop to tell us that "it was a famous drug-store and contained one of the first private telephone booths ever erected." But now such gems of realism seem less lustrous. One feels doubtful whether it will ever become necessary to reconstruct Chicago from the pages of this particular book, and, on the purely artistic side, callous to the effect of descriptions so carefully detailed.

This is not an attack upon Mr. Dreiser and his book. He is merely tarred with the same brush as his school. The school itself has partly disappeared; he himself would probably write differently now. But the question as to the ultimate value of local colour is ever present. The magazine and book advertisements of the day are screamingly patriotic; may we not have to learn that all is not necessarily wild that's Western, nor all that is American (in capital letters) inevitably throbbing, vital, and "virile"?

It will perhaps seem ill-natured to add to this that writing which lacks marks of great cultivation is not, just because of that, rugged and picturesque. Mr. Dreiser takes a number of what he might perhaps call "flush colourful" liberties with the English language, but on the whole his style is fairly simple and serviceable. And though his book deals with vulgar people, it is essentially never itself vulgar. It is needlessly prolix, but it is a good book, in some ways a remarkable one.

Carrie Meeber at the age of eighteen comes to Chicago from Columbia City, Wisconsin, to look for work and to live with a sister who is married to an employé in the stock-yards. She finds employment, miserably hard and underpaid; is ill; can find no more work; and at last, instead of returning to the dull home from which she came, puts herself under the protection of a genial, lively "drummer," a "masher" who had made her acquaintance on the train that brought her to Chicago. After a time she comes to accept with pleasure the attentions of an even more elegant man called Hurstwood, the manager of a well-known saloon. When she learns that he is already married and cannot regularise their union, she is angry and inclined not to leave the "drummer." But when Hurstwood, by a trick, smuggles her and some of his employer's money over the Canadian frontier she contents herself with an irregular and bigamous ceremony. Hurstwood changes his name, and, ultimately restoring what he had embezzled, brings Carrie to New York. There through several years he slips into failure and finally into complete penury. Carrie, when she realises that all is hopeless, leaves him and secures a position in the "Casino" chorus. We see him at the end committing suicide in a Bowery lodging-house and her "owning Broadway" as a comic opera star.

*Sister Carrie. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: The Dodge Publishing Company.

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So much for the story, not marvellously well invented, and sometimes ill hung together. The first merit of it is that the author, whether because of his realistic method or in spite of it, convinces us that he is showing us the look of things as they are. A greater virtue is the calm, dispassionate, unsentimental way in which he refuses to mould his characters to any supposed exigencies of the plot or of its "human interest," to employ the current cant phrase. Carrie is neither good nor bad in the conventional sense, neither the injured heroine nor the adventuress. She is never in the whole course of the story in danger of falling in love with any one, but she never consciously does much to make men fall in love with her. She hates work, and she loves luxury. The latter seems to her a reasonable aim in life. She is good natured and kind hearted, but at the same time perfectly selfish. She is unemotional, but relentless. She is never painted in gaudy colours, still she is a little juggernaut on a car. Mr. Dreiser secretly likes her enormously. The intelligent foreigner will find her amazingly typical of his idea of the American woman making her way on the bent shoulders of the subject male.

He would also find her typical of the chill in our national blood. No one need avoid *Sister Carrie* as an "improper" book. When Miss Meeber yields to the blandishments of her "drummer" there was unquestionably—from the point of view of the intelligent foreigner—a *scène à faire*. That Mr. Dreiser avoids it is proof equally of his innate refinement and of the American sense that love involves many things besides physical passion. Indeed, one is tempted for a moment to the reflection that Miss Meeber considered that physical feature of life too unimportant to be worth even avoiding, and one cannot help wondering whether here is any key to some of the questions raised in one's mind by the *cause célèbre* of the spring in New York.

Mr. Dreiser's book is, however, worth reading, not so much for Carrie's story as for Hurstwood's. Into the account he gives of the downfall of the sleek, competent, good-natured manager of the big saloon, of his gradual and merited slide into squalid inefficiency and final starvation, the author has managed to put a strain of gloomy poetry, has succeeded in making one feel something of the sombre march of fate. Not in single episodes, but through long stretches of narrative like this he moves both the intellect and the heart—a considerable achievement.

Harrison Rhodes.

VI

Mr. Stewart's "Partners of Providence"*

We hear much in these days, especially from editors of popular magazines, of the rarity of good humour. Yet these same editors are publishing great numbers of stories illustrated with those grotesque little sketches which are the trademark of the comic muse, and books are coming from the presses every day which, if they be not humorous, have not even the sorriest excuse for being. Of course, those canny dictators of the sanctum who put it that *good* humour is scarce have saved themselves from the possibility of contradiction. Good humour *is* scarce. So is good tragedy, and good romance, and good realism. The only product of the human mind that is both good and plentiful is advice. But to complain of a scarcity of humour is to betray a narrow, exclusive estimate of the riches of our present-day literature, and to place under a load of undeserved opprobrium great numbers of the most industrious workers in the literary field.

Here, for instance, is Mr. Stewart, a professed humourist. He has laboured for our enjoyment, and to such purpose that he is quite as worthy of approving consideration as some authors who take themselves more seriously. In his latest book (which is his *Opus 2*, if I mistake not) he has given us a section from the life of a boy, a "cub" on a Mississippi River boat. Sam Daly is sufficiently alive, sufficiently a real character, to tell his own story, which he does with a candour that seldom fails to furnish some degree of amusement. It is not, to be

*Partners of Providence. By Charles D. Stewart. New York: The Century Company.

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sure, much of a story in the fictionist's usual sense. Early in the book the reader's attention, along with Sam's, becomes somewhat engaged with a certain Valdes, a gentleman who, having married him a wife and fallen on evil financial days, goes to South America in the hope of bettering his fortunes. He returns after an absence of years to find his home deserted, his wife and daughter having given him up for dead and vanished in their turn. Thus the comic knot is tied in a fashion that has commended itself to many a respected writer of fiction.

Enter Sam, the preordained god out of the machine. Sam recalls a chance remark of one Clancy, an itinerant citizen of the world, that proves the Irishman to have encountered the wife of Valdes. Incited by the promise of much gold, Sam sets out to find the elusive Clancy. Then the two must "locate" the wife and daughter. If you persevere to the end of the book, you learn that at last they rediscover Valdes, who has lost himself again, and bring about the happy reunion of the family.

But Mr. Stewart is not one of those writers who are to be hampered by a "plot." It would be easy to forget that any such thing exists in this book. His interest is in the boy in whose mouth he puts the story, and in this boy's view of the world as it passes under his eye. Sam is a true child of the river, and that part of the world which lies outside the crooked banks of the Mississippi and the Missouri hardly counts for much with him. A perfect vagabond of a youngster he is, wandering up and down the river at his will, taking in the passing show with open mind, finding it all "for to admire." If he reminds us strongly at times of Huckleberry Finn, both in his own character and in his experiences, we shall not impute that for blame to Mr. Stewart. A man may do worse than write a book that calls to mind a better one. And if *Partners of Providence* is not a second *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn,* it nevertheless has reasons of its own for being. Sam himself is at times delightful; Clancy is as original and entertaining as an Irishman ought always to be; and if Valdes and his unfortunate family are about as substantial as ghosts, it is no great loss. While Sam is picturing for us a race between two river steamers, or describing the marooning and subsequent escape of a pair of pugnacious darkies, or narrating his experiences with a floating "show," we are quite willing to forget the purely conventional obligation of an author to remain within hailing distance of his plot.

It must be confessed that five hundred pages of this fooling is a little too much. No one can be amusing at quite such a stretch. Perhaps the worst fault of the book is that, paradoxically enough, the spirit of pure fun holds sway too completely. There is no suspense, no shadow of more serious things, no appeal even to the easy pathos for which so many opportunities offer. It is not by chance that the best humour in the world is a by-product. Fun for fun's sake is all very well—for a time; but fun for the sake of relief from something weightier is fun raised to the *n*th power. Mr. Stewart has ridden the comic jade too hard; more than once she falters and stumbles. Perhaps he will learn in time—for he is still new to authorship—not to push his mount beyond her endurance. If he does, we may expect of him a better piece of work than the present one. And if not, we will still welcome one as good.

Ward Clark.

VII

A. E. W. Mason's "Running Water"*

It is the good story-teller who flourishes best in contemporary Anglo-Saxon fiction. And the average Anglo-Saxon writer seems content to abide by this fact. But every now and then among these successful story-tellers one finds traces of shy ambition on the line of character drawing, of furtive desires to deal with something besides the everlasting "action" that is supposed to be demanded of the popular novel. Of course, there are many writers of the day who seek for success only in these legitimate paths of true literature. But there are many others who are content to "tell a story," and when one of these gives signs of desiring something else, even without the

*Running Water. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: The Century Company.

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strength of mind to carry it out, it comes as something of a surprise. There is a little too much strenuous complication of plot in this latest volume from the pen of the author of *Miranda* and *The Four Feathers* to allow it to rank as a novel of character. And yet there is more than a hint at character-drawing—there is an attempt at it which is successful at times. And there is a hint at analysis, a studying of actual events not for themselves alone, but in connection with their motives in and their results upon the human character, a combination one does not find every day in a story which, after all, is only a narrative of action. The result of this unusual mingling is a thoroughly readable story, which many will read for its own sake, and which some, who prefer another sort of fiction, may possibly read because of the elusive qualities that lead one on to hope for something a little deeper, a little better, on the very next page.

Beyond a doubt the author of *Running Water* possesses in an eminent degree the talent of story-telling. But he also possesses a certain artistic quality in his gift of narrative, a certain discretion, that do not always go with it. He can make the strenuous action he depicts seem plausible as well as thrilling. But he also knows when to stop and breathe a moment. And in these moments he touches a higher quality of writing, he gives us little glimpses of insight and feeling, that make us wish that some day he may give us something besides the novel of action, the mere "good story."

Sylvia Thesiger, the heroine of *Running Water,* is a distinctly lovable maiden, who, in spite of her heavy burden of innocence and purity, which we hear of rather often, really manages to convince us that she deserves the description. Her lover, Captain Chayne, is less lifelike. He is unpleasantly like the many nice young men we meet in English novels, these quiet, calm, wonderfully complete creatures who always marry the heroine. But Sylvia's mother and her life, lightly touched and soon disappearing from the story, are ably drawn. No one who has travelled much in Europe has failed to see many hundred specimens of the class to which Mrs. Thesiger belongs. She comes like an old friend, if not a particularly loved one. The glimpses of a grim underworld of crime beneath a quiet exterior, which Sylvia comes to in her stay with her father in England, are effective. They convince, for are not our newspapers full of just such instances of attempted "graft" and darker crime, as the one that so nearly reached its dramatic consummation on the rocky slopes of Mont Blanc?

It is in the pictures of Alpine scenery and in that part of the story which is enacted in the High Alps that the author reaches his best mark. There is loving comprehension of the grandeur of the mountains in every line of description, there is an unusual understanding of their individuality, of their life as an entity. And there is knowledge and comprehension also in the portraying of the effect this giant personality of the High Places has upon some humans. It is just in this part of the story that several little impossibilities, or perhaps improbabilities, occur in the unfolding of the otherwise smooth narrative. But because this part of the book is otherwise so immeasurably the best, we are glad the author showed himself a trifle careless as a story-teller to prove that he had moments when he could almost be a poet.

The character of Sylvia's father holds one somehow. And in regard to this figure of a man of ability and good traits twisted askew by criminal instincts, the author has exercised a most remarkable and gratifying discretion. He does not tell us, as almost any other mere good story-teller would do, why it was that Gabriel Strood lost his identity. For this the reader who desires something more than mere action in the novels he reads will owe him a debt of gratitude. For this and several other things in a very readable book.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

VIII

F. C. Penfield's "East of Suez"*

Whether intentionally or by accident, Mr. Penfield has divided his readable

*East of Suez, Ceylon, India, China, and Japan. By Frederic Courtland Penfield. Illus-

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contribution to the study of the Orient into two very distinct parts. In the introduction, the first chapter and the two final chapters he advocates in a remarkably convincing fashion the extension of American commerce in the East. Yet readers who feel no interest in this very important subject may skip these portions of the book and content themselves with reading the intervening delightful descriptions of Ceylon, which the author explored with much thoroughness; Bombay, Jeypore, Benares, where "everything specially nasty or repulsive is protected by the cloak of sanctity"; Calcutta, Singapore, Hong Kong, Canton, Macao and other points *en route*. Mr. Penfield has had ample chances in his long residence in Egypt to familiarise himself with the Oriental point of view, and he is an observer of uncommon shrewdness, sound sense and yet a sensitive eye for the beautiful—as his fine description of the Taj Mahal testifies.

But pleasant as the book is, regarded purely as a volume of travel, the author's "gentle preachment" is inevitably its strongest claim to attention at a time when studies of the Orient, good, bad, and indifferent, crowd the book market and bewilder the reader's brain. The crux of Mr. Penfield's theory is that the absence of the Stars and Stripes in the lands through which he travelled is an indication of very serious lack of forethought on the part of American merchants. "When the inevitable overproduction and lessened home consumption come, Eastern markets, though supplied at moderate profit, will be invaluable." He thinks, moreover, that if the Panama Canal is ever to be otherwise than a white elephant to the United States, American trade and American shipping must be greatly increased. He believes that as an ordinary highway of travel Panama will not have a quarter of the income received by the Suez Canal from passengers, and that it can, therefore, never be made to pay directly. "The way to make it pay indirectly is to make it incidental to the development of a mighty commercial marine, that will carry American products to present foreign markets, and to new markets, under the Stars and Stripes." It is Mr. Penfield's belief that the present commercial fleet of the United States would hardly pay a tenth of the operating expenses of the Panama Canal.

In the concluding chapters Mr. Penfield writes of the German activity in Chinese trade and the commercial future of Japan. He recapitulates the various steps in the German Emperor's policy, which have led to the present growing strength of Germany in China. German goods are exported to China in tremendous quantities, and their use has extended even to the country in the interior. Mr. Penfield regards the strong foothold obtained by the Germans at Kiau-chau as distinctly ominous. That Germans intend to make this the Hamburg of the East he has not the slightest doubt. "From the standpoint of German trade, an Eastern Hamburg is alluring and laudatory—but few American manufacturers, let it be plainly stated, will penetrate China through a gateway so controlled." Mr. Penfield further points out that the decrease in our trade with China is not by any means to be ascribed altogether to the boycott; it is in good part due to the superior enterprise of other nations.

In our relations with Japan Mr. Penfield believes that we are in danger of allowing the Island Empire to obtain a permanent hold on the transportation of American commodities to Eastern markets, while we are complacently reflecting that we can control the carriage and interchange of Eastern trade whenever we please to do so. It is not as a competitor in trade that we need fear Japan; but the strides which she has made in the establishment of a merchant marine are so striking that unless we take warning very soon we shall find that it is too late. "There are persons in the Orient, none too friendly to America, who expect to see the commercial flag of Japan paramount on the Pacific eight or ten years hence."

There is much food for thought in *East of Suez*. The clear manner in which Mr. Penfield presents his ideas and the fact that he has had such excellent op-

trated. $2 net. New York: The Century Company.

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portunities to know whereof he speaks should entitle his opinions to serious consideration.

Elizabeth Kendall.

IX

Mrs. Wharton's "Madame de Treymes"*

Since such crude early attempts as Theodore Fay's preposterous *Norman Leslie* deserve scant consideration, Mr. Henry James may safely claim to have discovered the international episode as a motive for American fiction. In spite of many competitors, he has hitherto kept an easy supremacy in this field, with such masterpieces as *Daisy Miller, The American, The Princess Casamassima, The Ambassadors, The Golden Bowl,* not to mention a host of short stories. But among this brilliant company, Mrs. Wharton's *Madame de Treymes* must instantly take undisputed place. In fact, the author fairly challenges comparison by choosing a theme almost identical with that of *The American*—the clash between a spirited outsider and the intangible resistance of Old World traditions and standards. And to be frank, her latest story excels Mr. James's early one in the matter of probability. For my part I have never been quite satisfied that a man of Newman's imaginative force would not have broken through the network of obstacles, if only by not appreciating them, and have ended by carrying off the object of his homage.

Curiously enough, it is by an even greater subtlety than Mr. James's that Mrs. Wharton reaches a fine simplicity. Where he merely shows a picture of his American baffled by the Faubourg, Mrs. Wharton gives in addition the point at which the Faubourg miscalculates the rules governing our trans-Atlantic Code.

John Durham wishes to marry Madame de Malrive, whom he had known in New York as Fanny Frisbee. This lady lives in Paris with the family of a husband from whom the French law has granted her a separation. A divorce is fully within her rights. It is a question of persuading the de Malrive not to contest the case, so that the divorce may be awarded without trailing the scandal of a cause célèbre over the life of Fanny's young son. The story narrows down into a game played between John Durham and a French sister-in-law, Christiane de Treymes. Having gone so far, a review must perforce stop, for fear of blemishing the reader's delight in following the series of infinitely delicate touches by which the contest for Fanny's freedom is unfolded.

At the very start, Mrs. Wharton succeeds in mastering the greatest technical difficulty in fiction, that of introducing her situation without confusion, and without a hint of clumsy retrospect. So few words are used—the whole is the fruit of such discreet elimination—that one short chapter puts you in full possession of every essential fact; yet nothing could be less marred by haste. Giving in simplest form the last product of her own elaborate mental processes, Mrs. Wharton keeps that air of leisure proper to fiction which deals with states of mind rather than with bodily adventure.

From whatever point you look the story shows no flaw. The author brings out her three types of women with the utmost clearness. Durham's sisters, with their "'handsome' haphazard clothes," fresh from New York and not altogether unlike the Fanny Frisbee of old New York days—Fanny herself—"the same, but so mysteriously changed . . . with the mystery, the sense of unprobed depths of initiation which drew him to her as her freshness had never drawn him"—and above all Madame de Treymes, whose unfathomable completeness puts even Fanny's finish of mind and person in a slightly secondary place.

It is with this last creation of elegance and depravity that Durham must contend for his right to marry. The duel between these two runs through a series of astonishingly brilliant scenes. Mrs. Wharton falls into no cheap errors. Durham makes war with force, intelligence, and common sense; he is neither intimidated by the powers arrayed against him, nor does he underrate them. He commits none of the absurdities by which novel heroes are wont to create and sustain difficult situations. The real subtlety lies—

*Madame de Treymes. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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where it belongs—in the situation itself, not in the ingenuity with which it is prolonged. Moreover, the fact that Mrs. Wharton lets the conclusion turn upon a fundamental moral issue gives a solidity to the whole story, placing it on a more durable ground than any sketch of contrasted nationalities, since it touches the permanent human questions of honour and duty. It is true that she touches these questions lightly, rather with brilliancy than with a heat, which would be alien to her own nature. She neither harrows you by describing Fanny in transports of despair, nor drags you through Madame de Treymes's equivocal pleasures. Her supreme skill lies in bringing you face to face with these women as they are after the past has moulded them. Gyp herself could not more firmly convince you of the French woman's tragic perfidy, yet the detail is barely indicated. You only have the result in pure essence.

By sacrificing a possible long novel (for which *Madame de Treymes* contains ample material) through a miracle of condensation, in matter, in form, and by an unimpeachable distinction of style, Mrs. Wharton has written a short story which stands entirely above criticism.

Mary Moss.

X

Kate Douglas Wiggin's "New Chronicles of Rebecca"*

The resuscitation of a heroine, especially one whose first appearance was as successful as that of Rebecca Randall, is apt to be a doubtful experiment, but *New Chronicles of Rebecca* is by no means a failure, and would have been considered a remarkable book had it not been preceded by *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.*

These chronicles are eleven in number, nine of which deal with Rebecca's early days, while the last two bring her to her eighteenth birthday, where she is left, with a hint as to her matrimonial destiny, which fortunately the author has not enlarged upon. For Rebecca's charm is that of childhood. We see her distinctly as the clever, responsive, sensitive child, but the clearness of the picture becomes dulled as she grows older; it is hard to imagine her at eighteen.

Perhaps the most characteristic of these chapters is the one called "Rebecca's Thought Book," where the author has shown in a remarkable way the thoughts and feelings of a book-loving child who, though untrained and immature, yet has the desire and ability to write, and whose pen moves as easily as her tongue. The school-teacher has asked each of the children to keep a diary in order to acquire ease in composition, and Rebecca, ever abhorring the commonplace, calls hers a Thought Book and furnishes it with an elaborate title-page containing a suggestion that

> "In case of Death the best of these Thoughts
> May be printed in my Remerniscences
> For the Sunday School Library at Temperance, Maine,
> Which needs more books fearfully—"

Among other old friends whom we meet in this book is that village reprobate, Abner Simpson, warranted to steal anything he can lay hands on for the pleasure of swapping it for something else. Rebecca's presence of mind frustrates his attempt to steal the new flag, and his admiration of her quickness actually starts him on a more upright career, leading the pessimistic Miss Miranda to remark that "if Abner Simpson is turnin' over a leaf, or anythin' else in creation, it's only to see what's on the other side"! while the more kindly Miss Jane contends that there is still hope for him. "Now, Mirandy, Abner ain't more'n forty! I don't know what the average age for repentance is in men-folks, but when you think of what an awful sight of 'em leaves it to their death-beds, forty seems real kind of young."

Rebecca's capacity for sentiment is shown in the chapter called "Jack O' Lantern." A poor woman, deserted by her husband, has died in an old cabin in the woods, and while Mr. Perkins has gone to make arrangements for the funeral, Rebecca and Emma Jane are left outside the cabin. Rebecca wonders if there are any flowers upon the woman, and ventures into the cabin and finds the poor creature, quiet and still in death, with a mite of a baby on her arm. Emma

*New Chronicles of Rebecca. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

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Jane, the practical, sets to work at once upon a wreath of daisies, while Rebecca, filled with pity at the idea of the friendless death-bed and forlorn funeral, expresses herself in poetry.

"This friend of ours has died and gone
From us to Heaven to live.
If she has sinned against Thee, Lord,
We pray Thee, Lord, forgive.

Her husband runneth far away
And knoweth not she's dead.
Oh, bring him back—ere 'tis too late —
To mourn beside her bed.

And if perchance it can't be so,
Be to the children kind;
That weeny one that goes with her,
The other left behind."

Rebecca is as distinct a creation in this second volume as in the first. She is thoroughly alive, and as we read of her our thoughts turn unconsciously to that marvellous child, Sir Walter Scott's pet, Marjorie Fleming. Aside from the fact that one really lived while the other sprang from the imagination of a talented author, the differences between them are those of time, place, and circumstance, but common to both is the appreciative mind, the quick intelligence, the sensitive spirit. Rebecca is the Pet Marjorie of the New World.

Mary K. Ford.

XI

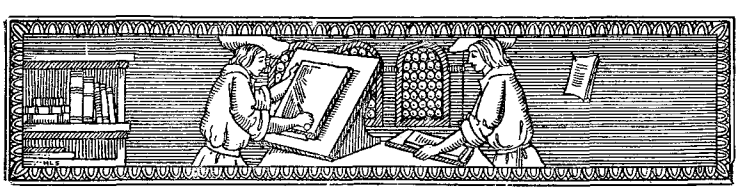
Charles G. D. Roberts's "Haunters of the Silence"*

What Plutarch essayed to do for the ancient Greeks and Romans in his *Parallel Lives,* Charles G. D. Roberts would do for the wild creatures of land, air, and water in his recent volume, *Haunters of the Silence.* The polar bear, the salmon of the Quahdavic, the mole and ant, the wolf and moose and cuttle-fish are but a typical few of those whose life story is told in these pages—told with graphic power, insight and sympathy.

These are the short stories of the wild. Others, it is true, have written successfully in the form of quadruped biography and autobiography, but it has remained for Mr. Roberts to crystallise into a series of brief and vibrant character-studies the really salient features of the horizonless life of the outer worlds. The form he has chosen enables him to depict admirably the life experiences of some particular specimen of its kind, narratives usually of a strange and dramatic character, in which the dominant note is the fierce struggle of all living creatures, little tragedies of fish and beast that are all the more terrible as outlined against the silence of the pitiless deeps. Now and then a trapper or pearl-diver passes across a rare page of the stories; but with a sense of strangeness and timidity each is shown hurrying back into the settlements of men. One cannot put down *Haunters of the Silence* without having received from it a profounder sense of the wilderness of land and water, of the littleness of man and his works, and the greatness of the forces against which his hands have battled since the beginning.

Thomas Walsh.

*Haunters of the Silence. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page and Company.



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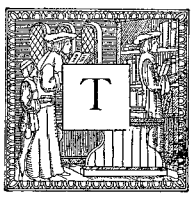
THE STOOPING LADY*

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

CHAPTER XV

IN WHICH WE STAND AT THE WINDOW



TIME flies as the heart flies. Within six hours of the Act of Brook Street, Vernour and she, Brook Street itself and the whole wild, incredible errand—the Resolve, which had been, as it were, the watching of the arms; the Dedication, when she rose that morning to her task; the Sally, the fulfilling of the Vow, the fiery ordeal of the Return—lay whole and composed, a legend, and a golden legend in her memory. As she put by her arms she felt exceedingly complacent that her task was smoothly done. It had been difficult, more difficult than she had expected; she did not stay to examine why—all she knew at the first blush of release was that she had triumphed. She had been loyal—so she put it—to her traditions; she had kept alive in her own breast the flame which her father had kindled there. She had championed the Rights of Man.

Very much excited, her mind alert, her imagination flying high and far, she flitted to and fro, traversing her little kingdom of two rooms a thousand times. Her thoughts just now were entirely pious; she remembered her father without mourning him any more; her gentle mother, too, to whom every whim of her husband's had been a law. She remembered how fine had been Lady Hermione's loyal acceptance of the democratic faith; she remembered, for instance—and it didn't seem in the least ridiculous—that she had tried to be "Citizen Hermione," as the Colonel was Citizen Chambre, and had only given it up because it was so extremely difficult to say. Another trouble had been that the peasantry would have nothing to do with such freaks of naming; her father had always been "the Cornel's honour," and her mother "My lady." There had been a time—no more than a week ago, when Hermia would have laughed, say with Tom Rodono, over these things; but now, swiftly roaming her prison, she thought them splendid. They made her heart beat. When she caught sight of her own face, as she passed the looking-glass, she hardly knew herself in this eager, flushed wood-nymph, whose grey eyes shone like jet, whose lips were parted and hair streaming free. In the glow and fervency of her thoughts she wrote—standing to do it—to Mary Fox: and how her pen raced over the sheet! . . . "I am perfectly satisfied I have done right. Don't seek to persuade me otherwise, Mary—scold me if you like, but no sophisms. I have been living these last few hours with papa and mamma—I have seen them as plain as I see this paper. They look kindly at me, their eyes smile—they would stroke my hair, and papa would kiss me, if they weren't ghosts. I have heard again, with perfect distinctness, dear papa's favourite paradox—*Always be proud enough to be humble, my Hermy.* I am sure that I have pleased him. I don't care what happens to me now."

She left her letter here because that last half-phrase had struck her as so curiously true that she had to consider it. She walked about again, stood at the windows—that of her bedroom, which gave on to the walled garden, that of her boudoir, which showed her the courtyard in front, the statue of Earl Rupert, the locked gates and the lodge. And it was at this latter window that she made a discovery. She found herself blushing and trembling: very slightly, it's true, but trembling she was, and blushing—and extremely happy. Why was this? What had happened? She stayed her researches into her own thoughts; she left her questions unanswered—but she did not cease to put them.

The legend was rehearsed, that golden legend—step by step to Brook Street, step

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by step of the return. But there was a noticeable hiatus. She always skipped the scene with Vernour where she had passed under his arm into the little parlour, and where she had felt that most peculiar sensation of being a bird fluttering under a hand. She approached it always in her thought, with high beating of the heart; but then she closed her eyes and felt herself burning, and lost herself in the fire—and when she came to herself again, she was either talking of the Clanranald family to Mrs. Vernour or speeding homeward, or confronted with grandmamma. There was a fierce kind of excitement in this gradual, conscious approach to a forbidden moment, in the tiptoe venture to the very edge, in the peep too long, the slip, the slide downward to the fiery flood, the momentary drowning; and then there was the relief of recovery, and the sense of danger past. She lived it over and over again; time existed no longer. She conned her legend until she had it by heart, until she knew the perilous passages of it, and could judge whether she was capable of reviewing them, or must not. . . . If she indulged herself, if she nursed her wound, it's no wonder. What else was she to do? Her heart was, as it were, in her arms, against her bosom. She fondled it. This must be confessed. . . . It was all very secret, very sweet, very foolish, and, belike, very wrong. . . . but if outraged grandmammas lock up fair impertinents as a punishment for temerity, this is the sort of penance the prisoners will perform.

I don't see why I should make any mystery about a very simple matter. David Vernour, seen by Miss Chambre for a second of time on that day in January when she first came to the home of her race, had by this end of April assumed the proportions of a hero. It may be granted that he had himself done nothing toward it, if it is granted in return that he had done nothing against it. It does so happen that in the few moments when he was face to face with the visionary he had carried himself with simplicity and dignity. If he was no hero, he had not been unheroic. Indeed, it is difficult to see what better a hero himself could have done. Everything else had been the young lady's work. She had spun the mist through which he loomed like the Brocken-shadow, enormous and god-like; she had lent the fire which ruddied the dream; by every effort of hers he had gained; and every new wrong done him by the Carylls had seemed a new virtue in the victim of their spleen. And not only he, but his family, partook this glamour. The Brook Street establishment became a sanctuary, the Brook Street denizens patriarchs. It had never —even in the first moment of reality— entered her head to say, "These people are not as I am." She was too much her father's child, and too much of her enthusiastic generation for that to be possible. Nothing had offended her, nothing jarred. The men in frocks and aprons, the woman with hands pink and soft from the wash-tub—she had noticed nothing amiss. She had been full of her errand, swept along by it: and now that it was all over, and she was so triumphantly right, so sure that she had done well— now there was no question of reality at all. David Vernour shone through his blue frock like Apollo through his shepherd-skins—what time he was keeping herds for Admetus, serving his time in proud humility with that Thessalian king.

Meantime, on the third day of her imprisonment, Miss Chambre discovered that half-past ten in the morning was the hour of David Vernour's appearance before the gates of Caryll House; and on the fourth that he was aware of her. This was an act of divination on her part, for on his he never once let her know it. It was as he was tethering his horse, or talking with Jacobs at the gates, that he looked toward the window where she sat; once inside the court, although he had to cross immediately under it, he kept his eyes to the ground; nor did he look at her again until he was once more at the horse's head. She was very much puzzled to know how he had learned of her confinement, but assumed that he had guessed it. She saw him every day so long as she remained a prisoner, and nothing could have kept her from the window. When she was released at the end of the week, and free of the house and grounds, on the contrary, nothing in the world would have brought her

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to the gates at half-past ten in the morning.

But here, in the middle of London, were all the conditions of an Italian novel; a window and a secluded lady, a confidential maid, a young man whose business led him daily by the house. The action should have flowed naturally; the lady should lean over the balcony and one day drop a flower; the maid should hear her complaint, and one day confide it to the lover below; notes should pass, and all the rest be in a concatenation. Nothing of the kind here. The romance endured with the imprisonment and ceased the moment it became easier of fruition; and as for the notes, they came and went by the post.

He wrote to her, but after her release, "I beg Miss Chambre to believe that no word from me has occasioned the paragraph in the newspaper. I beg her to do me this act of justice, and to believe me with the greatest respect her obliged servant, D. VERNOUR."

She did not hesitate to reply, "DEAR SIR: I have seen no paragraphs, but had I seen them, should never have supposed them yours. In any case, I should have been very indifferent to them. I remain, dear sir, yours, much obliged, HERMIA MARY CHAMBRE."

She was released, as I say, after a week, and left her rooms to all appearances her natural self. How far that was true I don't, at this stage of her history, take it upon me to say. Her visions ceased with the opportunity of dreaming, and she sought no more material—indeed, she was careful to avoid it. She never left the house, or returned to it between half-past ten and a quarter to eleven; and she did not pay another call upon Mrs. Vernour. So much Harriet Moon ascertained—who, for her part, had no scruples about her hours for going out and coming in.

CHAPTER XVI

IN WHICH SIR GEORGE COIGNE HEARS THE CALL OF FAMILY

When Lady Morfa, under stress of the thought that she was keeping in ward a person for which two eldest sons of earls had asked within a few days of each other, released her granddaughter, she knew that she was committed to her last expedient. Unless you are a Catholic—with convents in the background—there is really no middle course. If you cannot keep a handsome young lady at home, and dare not let her abroad, you must marry and be done with her. She is not a specimen for a museum, after all. Miss Chambre, at any rate, did not appear to consider herself so; but, being enlarged, came forth no whit abashed, said her "Good morning, grandmamma," very happily, and stooped a fresh, if somewhat pale, cheek to be kissed. Without any desire to blink regrettable facts, she complained of want of exercise, and demanded a horse and squire. The marriage-treaty must be faced.

But the marriage of a Caryll by the mother's side is no light matter—no common affair of instinct and heart-ache. There are high contracting parties to such a marriage, and settlements and minute precautions for the proper maintenance of offspring. In a certain sense it is almost vulgar that such an alliance should be opened by a gentleman with a heart-ache; it is surely better that the authorities should sound each other, the land-agents having been consulted, and the powers verified. Certainly, Lords Sandgate and Rodono had not advanced their suits by the methods adopted; in any case, they were ineligible. The Codnor properties were in the west, the Drem estate was miserably cut into by jointures, and was Scotch at the best. There remained Lord Edlogan to consider, son of the Duke of Wentsland and Bryngwin—desirable in every way—but she held him over for the present, and, like a king in a crisis, sent for Sir George Coigne.

This young baronet of Bucks, summoned by his aunt to form an administration, arrived punctually to the minute, driving his four bays from Plashetts as became so famous a whip. "From Uxbridge under the hour, ma'am, upon my soul; two hours and fifty-five minutes from Wendover Cross—and going like clockwork!" He was a prosperous young man, uniformly cheerful; he was sandy, red-faced, wholesome, and slim, very neat in the leg. In addition to his

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coachmanship, which was his great art, he was a certain shot at a woodcock, a keen farmer, not above racing; he had been seen at more than one mill, backing his fancy man, and could put out a main of cocks for a battle at two days' notice. These were his occupations, pursued with the kind of zest most men have for their diversions. In addition, he owned a borough, always at the service of the Opposition, and a comfortable fifteen thousand a year, all in land. Although he was turned thirty, he had never considered marriage, for (as he explained) with horses and hounds a man's hands are pretty full. He bred both, and had taken prizes. But Lady Morfa was fully sure of him. His mother had never allowed him to forget that she had been a Botetort. The Coignes, of course, were respectable, but no more: an old county family. The baronetcy dated from George II.

Her ladyship came to the point with more than her accustomed precision—with more, because she was dealing with a kinsman, to whom a preface would have been impertinent. Her very first words were really a compliment to Family. "Now, George," she said, "I've found a match for you; and you must be extremely sensible and listen to me."

"Always do that, aunt—do me the justice," says Sir George, looking at his Hessians. Had he been a common person, you would have sworn that he had whistled as he heard the first words.

"It's Hermia Chambre," said Lady Morfa; "good blood on both sides, as I am bound to own. I never approved of Dick Chambre, perhaps I need not say—but, after all, he might have been worse. If, for instance, he had not run away with poor Hermione, I doubt if anybody else would. And he would certainly have had all Ireland by the ears if he could have kept quiet. But he set up for a wit, poor man—must talk. Heavens! I can hear him now with his, 'Mark me, madam, a man is not a dumb beast.' He did his best to prove that. He was green wood—all smoke and splutter; but I have never denied his birth. *That* he had, though I daresay he was heartily ashamed of it. As to Hermia, you know she has nothing of her own—five hundred a year, or something of the kind—but I shall see to that. She's been with me now since Christmas, and I certainly like her, I must say. She's a beauty, I suppose—too full for perfection, perhaps—too mature; but the fault's on the right side, and——"

"Quite so, quite so," Sir George murmured to his boots, and wondered what might come next.

"She made a great effect when I brought her out—very gratifying. There was a time when I thought that the Pr——; but, however—nothing came of that."

"Good Lord! no," said the vexed Sir George. "Too bad."

"She's full of spirit," her ladyship calmly pursued; "can answer you like a wit at a dinner-table. I know she has courage, though I think she is obstinate and perverse. But that is because she has been brought up anyhow. A year's training will do wonders—and, of course, there's no hurry. What is she? Twenty, I suppose—barely that."

"Ought to take 'em early, aunt, eh?" said Sir George, his mind's eye now roaming over his walled paddocks, where slim chestnuts grazed at ease.

"Well, now, George, I must tell you that she's been greatly admired. The Duke of Sussex said to me—well, you know the kind of thing those creatures say. Their compliments, my dear! They talk like salesmen! But I've had two proposals for her—one excellent in many ways, and I've reason to know that the Duke's son has had a thought of her. If it were not for a most unfortunate occurrence in which she chose to *embroil* herself—but the other, I'll tell you in confidence, was Lord Sandgate. Lord Sandgate, the friend of—that man! My dear George Coigne, I don't wish to flatter you—but between you and Lord Sandgate what choice have I?"

She paused, and her nephew had to take up the tale. Alarmed as he had been, disturbed, and, as he expressed it, "put about," he was by no means at the end of his tether yet. Talk of this sort amused women, and women amused him, so long as they didn't get too close. His aunt was got as close as he cared about, but he thought that careless interest, so

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to speak, might serve his turn best. Could he not hint the dawning of an idea? Yes, yes, but how the deuce do you do that kind of thing? The old lady was serious, and might take him up short if he was not careful—and talking was such infernal nonsense. One of the few trials of his life was the having to say what he wanted, instead of to get it. It is probable that his natural manner, which was unemotional, jerky, and genial at once, helped him in this uncomfortable pass, for it did combine, rather happily, brusquerie and compliment. It should certainly be a great compliment to your partner in a conversation that you take compliments as a matter of course.

He thumbed his waistcoat, stretched his fine legs to the full, cleared his throat, and settled into his stock. "My dear aunt, I take this very kindly in you—upon my life, very kindly indeed. I don't know what I can say, except that, of course, I'd never thought of Hermy Chambre—in that sort of way, you know. Nice gal—fine gal—well set up—rides uncommonly straight, eh?"

This did not take him far.

"I'm told she rides excellently," said her ladyship, and left it there for him.

"Hardly know her, you know—eh?" Sir George continued, hammering upon his manner. "Full of breed and all that—full of go and pace—fine action and all that, eh? Family first-rate, of course—very young, though—what?"

"Virgin soil," said Lady Morfa; "virgin soil."

Sir George jumped as though he had been shot, and immediately perceived that that made it worse. Really, his aunt was—eh? But he hastened now to agree. "Not a doubt of it—oh, of course, of course! My dear aunt! Very charming and all that." Exquisitely uncomfortable, he felt that no praise could be too strong for a lady whom his aunt could so exhibit. "Yes, upon my soul, I always liked the gal—little Miss Hermy—eh?" This was further than he had meant to go, but his aunt had shocked him. Virgin soil—oh, damn it!

"Very well," said the lady, "then I suppose that we know where we are?"

"Eh?" said he. "Oh, well, aunt, we won't drive her, you know. Never do with a youngster. She'd shy off to a certainty. No, we must go slower than that. I'll turn it over—turn it over in my mind, you know. We've time enough, as I think you said—we must go slow."

"It was you who said so," observed her ladyship, "not I."

"Oh, well, after all, you know—there *is* plenty of time." His discomfort turned him at bay. "I must really—you'll forgive me, aunt—I must really do some serious thinking here, and consideration, eh? Put on my considering cap, and all that, you know." He paused blankly, and felt constrained to qualify what had sounded to him horribly crude. "But she's a fine gal—stout, trim gal—rare colour and all that." She might have been a wine. "So now I think—" He rose.

"Think of it, George; that's all I ask," said Lady Morfa, not truthfully, and gave him her hand, which he kissed before he left the presence. At the door he sighed his immense relief. "God Almighty, I thought she'd got me!"

In the corridor, down which he strode briskly, manhood returning at every step, he came suddenly upon Harriet Moon, who, with bent head, semed to be hurrying about her business. We now find a very different Sir George Coigne—one of quickened colour and assured gallantry.

"God bless me, it's Miss Moon!" She looked up like a startled roe, but almost immediately showed him her long lashes.

"Oh, Sir George, I—" Her hand, which was a very small one, felt like a caught mouse in his.

"Upon my life, Miss Harriet, I'm very glad to see you again. I do hope you're very well."

"Yes, thank you, Sir George."

"One never sees you here nowadays. You've been missed, I can tell you."

"I was just going to her ladyship, Sir George, when——"

"Yes, I know—I'm in luck's way. Let's see, how long is it since you were at Plashetts?"

"Nearly six months," said Harriet quickly and accurately.

"By Gad, is it so long?" She had regained her hand. "I say, Miss Harriet, do you remember the skewbald? And how frightened you were?"

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"Yes, indeed, Sir George."

"I shall never forget that myself, as long as I live in this wicked world," said the baronet. "You took my arm, you know. But you've forgiven me, haven't you?"

"Oh, surely, Sir George."

"You know I wouldn't do you any—you know that I think very much of your—good books, eh?" This was a new Sir George, unknown to his aunt. Miss Moon had nothing to say, and her cast-down eyes moved him strongly. He was bound to see them.

"Miss Harriet—oh, Harriet—" She looked up, pleadingly, beautifully, tearfully, and in another moment her hands were caught—and what might have occurred thereupon if Hermia had not then entered the corridor—Hermia, fresh from her ride—one does not know. That is what happened; Harriet flew. "Oh, how d'ye do, Hermy?" said Sir George to his proffered bride.

"Quite well, thank you, George," said she. "What have you been doing to poor Harriet?"

Poor Harriet! The contrast between his own state and that of the divinely dowered Harriet tempted him to chuckle. "I was just telling Miss Moon, you know, she must really bring you down to Plashetts. This weather—we're at our best—with the grass beginning to grow—and all that. And flowers! Do you like flowers? We've any quantity of flowers. I do think you'd be pleased with us; I do indeed. You go and stay with old Drem—I know you do, because Lady Grizel told me—and it's not fair, you know. Now, really, when will you come down?"

"You must ask grandmamma," says she. "She has me body and soul."

"Oh, no, by George!" He was knowing. "Not she! Don't tell me that. You have a way of your own, I believe. And Tom Rodono says so."

"You collect your information from that family? I don't think he knows much about me."

Sir George mused. Tom was the man! That might be captained by an artful one. "Good fellow, Tom," he said, "but he's idle, you know; wants looking after. But, mind you, he's a man you may depend upon—so long as he don't get angry. Never let him get angry."

"Really!" said Miss Chambre. "What have I to do with his passions?" He was going too fast. Damn it, he was making a mess of the thing.

"Oh, quite so, quite so. What have you? No, no—that's absurd. But about your visit to Plashetts, now. I do hope you'll think of that."

"It's very kind of you, George. I'll see."

"Do—pray do. Now I must be off. County meeting at Amersham this evening. Reform, and all that. I promised I'd go. Waysford asked me. Must keep up, you know, eh?"

"Yes, I hope you'll keep up," says she. "We expect it of you."

"By George, we're all Whigs here, I know—but Reform! I'll tell you this, Hermy, between you and me and the doorpost. I don't much like it. That little place of mine, you know—Condover—well, that'd go, you know. Three freeholders besides myself—and one's my bailiff, and the other's his son, and the woodman. Now, what I say is, that's mine, you know—my grandfather bought it—paid for it. But there you are—I said I'd go, and I will go. And you're quite right about keeping up—that's sport, that is. Well, by-by, Hermy." They touched hands. He added, "I say, though, I do think I'd bring Miss Moon with you—to Plashetts, I mean. My mother likes her."

She laughed. "Oh, of course, I understand that I should be valueless without——"

"Not at all! Only too charmed to have you anyhow—what? Lucky to get you, I know. But Miss Moon—she's useful, you know—been there before, knows the ways, and all that. I do think I'd bring her, if I were you."

"I shall certainly bring her," said Hermia. "Good-bye, Cousin George."

When she found her friend, she said nothing of Sir George or his proposals, but talked of indifferent things—and then, suddenly, she looked at Harriet, who was very aware of it, and put her arm round her waist, and kissed her. Harriet, after a proper moment of surprise, embraced her with both arms, and kissed her back. Nothing was said by

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them—and nothing need have been said by me, but that I think the little incident marks a step in Miss Chambre's sentimental education.

"Moon I believe to be sly," her ladyship had said upon one occasion, and was no doubt right. But the question is, How is a little thin daughter of nobody to keep her soul her own unless she use the only weapon she has—a pair of melting brown eyes and a fine curtain of lashes over them? These and a pretty, deferential way were, so far as I can see, all she had. To be sure, there was religion; but it had not come to that yet.

CHAPTER XVII

WHICH EXPOUNDS A NEW USE FOR ONE'S MISTRESS

My Lord Viscount Sandgate was an enthusiast of that dangerous sort which can turn all things human and divine to his single purpose, to which nothing is too sacred for use, or fails to get, as it gives, colour and radiance by use. If he was a lover, his love must be so much capital for his ventures; if he was an adventurer, his ventures must be sanctified by his love. He would have said, My mistress is my pole-star, and I walk in her beam. Yes, but I travel to the pole. The pole of his endeavour was assuredly Revolution, the lantern for his feet of French make. Into this lantern, as a guide for this end, he proposed to place the kindled heart of the fair Chambre.

He was not one of those politicians who can plod; he was vehement, and importunate of Fortune. Reform, which had promised so fair in the days of '94, now seemed to him scarcely worth his while. At best it was but a handle to the axe he longed to wield; and as time went on, and Ministers sat immovable in their places, and the Opposition rootedly asleep in its constitutional fortress, my Lord Sandgate began to pant for the open, and to snatch at any handles he could find. It must be admitted that he was not squeamish. If Colonel Wardle and the Cyprian of Gloucester Place gave him no qualms, who or what could? He had used these not too cleanly levers so long as they would serve; and after them Mr. Reding, the broker of seats. With the lady he had belaboured the honour of a Royal Duke, with the gentleman bruised Lord Castlereagh's heel—and so far, good. Now, as it seemed to him, he had the opportunity of striking deeper. Corruption, when all was said, was but a surface sore: Privilege was a cancer. You must excise that with a knife. Now suppose that he could inspire his friends with some of the enthusiasm which he had felt for Miss Chambre's gallant deed—suppose, even, that he could egg on that brilliant young leveller to greater havoc—had he not a knife wherewith to slice Privilege? He certainly thought so.

Remember, he was in love with this lady. She imaged for him the live flame of Chivalry, that altar-fire which he could not believe extinguished altogether, and without which he could not hope for any ordered Universe. If he chiefly admired her wit and franchise, her high spirits, he was not at all insensible to her beauty, and was clear as to the extraordinary value of her noble birth. He promised himself the raptures of possession as heartily as Tom Rodono or any ordinary man could ever have done, but flattered himself with the vision of a rarer joy—when they two with level breasts should lead the forces of Liberty into battle, and sit, still side by side, enthroned upon the wreck of kings. The picture is confused—for what have thrones to do with Liberty, unless everybody has a throne? But it pleased him when he made it; it gave zest to his efforts when he set about his design of a meeting between his Phrygian goddess, as he strangely called her, and his ally, the stout Mr. Cobbett.

Nothing could have needed contrivance more nice, but he pursued the plan with such ardour that he was able to manage it toward the middle of June. While Lord Castlereagh was nursing his honour and Mr. Canning his thirst for blood; while the troops in Walcheren were rotting of dysentery and Sir Arthur Wellesley was pushing on toward the massacre at Talavera; while the Prince was getting rid of Mrs. Fitzherbert and Mr. Croker advising Lord Hertford in a very delicate affair, the hospitable Lady Burdett invited Miss Chambre to dine, go to the play, and spend the night at her

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house in Piccadilly. No opposition was raised by the authorities, nor any expectation in Hermia's breast. It seemed a very ordinary kind of festivity.

The dinner-party was decorous and a little dull. Lord Sandgate was present, no doubt, and she admired him as a spectacle and as a force. He was a tall, slim, aquiline man in those days, inclining to middle age, hopelessly an aristocrat. What interested her about him was to see how he could turn not only his judgment and wit, but his fine manner and a hundred prejudices also, to the service of his convictions. He was credited with fire, and she knew that he could act with energy—as when he had pulled her back by the gown at a dangerous moment for her; but where did he hide his fire? Outwardly, he was grave and silent; must he not lack warmth, passion, ardour? Our young lady, who lacked certainly none of these, and had, moreover, full measure of the Irish critical sense, judged him rather a tragical object for the Reformer's ranks. He handed her into dinner; but love was no more able than patriotism to break down his reserve. He added nothing to the success of the party. Lord Rodono and his sister did better; Mrs. Wing and Mr. Engayne, long lovers, did as little as they could. Lady Burdett, very amiable, but rather helpless, exhausted her powers in praising Hermia's beauty; every few minutes she fell into a vague rapture, called her "lovely creature," and recovered. Sir Francis, one of the handsomest men of his day, and one of the most popular, held himself in reserve. No politics were discussed, and at seven o'clock the ladies, with two young men in attendance, went to the play, the other gentlemen to the House of Commons.

On returning to supper the scene was changed. The long reception rooms were brilliant; in the end one of all, through open doors, was to be seen a round table, covered with silver and glass. It had as a centre-piece a curious, tall gilt ornament which represented a throne upon degrees. Behind that stood a lamp-post —a *lanterne*—with its swinging lamp upon the fatally suggestive arm; upon the top of all this imagery was perched a red Phrygian cap made of silk, and made evidently to be worn. What did all this "poetry" mean? Tom Rodono, who vowed he was not in the secret, had no notion. Miss Chambre, interested as she was, excited and lively, had none; and the man, for his part, cared little what she had or had not, so long as he could look at her. She was looking beautiful, there's no doubt, in her white silk gown, with her glowing colour and dark masses of hair. Her eyes, it has before been observed, had the property of seeming black at night. They were grey, in fact, but at night, when she was excited, they filled up with black, which gleamed like jewels. Sapphires have the same virtue.

Three guests were expected, and no more. One of them she knew and was glad to see. Mr. Ranald, brisk and Spruce, made her his best bow, and seemed to pick up his intercourse where he had left it three months ago. He was fresh from the sea, had left Brest roads but a fortnight ago, landed at Southampton yesterday, travelled all night, made a scene in the House of Commons that afternoon, and here he was. "What are we all about here? B—— told me nothing but that I should have the pleasure of meeting you again. I have heard great things of you."

She blushed and smiled. "And did you know that I have heard of you, too?"

"No, indeed. You will hear little good of me in London, from what I can gather."

"But mine was all good. It was from Mrs. Vernour."

"Ah! Yes, indeed. And her praise is worth having. What on earth have we here?"

The butler had announced "Mr. Hunt," and Lady Grizel had put up her glasses to inspect the owner of so remarkable a name. A florid gentleman, who bowed too low and too often, and seemed afflicted with excessive heat in the region of the temples, was now in the room; but why he was there, or on whose bidding, was not apparent. It was probably on Lord Sandgate's. He plunged almost immediately into political discussion, and spoke of a Reform meeting at Salisbury as if it had been one of the Six Days of Creation. Shortly afterwards the butler entered again with a huge man at his

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heels, broad-shouldered, bluff, and very conscious of his powers. It was hardly necessary for him to be called "Mr. Cobbett"—he was his own best herald. Here, at any rate, was somebody worth study—a leader of the people and a force in the land. Miss Hermia devoured him with her fine eyes.

He was very much at his ease, and not ungainly in his free-spoken way. He kissed his hostess's hand, clapped that of Sir Francis; had a joke for Ranald, a bow for Rodono, and two or three words in a half whisper for Lord Sandgate. Of Mr. Hunt he took no notice whatever, but stood, after his first salutations, surveying the ladies—meditating upon them, as if they had been flowers in his garden-plot, with not unpleasant satisfaction. Miss Hermia could not but think that his hands were too deep in his breeches' pockets, his feet too far apart and too firmly planted. Although it was midsummer, he stood back to the fire, a coat-tail under each arm; and although it was near midnight, he still wore cords and boots. She was ashamed of herself for noticing such things, when better things were at hand—for instance, Lord Sandgate's respect for his opinion, and a fine benevolence twinkling in his sharp eyes and creasing his wholesome face. Presently, to her confusion, the man started and looked at his interlocutor. "God bless me! You don't tell me that, my lord!" he said, and crossed the room to where she stood. He waited for no formalities, but exclaiming as he came, "Let me see face to face the most honest girl in England," had her hand in his in a trice; took and kept it in his own huge paw. She was blushing hotly, but that became her very well. "My dear young lady, you are an honour to your sex. I've three fine sons at home who, but for the grace of God, might any of them have been in Vernour's shoes—or frock; and I know what your act would have done for them. You've exercised the privilege of your sex; you've made a man, my dear. I declare that I should like to give you the best I have in me to give, and that's the salute of an honest fellow." He looked at her so benevolently as he said it, so comically, that she laughed.

"You will make me very proud, sir."

"Why, then," said he, "pride for ever!" and kissed her fairly. "And now, my lady," he turned to Lady Burdett, "let me hand you to your own supper-table." This he prepared to do without any more ceremony; but when he found that she chose to go last, he stood aside with good-humour, and kept her hand upon his arm with an insistence not to be mistaken. Sir Francis led the way with Hermia Mary, who now began to perceive that she was the guest of the evening.

The party was a noisy one, more boisterous than merry. Mr. Cobbett talked the whole time; and so did Mr. Hunt. Bob Ranald was the only perfectly happy person present; Lord Rodono was sulky. He now had a suspicion of what was to come. All this was, of course, Sandgate's doing, and be damned to him. "Look, I ask you," he said to Mrs. Wing, "look at the demiurgic rascal, who has dragged us all here, and wound us up, and now proposes to sit still while we jig for his amusement. You may say what you please of Miss Hermia's performance—and I, for one, rate it highly. I was like going down on my knees to her when it was done; but that fellow over there sees in it so much capital. He's an usurious dog—and we shall be well out of this party with our shirts on our backs. Hunt! Regard Hunt! He's overdrinking himself. What have we done to be treated like this by Jack Sandgate—and in another man's house, if you please! That's the particular beauty of it all."

Midway through the meal there came a lull in the talk—or debate, as it was now become; and in that lull a rather terrible divergence was caused by Mr. Hunt. He leaned over the table, with a solemn expression upon his face. "Miss Chambre—Madam—the honour of a glass of wine with you," she heard. Mr. Ranald looked at the ceiling, Rodono at his own folded arms; but Sir Francis supplied her glass, and the thing was done. Mr. Hunt was for enlarging upon the theme, but happily could not. The talk flowed over him again and drowned him; Ranald returned to his sea stories and Cobbett to forestry; Lord Sandgate watched his puppets jig, and Sir Francis sat urbane, smiling and

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quiet—meditating, probably, his immediate task.

In the next lull this fine gentleman, who never failed to do a thing well, however little he may have relished it, rose and made the company a speech. He said that, honoured as he was by the presence of undoubted patriots at his table, he must be permitted to observe that all alike were honoured by the presence of one so young and so intrepid, so diligent to hold the narrow path of honour as the charming lady who came among them to claim her right to alliance in the cause. He need not relate the circumstances, which were fresh in all their minds, under which this lady showed her mettle. They were, he must confess, peculiarly adapted for that display, being of a nature which might well have daunted one less nobly equipped. The forces of prestige, high rank, and influence were not alone arrayed against her; nearer and more invincible forces were brought up to aid them. Single-handed she faced the host, single-handed she showed that no privilege, however chartered, no influence howsoever founded upon natural right, could prevail against honour. He would not despair of England, of the Commonwealth, nor of that Reform to which they were all pledged, while such devotion existed in the breast of a young, highly born and beautiful lady. The Rights of Man were grounded on reason, religion, and justice. It was due to the Piety of Woman that they had never been nearer their recognition than they were now in this year, 1809. He asked his friends to join with him in welcoming Miss Chambre to that Society, founded by the glorious youth of Horne Tooke, cemented by the pains of John Thelwall, that Society of which he was proud to be a member—the Society of the Friends of the People.

Lord Sandgate sprang to his feet. Nobody had ever seen him so moved. "Madam," he said with warmth, "I salute in your person Divine Compassion!" and there stopped; then Mr. Hunt must needs follow him with a "God bless you, Miss Chambre," but Cobbett pulled him down by the coat-tails. "Divine Compassion is good, my Lord Sandgate," said that worthy, "but Divine Right is better—and here's the emblem of it." With that, he picks the crimson cap off its lamp-post and, coming behind her chair, sets it upon Miss Hermia's head. The burning thing rested upon its dark nest, for all the world like the sun of winter setting into a bank of cloud. The whole company rose and faced her; her health was given with three times three amid tumultuous applause, in the course of which Mr. Hunt broke three wine-glasses; and after that, and concerning all that, one at least at the table felt that the less said the better. He had kept his eyes upon the girl, and saw that she was not far from tears. It came upon him on a certain wave of disgust that she might really be gratified at this extraordinary and most unfortunate tribute. And, as everybody concerned seemed to be forgetting himself, so did Lord Rodono, probably, when he rose to his feet.

"Sir Francis, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I believe Miss Chambre would desire me to thank you for the compliment you have paid her." He was here reassured by a grateful glance, and went on. "She is one of those, in my belief, who chooses to do her fine things in her own way and to say nothing about them. I do nothing to diminish the value of your compliment when I assert that her good deeds were never published by herself or by the object of them. And I hope I may add that she will be best served and most honoured if her fame goes no further than these walls. She is not one whose charity should be blazed about Piccadilly."

"But it should, my lord," Cobbett struck in, "and it shall—if the sound of it can reach Carlton House."

Tom Rodono looked very bleak. "Then, Mr. Cobbett, a wrong will be done—and in spite of the lady's friends. Among the sticks with which you beat your dogs you shall not, by our leave, include Miss Chambre."

"She has numbered herself," Cobbett thundered, "she has numbered herself. She has whipped Piccadilly across the chops, and we have dealt a cut for liberty this night which is worth a score divisions, and ten score of county meetings. Ah!" he cried to her, ah, my noble young lady, you little thought when you

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achieved your act of grace that the rebound could carry it hissing over England!" After that, while Rodono was down, very angry and biting his cheek, Mr. Cobbett held the floor. He spoke of Vernour well and eloquently, if one could have cared to hear about the man just now; but the more he said, the worse he made it. The note was a false one, the emphasis made it shrieking false; it was like a man singing flat and holding the note. Even Sir Francis had had enough of it, and whispered behind Lady Grizel to Sandgate—for God's sake to pull him down. But that was easier said than done, and Lord Sandgate took no notice. What he had done he had done—*cosa fatta capo ha.* So Cobbett harped away unhindered: "That sturdy young fellow—that fine, manly, English fellow—a judge of a horse, a very Centaur, my friends—hounded into gaol," etc., etc. He might have gone on for ever, but for Mr. Hunt, of Wiltshire.

Mr. Hunt, very red and excited, here jumped to his feet and claimed the auditory. He got it by a sudden bang on the table which made Cobbett start. "I declare," he said resonantly, "I declare that the honest fellow's wrongs touch my heart. I beg to propose, therefore, a public subscription for a testimonial of respect to David Vernour, and shall be pleased to put my name down for fifty guineas."

The thing was getting quite horrible, but yet there was no moving Lord Sandgate. It was neck or nothing with him; he would have been the first to say that if you go in on the Radical side you mustn't wear thin shoes. Sir Francis would have stopped it if he could, or Ranald, if he had not feared to make it worse. As for Rodono—"Damn you, Sandgate, damn you, damn you!" he groaned to himself.

There being no reply from any of these gentlemen, Mr. Hunt's proposal fell flat; and then Cobbett crushed it to powder.

"Pooh! Hunt," he said in his magisterial way, "you're a month too late for the fair. Sit down, my good fellow. I have already put a round sum at his disposal, without any fuss, public or private."

This was a facer, but a worse one was to come.

"Did he take it?" Miss Chambre asked with seriousness; and Cobbett, as if he had been stung by a viper, recoiled. Tears came smartly to his eyes, and he sat down without another word. Nor did he speak once more that night. "Oh, my dear, my dear, you are the angel on the threshing-floor!" says Rodono to himself.

The fact was that she, with perfect sincerity of vision, had detected an amiable failing of Mr. Cobbett's. Pantisocracy for him was foolishness. He was sure—he was sure all his life long—that any trouble of the lower orders could be salved with half a crown.

Here ended a painful episode in Miss Chambre's career. What she herself thought about it it is difficult to tell. She mentions it in a letter to Mary Fox. . . . "Rather a hateful party, very kindly meant. They make too much fuss—and it will all be put down to *him* . . . Mr. Cobbett. . . . I cannot say that he pleased me. He made me angry. . . . I believe I answered him sharply once. Mary, the notion! He offered Mr. V. money! And I must remember that our family brought that upon him with all the rest."

CHAPTER XVIII

IN WHICH WE HEAR SCANDAL, AND CAN JUDGE FOR OURSELVES

By that same middle of June it is not surprising that Miss Chambre was being talked about—talked about, looked at, observed—but not as yet shunned. To reach that stage of notoriety it would be necessary that she should be sought elsewhere, by the public, for instance, or by those who served the public. But this had not yet happened, so that the polite world did little more than stand tiptoe at a party to see "that Miss Chambre," or to say that there seemed nothing in her—and consequently nothing in "it."

Few seriously credited the tale, or, at any rate, its more serious involutions. At the worst it was an eccentricity due to pedigree: "Colonel Chambre, my dear! and Lady Hermione. . . . Lifted her himself over the railings, and took her

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away pillion." Or, at best, it was politics: "Lord Sandgate vows there was never any one like her. She did it, he says, like an Empress-Queen." The answer to that was, "Or like the Duchess Georgiana," and even that did her no harm. Politicians may go very far, we know; but, politics apart, it did her position good; for if you are driven to a preposterous parallel it shows that you are at your wits' end for credit.

And then, as it were, on the heels of the visit to the Vernours, came that absurd supper in Piccadilly, which saved the girl's face. So it was Politics. The whole thing a Jacobin ruse from the beginning —"Politics, my dear! So I always supposed!"

In the clubs, it's true, tongues went more gaily. "Bet you she's kissed in a month," was taken; the book sent for, the entry made. "Colonel Despard bets Lord Milling ten to one in sovs. that Miss H. C. is—" etc. But there's a season for that. In the clubs they read the newspapers—the *Examiner,* to wit, to say nothing of the *Dwarf,* and *The Gadfly,* and *Peeping Tom.* The matter was too rich to have been missed by these scavenger-birds, the variations too fruitful. The Lady and the Butcher Boy: that came to be a popular cry, and made a score of ballads which might have floated the thing off into legend—so that in after years one would have read of Miss Chambre in company of Molly Legree and the Lass of Richmond Hill: and so they would, if they had been let alone to deal with it. It was the humourists who could really hurt, and who did their best, you may be sure. How they rang the changes! Broken hearts and bullocks' hearts, sheeps' heads and sheeps' eyes, cleavers and cleavings, again the Duchess's canvass with the lips: they had heavy hands in 1809; they spanked with the flat palm where we flick with the little finger.

And prints! I have before me a caricature where the episode is lumped in your face. It's political, but it's more—it's anacreontic. A fine young lady, bountifully enriched in form and hue, a very Hebe, in the tell-tale gown of the period—hiding little, suggesting much—stands with drooping head and hands clasped. She looks like a Circassian in the market-place—exposed. Then, before her, rampant, is a florid youth, frocked and aproned proper. He sharpens his blade on the steel, his starting eyes are fixed upon her, toward the region of the heart. It's not a bad likeness—makes him resemble the Prince as a young man, high-coloured, square-shouldered and fleshy. From his mouth issues a stream of air which, expanding as it ascends, enfolds a legend. "Cob-it, my hearty," we read, "it's prime meat, this year's lamb. Now, miss, how will you have it cut?" In the background Mr. Cobbett, to be guessed by his broad back and gaiters, cries, "Buy, buy, buy!" and exhibits carcases to the mob; while Captain Ranald, unmistakable in cocked hat, hacks with his regulation sword at a fine hog labelled "Caryll-cured." To put the whole beyond a doubt is the flagrant title subscribed, "The Groom of the Ch——re, or Cleaving to the Cleaver." This had a great vogue, and one can only hope the fair victim never heard of it. And I don't know whether it appeared before or after Mordaunt's anecdote got about. Pink Mordaunt he is in all the Memoirs. They must have been very near together.

What Mordaunt had to say was that toward the end of June she was walking from Berkeley Square, where she had been visiting, with Lady Barwise, her aunt, and that he, Pink, was escort. The weather was lovely, with the planes of Lansdowne House in their fulness of green—a perfect summer afternoon following a wet morning. Round the corner of James Street came a horse at a canter, and upon the horse, well back upon him, the reins loose, sat a fine young man, bareheaded, in blue smock and apron. He pulled up short to let the ladies cross; but it had been raining and the road was muddy. A spatter covered Mr. Mordaunt's nankeens, a fleck or two showed upon Miss Chambre's muslin. "Damn the lout!" cries Pink, and immediately begs pardon. And as he looks his apologies, says he, he is struck by the expression of Miss Chambre's eyes—fixed and attentive, as if waiting, as if expecting an order; and he notices the parting of her lips—as if she paused, but

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did not breathe. She was blushing divinely, she looked splendid, he said—but she was looking at the horseman who had just muddied her dress.

And then, for his climax, delivered in his best tones, "I give you my word of honour that she bowed to him—bowed, sir, as you or I to the old King. And I'll be shot, Johnny Russell, if he didn't accept it. That's the word, sir: *he accepted it,* as the Prince might take it from a bargee. You might—" he puffed his cheeks out, and you could see why they called him Pink—"you might have knocked me down with a feather-brush—by Gad, you might!" This was a story which lost nothing in the telling, and ran waxing all over town.

It's a true story. That was the first encounter she had with the redoubtable Vernour after her escapade in Brook Street—and often enough she had wondered when it would come upon her. And when it came, the girl did stiffen, did blush, did watch and wait, did bow her head—and was accepted. She was never asked to justify such proceedings, and had no one to whom to whisper of them—nor was she of the sort which lightly confides secrets to bosom friends; but she would have been perfectly simple about it. He was before her again—she knew him—she bowed. What else? That she was glad to see him? She was glad. That she had been waiting for it to occur, by accident? It must be by accident—that's of course. She might have so contrived as to meet him twice a day at the gates of Caryll House; his hours were known to the minute. But that could not be. That was for the Mrs. Moths, may we say, the Harriet Moons. But if she thought—and she had thought—she must have known that she would meet him casually, must have speculated on what she would do; and, being what she was, she would not have faltered. Without pretending to read her heart better than you can, that's how I put it before you. That's my idea.

As for Vernour, it is true that he bent his head to her when he received her greeting, that he looked at her seriously, that he raised his hand, but not to touch his forelock. It all depends on how that was done—whether lightly or with the deference usual from an inferior. Pink Mordaunt said that he jerked it up like a field officer acknowledging a sergeant's salute; but that may have been one of his after-touches. He was famous for his technique in these matters.

He added, certainly, details of what followed upon the encounter—sort of *mémoires pour servir* for a sequel. Her great colour, he said, endured up Hay Hill and across Piccadilly; somewhere past Arlington Street her composure came back, and she could give him sally for sally. He had, of course, sprung his rattle at the first glimpse of danger, and kept it going for most of the walk. He was true to the traditions of his caste, you see; and I hope she was grateful to him. She ought to have been.

Whatever Lady Barwise may have seen at the moment, she never turned a hair. But she thought proper to speak to her mother. "Mamma, you ought to stop this at once. It is certain to be talked about as it is, and heaven knows what it may lead to. Surely we have had enough of the man's horse! I do think that we might leave the newspapers to the Royal Family. I'm told that the Duchess of Suss——"

"I beg your pardon, Louisa," said her ladyship, "but I cannot think that my family can compete for scandal with the King's. I don't believe a word of your story. If she felt uncomfortable at meeting the man again, it's no wonder—and her own fault. She'll get over that. The rest is pure imagination, if it's no worse. I must be allowed to remind you that you never got on with poor Hermione, and are hardly likely to esteem her children."

"Her children and Colonel Chambre's, mamma," said Lady Barwise.

"My grandchildren and your father's, my dear," the high old lady replied.

There was nothing more to be said, though the *impasse* was felt to be unworthy of Lady Morfa. And yet Lady Barwise had been justified if she had but known that, as a consequence of this walk, Hermia was sent off to Plashetts to the care of Lady Sarah Coigne, the baronet's mother. She was not sorry to go, and had pleaded for Harriet's companionship; but Lady Morfa had need of

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Moon, she said. So Moon remained in town, and solaced her brown eyes with tears, or whatever balm she could come by.

It was after her ten days or so at Plashetts that there befell her another adventure of the kind. On this occasion she was alone in the great Morfa chariot, driving out to pick up her grandmamma, who had been breakfasting with Lord Sumnor. At the north end of Bond Street a horse had fallen under his yokefellow; there was a block; and in it, on his grey cob, sat Vernour.

He was close to her now, so close that their hands, stretched out, could have touched, so close that she could see the colour of his eyes when for one serious moment hers met them. This time, it's noteworthy, she did not bow, nor did he; but the greeting was the more intense for the muteness of it; behind the locked lips of each might be sensed a cry. His—"Oh, I see you there enthroned—and I kneel, I kneel. I am always on my knees!" And hers—"Here am I—what will you have of me?" And then another—"Turn away your eyes. I am afraid." It was she who avoided, for he did not. For how long she sat burning there is not to be guessed; all that can be said is that her grandmamma had no reason to complain of her vivacity when she joined her in the carriage. Another odd thing: when they were returned to the house, and before Jacob Jacobs could lock the gates upon the divinities returned to the shrine, she had run out again, and had given Mother Cole a shilling.

Mother Cole was a weather-fretted old woman in a black bonnet and shawl, who swept the crossing in Cleveland Row. She was an institution as famous in her quarter of the town as Sir Jeffery Dunstan, Mayor of Garrat, in his. She was the familiar of princes and peers; it was said of her that Mr. Fox never delivered an important speech in the House without going over the heads of it with Mother Cole. She was a staunch Whig. Lord Rodono had presented Miss Chambre to this celebrity upon an early day, and much familiarity had ensued.

Matrimony was the sum of her discourse to ladies—matrimony with a wink for maternity; gallantry of that to gentlemen—with a wink for frailty. She rarely acknowledged Miss Chambre's greetings without a "When is it to be, miss?" and would shake her head at all laughing denials. On this occasion, whether it was the unwonted shilling, or a light not hitherto seen in the young lady's eyes, or a cheek too rosy, or a flutter in the voice, Mother Cole darted a penetrating glance, and said, "Ah, miss! ah, my pretty dear! 'Tis easy seen he's been by." Miss Chambre made no denials, but did not cease to blush. It was ridiculous, it may have been monstrous, but she was not offended.

(To be continued.)

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

Allsopp and Chapple:

Twenty Years in a Newspaper Office. By Fred W. Allsop.

Random recollections, consisting of things seen, heard, and experienced during the twenty years spent in newspaper work on the *Arkansas Gazette*. There are chapters on "The Merchandise of Advertising," "The Esteemed Subscribers," "Newspaper Jokes and Blunders," and "The Ladies and the Newspaper."

The American Book Company:

Gaskell's Cranford. Edited by Charles Elbert Rhodes, A.M.

The latest of the Gateway series of English texts under the general editorship of Henry van Dyke. The introduction and notes are an aid to the fuller understanding of this chronicle.

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The Trail to the Woods. By Clarence Hawkes.

One of the Eclectic Reading Series, full of sketches dealing with the life stories of such wild creatures as the moose, the wildcat, the eagle and the osprey, and illustrated with incidents from the author's own experience.

Nature Studies on the Farm. By Charles A. Keffer.

A book for juvenile pupils, presenting simple lessons in agriculture, with chapters on soils and plants, their relation to each other, and the best way of combining them in economic plant production.

Composition-Rhetoric. By Thomas C. Blaisdell, Ph.D.

An exposition of the author's own methods of teaching, furnishing the student with examples from the master-writers, analysed to show how they appeal to the feelings and why they obtain the results intended by the author. The pupil is requested to use the information thus acquired in writing about his own experiences and in this way is taught to recognise and thus avoid making mistakes.

Lucretius De Rerum Natura. By William Augustus Merrill.

Lucretius De Rerum Natura has an introduction giving the essence of Epicurean philosophy, an appreciation of the poem, and a sketch of the author's life. It is said to be the only American edition containing the text of the entire poem, a commentary and an index.

D. Appleton and Company:

Drink. By Hall Caine.

Robert Harcourt, the hero of *Drink,* is in love with Lucie Clousedale, a beautiful heiress who is afflicted with hereditary dipsomania. Every known remedy, including hypnotism, is tried on her, but nothing effects a permanent cure. A postscript to the volume reads as follows: "It all happened five and thirty years ago, and assuredly the blessing has thus far got the better of the curse. Hope! it is the one infallible physician. There is no evil it may not conquer, for where it cannot destroy the disease, it can drive away the fear that makes the disease fearful."

Badger Publishing Company:

Seamstress and Poet and Other Verses. By Felicia Ross Johnson.

A collection of some two score poems sounding the praises of the winds, the flowers, the fields and the reapers, and the call of the woods. Two poems of Colonial times celebrate legends of Turkey Foot and Negro Mountain.

Foregone Verses. By William Wallace Whitelock.

Prairie Flowers. By Margaret Bell Houston.

The Mermaid. By Thomas McKeen.

Ballads and Lyrics. By C. Eldred.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

Dimbie and I. By Mabel Barnes-Grundy.

An autobiographical novel beginning instead of ending with the wedding. Marguerite Westover, the heroine, is an invalid married to Dimbie of the "crooked" smile. Amelia, the maid of all work, is the other important character, and her remarks about her former employers, the Tomkinses, serve to enlighten the tale.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

The American Idea. By L. K. Commander.

A treatise on the race suicide question from the affirmative standpoint dedicated to President Roosevelt. To the title is subjoined the question, "Does the national tendency towards a small family point to race suicide or race development?" The book contains eleven chapters, an appendix and a bibliography. Some of the titles of the chapters are as follows: "Has the Small Family become an American Ideal?" "Not Degeneracy," "American Self-preservation," and "The Nation and the Child."

Brentano's:

The Shulamite. By Alice and Claude Askew.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

The Century Company:

Running Water. By A. E. W. Mason.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Partners of Providence. By Charles D. Stewart.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

The Religious Value of the Old Testament. By Ambrose White Vernon.

The writer of this volume compares the earlier state of mind regarding the Old Testament with the present modern interpretation if it. It is intended to be of interest not only to those who believe implicitly in the Bible, but to those who are in sympathy with the higher criticism.

The Ministry of David Baldwin. By Henry Thomas Colestock.

A story of the constant and ever recurring struggle between the old and new conceptions of the Bible, evolution,

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and "higher criticism." A young theological student absorbed with advanced views receives a call to a very conservative church. He expounds his ideas to the horror of the congregation, who declare his doctrines to be unsound. The conflict then arises between his wish to retain the pastorship of this very desirable parish and the moral obligation he feels himself to be under to preach the truth as he sees it.

Orthodox Socialism. By James Le Rossignol.

A text book on socialism written from a scientific standpoint of a student of economics. The creed of socialism from its historic inception, class struggle, social revolution and other topics of general interest are discussed in this treatise.

The Greatest Fact in Modern History. By Whitelaw Reid.

This was originally an address delivered by Ambassador Reid at Cambridge University, and in it he frankly tells England the reasons why she lost America. The author traces the chief forces which helped to build up the country from a group of struggling colonies to the position of dignity and power which she now holds among the nations.

Christ's Secret of Happiness. By Lyman Abbott.

Doctor Abbott divides happiness into three distinct kinds, pleasure, joy, and blessedness. "Pleasure," he says, "is the happiness of the animal nature, joy of the social nature, blessedness of the spiritual nature. Pleasure we share with animals; joy with one another; blessedness with God. These three types of happiness are not inconsistent. One may have them all. God does not require us to choose." The subject is treated in eleven short essays under such suggestive titles as "The Blessedness of the Poor," "The Joys of Sorrow," "The Honours of Peace," and "The Spring of Perpetual Youth."

Much Ado about Nothing. Edited by Charlotte A. Porter and Helen A. Clarke.

An edition of the first folio text of Shakespeare with original spelling and punctuation.

G. W. Dillingham and Company:

Flip Flap Fables. By Frank E. Kellogg.

A group of twenty-seven stories on such subjects as "The Wolf and the Peacock," "The Cat and the Possum," "The Great Detective Who Unearthed Things," and "The Man Who Fooled His Wife."

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Many-Sided Roosevelt. An anecdotal biography. By George William Douglas. $1.00.

A study of the President intended to show forth his distinguishing traits and principal characteristics by means of anecdotes gathered from various authentic sources. These little stories, given in the form of a connected narrative, are in no way a political treatise, but merely a study of a contemporary American conspicuous in public life.

Recollections of Men and Horses. By Hamilton Busbey.

A new book of attractive gossip about horses and horsemen from the pen of Mr. Hamilton Busbey, who is considered an authority in this field. Mr. Busbey was for thirty-eight consecutive years the editor and owner of *Turf, Field, and Farm*. The book deals with trainers and breeders all over the country, with many of whom the author has been intimately connected, and is illustrated with portraits of men and horses.

Joyzelle and Monna Vanna. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. $1.20.

"Joyzelle" is considered the most real of any of Maeterlinck's plays and is a drama of the dreamy mythical kind. The love of Joyzelle and Lanceor shown perfect by the cruel proofs arranged by Lanceor's father, the wizard Merlin, Merlin's own fate, and the strife between him and his subconscious self made visible in Arielle are the vital points expressed in lovely fantasies. "Monna Vanna" is a story of retributive justice.

Davenant. By Albert Kinross.

Davenant, the hero, is an idealist and his ideal is, strangely enough, America. How it came to be his ideal, the queer Americans who attach themselves to him, and his salutation to the land of his dreams are incidents in the story.

How to Prepare for Europe. A Handbook of Historical, Literary, and Artistic Data with Full Directions for Preliminary Studies and Travelling Arrangements. By H. A. Guerber.

As it is impossible for the prospective traveller to carry about with him the large reference library adequate to his needs, the author of *How to Prepare for Europe* has endeavoured to compress into easy, portable shape the information necessary to meet the requirements of the average tourist. It contains practical suggestions on the cost of travel, itineraries, outfit, packing, steamer accommodations, the different modes of travel abroad, and as a helpful preparation a brief history of each country. There are chapters on painting, sculpture, architecture, and music and to these are

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appended chronological, alphabetical, and bibliographical lists, giving important data concerning the history and art of the European and ancient world.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Efficient Life. By Luther H. Gulick.

A book by the Director of Physical Training in the New York Public Schools advancing the theory that as most of us live in cities under a severe strain both mentally and physically, we should endeavour to keep ourselves strong, both in mind and body. The subjects dealt with in some of the chapters are as follows: "States of Mind and States of Body," "Speed," "Efficiency," "Exercise, Its Use and Abuse," and "Vitality—the Armor of Offence."

Duffield and Company:

The Spirit of Labour. By Hutchins Hapgood.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Harper and Brothers:

Katherine. By E. Temple Thurston.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Life of Mlle. Julie de Lespinasse. By the Marquis de Ségur.

A romantic history of the Frenchwoman who is known to have been the original of *Lady Rose's Daughter*. Despite her youth Mlle. de Lespinasse established a salon not very far from that set up by Madame du Deffard. All the famous men of that period met there, among whom are recorded the names of David Hume, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Abbé Galiani, Walpole, and Voltaire. Then Mlle. Julie fell in love unfortunately not with one man but two. The first was a Spanish nobleman, the Marquis de Mora, a handsome and very attractive man, but afflicted with some hereditary disease. He was obliged to leave Paris and return home on account of the weak condition of his lungs, and when he told his family about his fiancée, they bitterly opposed the marriage. While he was away Julie fell violently in love with Guibert, evidently without lessening her love for Mora, as she wrote equally impassioned letters to both. Finally, when Mora died and Guibert married, Mlle. de Lespinasse transferred her interest to d'Alembert, for whom she cherished a platonic affection. This lasted until she died on the morning of May 22, 1776.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Marcia. By Ellen Olney Kirk.

An autobiographical novel in which the heroine, a girl of twenty-one, finds herself in possession of a beautiful ancestral estate, but without the requisite income to keep it up. She decides on a career and goes to New York, where she supports herself by doing various kinds of literary work. Men and women who move in the world of "Lily Bart" are pictured in this story, but they are of the high-minded kind who eschew gambling and frown upon divorce.

The Lyceum Publishing Company:

The Hypocrite. Bingham Thoburn Wilson.

A poem in blank verse.

Longman, Green and Company:

Literary Forgeries. By J. A. Farrer.

According to Greek tradition, forgery in literature has been practised ever since the art of writing was in use for literary purposes. On ecclesiastical literature it has left its most ineffaceable mark, but its easiest and pleasantest work is among ancient ballads. Many famous examples are used, the most notable of them being that of Horace Walpole, who credited "The Castle of Otranto" as being "printed at Naples in the black letter in the year 1529." The introduction is written by Andrew Lang.

John W. Luce and Company:

The Quest. By Frederik van Eeden.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Indian Love Letters. By Marah Ellis Ryan.

The love letters from an Indian to an American girl. Written with the poignant realisation of the utter hopelessness of his passion and the inmeasurable distance between the lady of his dreams and himself, the member of another and an alien race. Each letter is imbued with the spirit of inevitable renunciation.

The Macmillan Company:

How Doth the Simple Spelling Bee. By Owen Wister.

A satirical skit aimed at the Simplified Spelling Board and its adherents. It has seven full-page illustrations by F. R. Gruger.

The Truce in the East and Its Aftermath. By Putnam Weale.

A thesis developing what is probably the most keenly discerning and faithful analysis that has been made of the Eastern question since the end of the Russian-Japanese war.

Kenilworth. By Sir Walter Scott. Edited with an introduction and notes by J. H. Castleman.

One of the Pocket series of American and English classics edited for use in

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elementary and secondary schools with a critical introduction and notes. It contains a short life of Scott with a chronological table.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

He Knew Lincoln. By Ida M. Tarbell.

Through the eyes of Billy Brown, druggist, at Springfield, Illinois, Lincoln is shown to us in the spirit and under the guise in which he appeared to his cronies at the little corner drug-store, where he used to meet his friends and "swap" amazing stories. The impression and personality of Lincoln as presented in this short story is intended to be an aid to the fuller understanding of the man in the various phases of his existence.

The Bird of Time. By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

A series of essays treating the different phases of the "new woman" idea. They are in the form of conversations conducted by Egeria, a woman painter of distinction, with a large coterie of friends, on life and art as she sees it. In the first chapter Egeria declares fifty to be the age when a woman is at the height of her charm, and defends this assertion with a great deal of ingenious argument. It may be said that we are left in the dark as to her own age until, in the final line of the last chapter, having just accepted the last and shyest of her admirers, she confesses that she herself is fifty years old.

The Silent Door. By Florence Wilkinson.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

From King to King. By G. Lowes Dickinson.

The tragedy of English history in prose and verse which has been originally published in England in 1891, and which has been revised and rewritten in parts and is now presented in a series of dramatic scenes and dialogues. There are thirteen scenes in all and date from the imprisonment of Eliot and Hampden in the Tower to the death of Vane on the scaffold in 1662 after the Restoration.

Moffatt, Yard and Company:

Conflict. By Constance Smedley.

A novel of English life. The chief character is the heroine, a modern business woman, who suddenly finds herself face to face with great responsibilities: She comes into intimate contact with a class of people who attempt to make her look at life from their rather questionable standpoint and adopt their code of morals. The "conflict" then arises, resulting in the triumph of the sounder character.

The Neale Publishing Company:

The Conquest. By Daisy Fitzhugh Ayres.

The story of a Western senator, a recent millionaire, formerly a miner, now a representative of his State. He goes to Washington, leaving his wife behind him, and she, eagerly reading his letters, becomes aware through his unconscious self-revelation of the presence of another woman in his life. Wild with jealousy she resolves to go to Washington. Under an assumed name she becomes very popular at the capital, and the rest of the book is devoted to a character study of this woman, dissecting her motives, her mistaken logic, and her love for her husband.

Sundays in London. By Luther Hess Waring.

The Sunday London, so different from the week-day London, is described here.

The Life and Letters of Robert Edward Lee. By Rev. J. William Jones, D.D.

The life of General Lee shown by his letters and by his chaplain, who was known as the "fighting parson" depicting him as "a modest God-loving gentleman, a firm staunch patriot, and an intrepid soldier, a brilliant commander, a magnanimous foe, a thorough scholar, a useful and honourable citizen."

Representative Southern Poets. By Charles W. Hubner.

A study of the leading poets of the South—Lanier, Hogue, Timrod, Ryan, Hope, Ticknor, Preston, Pinckney, and Oliver. It is intended in this book to give Americans a fuller insight into the literature of the South. Europe gives Poe first place as a teller of tales and ranks Sidney Lanier high in the poets' corner, but it is a probable fact that the average Northerner, Easterner, and Westerner know very little about Southern literature.

Ku Klux Klan. By J. C. Lester and D. L. Wilson. With Introduction and Notes by Walter L. Fleming.

A history of the origin, transformation, decline, and disbandment of that mysterious order which, in the terrible period of the Reconstruction days, sought to keep order in the South. Major Lester, one of the authors, was of the six original members of the Pulaski Den, while the other, Reverend D. L. Wilson, though not a member of the Klan, was an intimate friend of the founders. In the North there have been prevalent so many mistaken conceptions about this organisation.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer. By General G. Moxley Sorrell.

These reminiscences begin with the battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861, and

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continue through the stirring battles of Seven Pines, Chickahominy, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, and the eastern Tennessee Campaign.

Poems. By John Henry Boner.

The Great Parliamentary Battle and Farewell Addresses of the Southern Senators on the Eve of the Civil War. By Thomas Ricaud Martin.

It is intended here to call especial attention to the distinguished Southern Senators of antebellum days. Prominent among them were Judah P. Benjamin and John L. Breckinridge.

Richard Hickman Menefee. By John Wilson Townsend.

A biographical study of the great Kentucky statesman in which the man and his work are treated. It contains all of Mr. Menefee's speeches that are in existence, his diary, and many of his letters.

Jefferson Cabell and the University of Virginia. By John S. Patton.

A history of the University of Virginia during the most important epoch in the development of the nation. All the incidents deemed worthy of preservation are chronicled in this book.

Morgan's Cavalry. By General Basil W. Duke.

Written by Morgan's comrade and brother-in-law who enlisted under him when Morgan organised his command during the first year of the Civil War. It is the picture of a remarkable man who moved through those stirring years of international strife to the accompaniment of kaleidoscopic pictures of "colour, dash, and courage."

The Olivia Letters. By Emily Edson Briggs.

The social life of Washington during the years 1866-1886 told by the letters of a newspaper correspondent who went everywhere, knew everybody and saw everything and then wrote up her experiences for the Philadelphia *Press* and other papers.

Four Years Under Marse Robert. By Major Robert Stiles.

The cause of the Civil War is set forth in this volume telling what the Confederate did, and suffered, what he was, what he felt, what he thought and why he fought.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Poison Island. By A. T. Quiller-Couch.

A story of adventure. The first scene opens at a boys' school at Falmouth, England. The most prominent characters are a fanciful old-fashioned boy, named Henry Brooks, two retired sea captains, one of whom owns the map of a mysterious island named Mortallone, in the Bay of Honduras, a rapacious villain, De Beauregard, to whom the island itself belongs, and the sentimental Miss Plinlinmen, a lady of uncertain age. In these pages are recorded a thrilling murder, the expedition after buried treasure to the Spanish Main and a seemingly inexhaustible fund of incident and adventure.

Madame de Treymes. By Edith Wharton.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Small, Maynard and Company:

Intimations of Immortality. By Helen Philbrook Patten.

A book of special significance for Easter time with a foreword by Laurens Maynard setting forth the spirit and scope of the book.

Benjamin R. Tucker Publishing Company:

The Ego and His Own. By Max Stirmer. Translated from the German by Steven T. Byington.

This work though published more than fifty years ago has now for the first time appeared in the English language. The purpose of the book is to destroy the idea of duty and assert the supremacy of will.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of March and the 1st of April.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
2. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Christian Science. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.
5. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. Captain of the Kansas. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Barnes, American. Gunter. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
6. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Shulamite. Askew. (Brentano.) $1.50.

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2. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
3. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Life's Shop Window. Cross. (Kinnerley.) $1.50.
5. Madame de Treymes. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.00.
6. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
5. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Adventuress. Stanton. (McBride.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
3. The Privateers. Watson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Squaw Man. Faversham. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
5. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
2. The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square. De la Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.50.
3. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square. De la Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
3. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Joseph Vance. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00
4. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
6. Dimbie and I. Grundy. (Baker & Taylor Co.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Before Adam. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Adventuress. Stanton. (McBride.) $1.50.
6. The Captain of the Kansas. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Lion and the Mouse. Klein. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
4. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
5. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
6. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
5. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Before Adam. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

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4. Before Adam. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Sampson Rock of Wall Street. Lefèvre. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
5. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Dust of Conflict. Bindloss. (Stokes.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Captain of the Kansas. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
4. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
6. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
3. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Gentleman Ragman. Nesbit. (Harper.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Balance of Power. Goodrich. (Outing.) $1.50.
5. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
6. Christian Science. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
5. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
6. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
4. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Saul of Tarsus. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Turn of the Balance. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Christian Science. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.
4. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

1. Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
5. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Sampson Rock of Wall Street. Lefèvre. (Harper.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
3. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. By the Light of the Soul. Freeman. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

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NASHVILLE, TENN.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Bishop of Cottontown. Moore. (Winston.) $1.50.
3. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
5. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Upton Letters. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.25.
4. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
5. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
4. The Missive. Parker. (Badger.) $1.50.
5. Sampson Rock of Wall Street. Lefèvre. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. General Lee, 1861-1865. Taylor. (Nusbaum Book & News Co.) $2.00.
3. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
6. Christian Science. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
4. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Captured. King. (Fenno.) $1.50.
6. Captain of the Kansas. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
5. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Captain of the Kansas. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
5. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
6. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. McDonald of Oregon. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
3. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Christian Science. Twain. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Fanshawe of the Fifth. Hillers. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Captain of the Kansas. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Christian Science. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
4. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Joseph Vance. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. A Modern Madonna. Stanly. (Century.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
4. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Captain of the Kansas. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
6. Before Adam. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Turn of the Balance. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
4. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
5. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Before Adam. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. Mr. Barnes, American. Gunter. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
2. Christian Science. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.
3. The Mystery. White and Adams. (Musson Book Co.) $1.50.
4. The Viper of Milan. Bowen. (Musson Book Co.) $1.25.
5. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.25.
6. "Pigs is Pigs." Butler. (Musson Book Co.) 50 cents.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. Christian Science. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
5. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Privateers. Watson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.50.
4. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Saint. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Christian Science. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.
2. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Madame de Treymes. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.00.
5. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
6. The Secret of Toni. Seawell. (Appleton.) $1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book	standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50	328
2. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50	165
3. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50	144
4. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50	108
5. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50	73
6. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50	68

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A. E. W. MASON

Author of *Running Water*, one of the Six Best Selling Books

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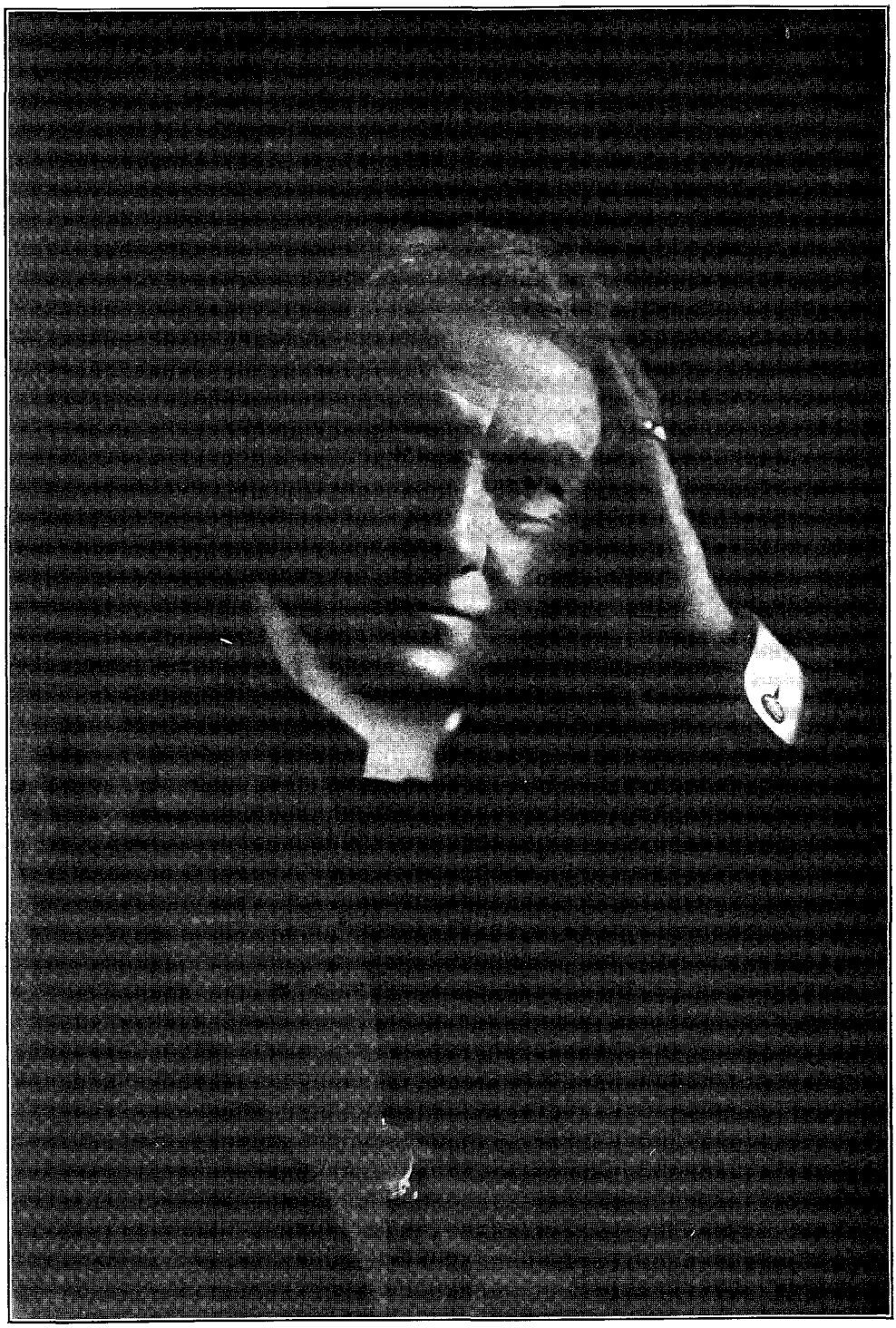

REV. JOHN WATSON (IAN MACLAREN)

November 3, 1850-May 6, 1907

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